SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXII NOVEMBER, 1922 NO. 5

A National Focus of Science and Research

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE ARCHITECT AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE stately plan of the city of Washington, conceived by L'Enfant under the personal inspiration of Washington himself, rescued from oblivion and vastly developed by Burnham and his associates, is rapidly assuming material form. The major axis, passing from the dome of the Capitol through the Washington Monument, now terminates admirably in the massive Doric temple of the Lincoln Memorial, which overlooks the Potomac and the heights of Arlington. Flanking it on its left, in the midst of a spacious square facing the Mall, another marble structure, also associated in its origin with the Civil War, is now rising. This is to be the home of the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council, organized to promote the progress of science and research for the advancement of knowledge and the national welfare. In this centre the latest scientific and technical advances of the whole country will be shown in a changing exhibit, and investigators will meet to report new results and to consider the interests of research.

THE NEW BUILDING

It has been recognized for many years that the full possibilities of the National Academy of Sciences could not be realized without the aid of such a building. Attempts made before the war to secure the large sum required for construction and endowment were not successful, but in 1919 a gift of $5,000,000 was made by the Carnegie Corporation to permit the erection of a building and to provide an endowment for its maintenance and operation and an income for the work of the Research Council. An entire city block, with a frontage of 530 feet on B Street, facing the Mall near the Lincoln Memorial, was purchased for a site at a cost of $185,000, contributed by friends of the Academy and Council.

Before beginning work on the plans of the building, the general purposes in view were explained to the Federal Commission of Fine Arts and suggestions were requested regarding architects. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, of New York, recommended informally as the first choice of the Commission, was appointed architect, and much time and thought were devoted to the design. The attitude of this architect toward his work is a thoroughly scientific one, in keeping with the purposes of the building. The general architectural scheme approved by the Fine Arts Commission for public buildings in Washington is classical, and the proximity of the Lincoln Memorial, a Doric temple, rendered a harmonious treatment imperative. But while retaining the simple and symmetrical elements of classical architecture, Mr. Goodhue

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preferred not to follow the common practice of lining the façade with a row of detached or engaged columns, supporting nothing but the cornice, and, in his opinion, serving chiefly to exclude light from the windows. The construction of the central hall, which carries a true dome rather than an imitation one; the use of sound-absorbing materials to assure good acoustics; and many other features of the building, illustrate the way in which the architect has accomplished his task.

The main-floor plan is shown on page 520. The portion of the building facing B Street, 250 feet in length, will ultimately form one side of a hollow square, the other three sides of which will be added when more space is needed.* At the centre of this square is a lofty central hall (page 525) surmounted by a low dome, surrounded by a group of seven exhibition rooms one story in height, illuminated by skylights. The central hall is approached by the public (page 523) through an entrance hall, flanked by large library and lecture rooms, with reading and conference rooms at the east and west ends of the building. The second and third floors are devoted to offices for the Academy and Research Council. In the basement are a large stack-room under the library, a lunch-room and kitchen for the convenience of those at work in the building, a heating and ventilating plant, janitor's quarters, etc.

The sculptural work has been intrusted to the well-known sculptor, Lee Lawrie, who has admirably seized the spirit of the undertaking and embodied it in his designs. The windows of the façade, which overlook a wide terrace and command a superb view of the Lincoln Memorial and the heights of Arlington, are framed in bronze, with large bronze tablets, four feet by nine feet in size, between the first and second floors. These panels will depict the leaders of science, from the Greeks to recent times. The stone pediment of the main entrance, the bronze lamps flanking the terrace steps, and other sculptural features are also being designed by Mr. Lawrie.

The central hall, though ordinarily employed for exhibits, can be quickly transformed into a large lecture-room, equipped with screen, stereopticon, moving-picture apparatus, etc., seating 550 people (with the three balconies), and serving for the larger public meetings and lectures of the Academy and Council. The smaller lecture-hall, seating 200, is available for other occasions, and the conference and committee rooms will be in daily use by the Research Council. The library will contain the extensive collection of publications received from scientific societies at home and abroad, together with the reference books of the Research Information Service. As a centre for the many activities organized by the Academy and Research Council the new building will bring together scientific investigators from all parts of the world. It will serve admirably for international scientific bodies when meeting in the United States, and in so far as may prove practicable it will be rendered available for meetings of the many national scientific and technical societies represented in the Research Council.

A MUSEUM OF DISCOVERY AND PROGRESS

One of the prime purposes of the new building is to serve as a means of keeping the public in touch with the progress of science and to demonstrate the importance of research. An illustration based on recent experience will show how this may be done. Within the last few months an extraordinary outburst of interest in wireless telephony has brought radio outfits into tens of thousands of American homes. Most of the apparatus employed has been made by amateurs, who have contributed many novel and useful ideas to the progress of the art. This newly awakened enthusiasm affords a unique opportunity to advance the interests of science and research. The vast majority of the radio amateurs are attracted chiefly by the novelty of the subject, the pleasure of receiving messages from far-away sources, and the opportunity to exercise the mechanical ingenuity innate in so many American boys. Few realize that wireless communication is not the sole

* The building has a frontage of 260 feet and a maximum depth of 140 feet. Its height above the first floor is 60 feet. The dimensions of some of the rooms are as follows: vestibule, 11 by 20 feet; entrance-hall, 21 by 36 feet; central hall, 24 by 64 feet; library, 36 by 64 feet; lecture-room, 34 by 50 feet. The exhibition rooms surrounding the central hall range in size from 14 by 26 feet to 21 by 34 feet. The total available floor space, exclusive of elevators, doorways, and hallways, is 39,874 square feet.

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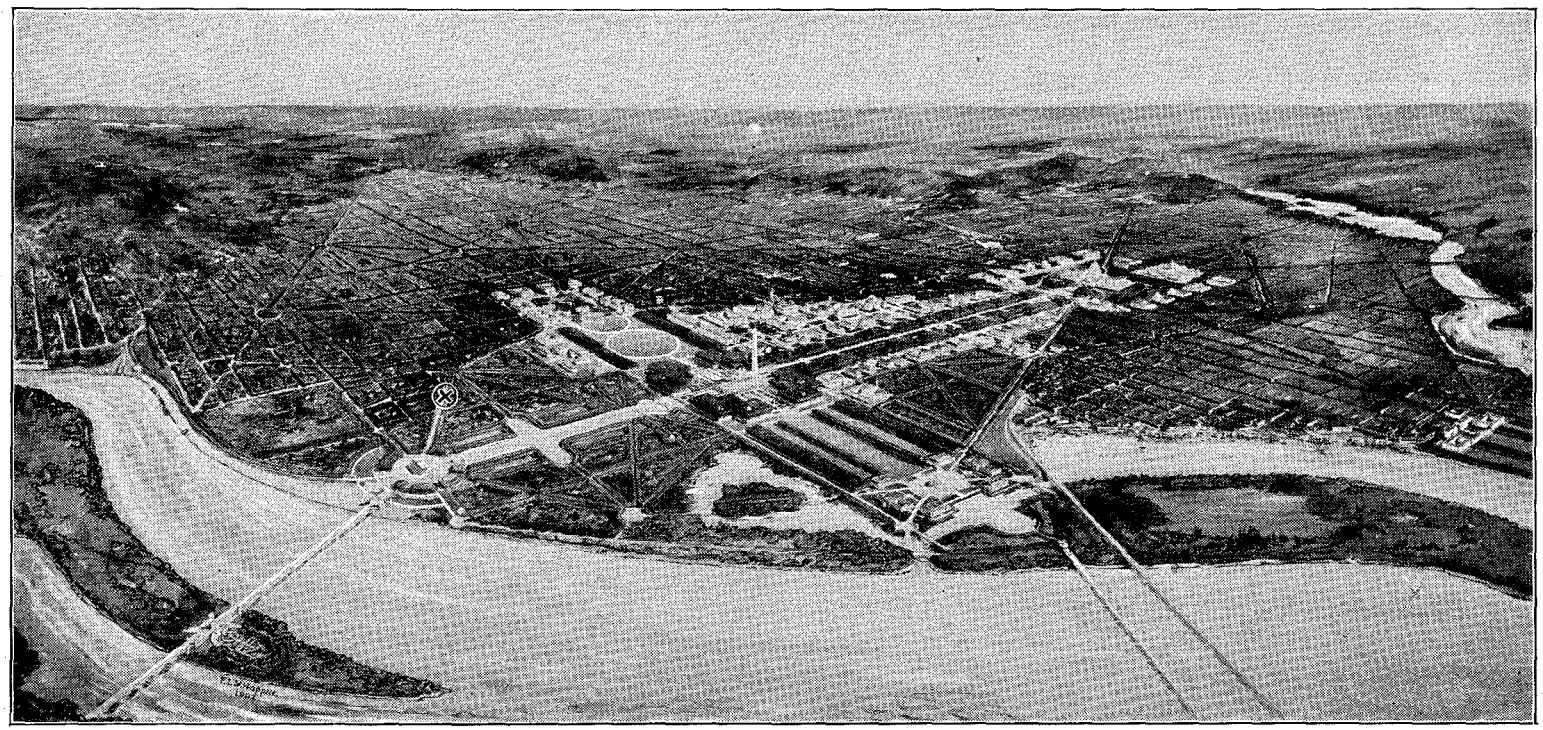

Proposed plan of Washington, as seen from Arlington.

The main axis passes from the Lincoln Memorial on the left through the Washington Monument and the Capitol. The site of the new building of the National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council, facing the Mall near the Lincoln Memorial, is indicated by a cross within a circle.

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creation of Marconi and other inventors, and fewer still appreciate the nature or importance of the fundamental researches of the physicists who made it possible. But all are learning of electrical methods and devices, and better still, those who make their own apparatus are acquiring some of the pioneer spirit and the self-reliance that form the necessary stock in trade of every original investigator. Here, then, is a rare opportunity to discover and develop latent talent.

One of the exhibition-rooms in the new building will contain the latest forms of radio apparatus, with which the public can receive messages from the most distant points, and amateurs can study methods of construction and installation. Wireless telegraphy and telephony, and long-distance telephony by wire, with loud-speaking transmitters, will all be demonstrated. But the exhibit will not stop at this point. Taking advantage of the amateur's interest, it will lead him back by striking illustrations and by actual experiments to the laboratory of Hertz, who detected wireless waves by their power of producing sparks; the earlier demonstrations of Henry, who recorded the waves sent out by distant lightning and reproduced them experimentally; the researches of Maxwell, who first conceived of waves in the ether when engaged in his mathematical investigations on the electromagnetic theory of light; the pioneer work of Faraday, who visualized lines of force, and conceived the ether as a medium of transmission.

Hitherto the United States has produced few great physicists. Is it not probable that some of these boys will be led to recognize the fundamental importance of science and to see with Carty, Whitney, and other leaders of industry that the greatest advances arise, not merely from the direct attempt of the inventor to solve some special problem, but even more truly from the pioneer work of the scientific investigator, who discovers the phenomena and formulates the laws that underlie and render possible both invention and industry? "You can't have applied science unless you have science to apply," and the industrial research laboratories now move so closely in the wake of the physicist and chemist that the scientific discovery of to-day becomes the working device of to-morrow.

An excellent illustration of this is afforded by the recent development of the audion tube, which has made wireless telephony possible. No better means of interesting the amateur in fundamental problems of physics could be imagined. It is but a step from this familiar device of the radio operator to the brilliant phenomena of the electric discharge that led Crookes to detect a "fourth state of matter" and enabled Thomson, Rutherford, Millikan, and others to discover and isolate the electron and to determine the true nature of matter itself.

THE SUN AND THE AURORA

Another easy transition, helping to broaden the student's vision by showing him the interrelationship of the various branches of science, will lead him from the glowing gases of vacuum tubes to the phenomena of the aurora and their seat in the sun. The colored and pulsating striæ of gases at low pressure are produced by passing through them a stream of electrons, resulting from an electric discharge. In the same way the gleam of the aurora arises from the bombardment of the earth's upper atmosphere by electrons shot out from the sun. These come to us continuously, so that the aurora, though too faint to be seen by the eye, can be detected (in Southern California) by the spectroscope on any night, even through clouds. But when great and active sun-spots, surrounded by violent eruptions, are near the centre of the sun, the rain of electrons is enormously increased, and the aurora is brightened into visibility. The electric currents in the higher atmosphere are accompanied by earth currents, which sometimes become so intense that they interfere with telegraphy and even burn out ocean cables (as in May, 1921). A recording magnetograph, mounted near the entrance of the central hall, will show the spasmodic fluctuations in the intensity of the earth's magnetism that accompany these electric storms, and the visitor can observe the source of the electrons by going to the middle of the hall, where a large image of the sun, formed by a cœlostat telescope, mounted on the dome above,

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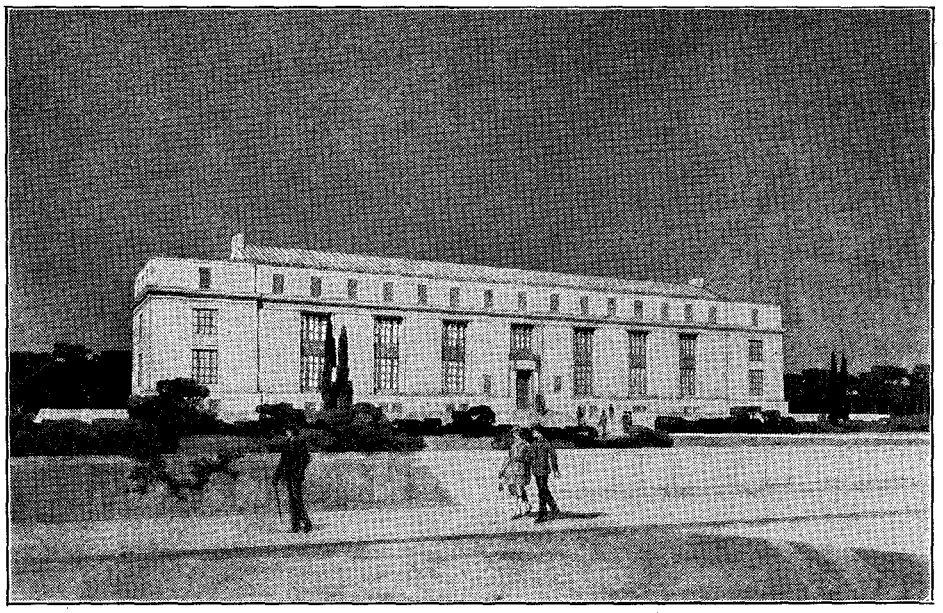
may be seen on the white surface of the circular drum shown on page 525. The sun-spot responsible for the disturbance will be plainly visible, and its changes in form, as well as its shifting position on the disk caused by the rotation of the sun, can also be followed from day to day.

This takes us to the sun, which exhibits electrical and magnetic phenomena on a colossal scale in its own atmosphere. The chemical composition of this atmosphere is easily shown by the spectroscope within the circular drum at the centre of the hall. Light from the solar image, passing through a narrow slit in the upper face of this drum, descends to an optical grating near the level of the basement floor, is analyzed into its constituent parts, and sent back in the form of a brilliant spectrum. By looking down through an eyepiece near the sun's image the visitor can see this spectrum, crossed by the numerous dark lines that characterize the chemical elements present in the vaporous atmosphere of the sun. Hundreds of these lines are due to iron, easily identified by touching a button, which starts an electric arc, vaporizes its iron poles, and permits the resultant light to descend through the slit, side by side with the light of the sun. The bright lines of iron in the arc, coinciding exactly with the dark lines of iron in the sun, may then be seen at a glance. It will also be possible with this apparatus to show the widening or splitting of certain lines due to the magnetic fields in sun-spots, which are caused by swarms of electrified particles whirling in the immense vortices or tornadoes that constitute the spots.



General view of the new building.
From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

These details will suffice to explain the character and the purpose of the exhibits. Current phenomena of nature, the apparatus for studying them, and the means by which fundamental discoveries are applied for the public welfare will all be demonstrated in a changing exhibit, kept constantly up to date, and covering the whole range of the physical and biological sciences. A great Foucault pendulum, swinging in an invariable plane at the centre of the hall, will illustrate the rotation of the earth turning beneath it. Two small lead balls, drawn toward larger balls by their mutual attraction, will demonstrate the power of gravitation

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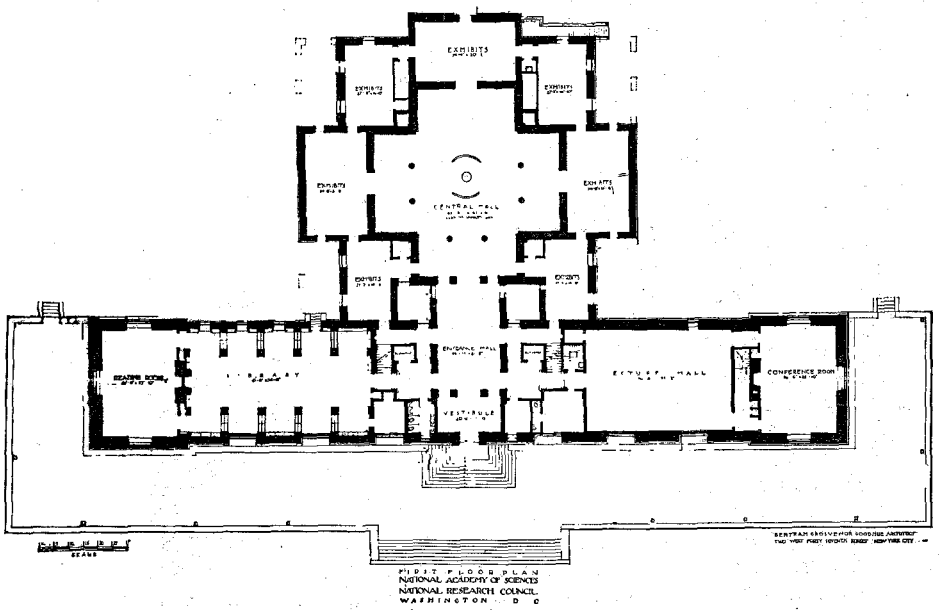
(the Cavendish experiment). A Nichols radiometer, when exposed by a visitor's touch to a bright light, will demonstrate the pressure of radiation, so feeble from even the most brilliant terrestrial sources, but so intense in certain stars that it tends to disintegrate them. The remarkable phenomena of the interference of light, and their use for the most minute and exact measurements of length or for the determination of the diameter of the stars; industrial research laboratories. The discoveries and progress of physics, chemistry, astronomy, zoology, botany, and other branches of the physical and biological sciences, and of medicine, engineering, and agriculture will be demonstrated in the remaining rooms.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

In all their activities, whether in popularizing science, supplying technical in-



Main-floor plan of the new building of the National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council.

the beautiful structure and colors of crystals in process of formation, shown with polarized light; living infusoria, in their exquisite variety, swimming in a drop of ditch-water; growing colonies of bacteria; the phenomena of cell division and of artificial parthenogenesis—these are further examples of the exhibits in the central hall.

One of the smaller exhibits rooms, as already remarked, will be devoted to wireless communication. Another will be placed at the disposal of the scientific and technical bureaus of the government, which will show in sequence the results of their latest researches. Another will be used to illustrate the advances made in formation, securing co-operation among investigators, pointing out new possibilities of progress, or promoting the development of American industries, the National Academy and the Research Council must always seek to maintain an effective balance between fundamental science and its applications in the arts. The United States is strong in mechanical skill and prolific in invention. It must become equally successful in the fundamental sciences, where its progress to-day is more rapid than ever before. Every advance in this direction will be returned tenfold in the industries, where the importance of research is fast gaining recognition. When men like Elihu Root,

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Main entrance of the new building.
From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

Theodore Vail, and Herbert Hoover emphasize the fact that industrial development and national progress depend in great degree upon the improvement of methods and the increase of output by research, and when industrial corporations spend millions annually in their research laboratories, we may be sure that the leaders of the industries that still apply old processes will soon awaken. An important division of the Research Council devotes its whole attention to this problem, demonstrating by examples drawn from the practice of leading industries that no expenditure is more profitable than that which is made for research. When this is generally appreciated, and when all of our great corporations realize that they can cheapen and improve their products by research, a reciprocal advantage to fundamental science will follow. Conscious of their debt to its teachings, and of their never-ceasing need for new knowledge, the industries will provide for

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its support by adding liberally to the endowment of research laboratories. Educational institutions, where the need for funds is greatest, have already begun to feel the benefit of such support, and it is safe to say that the contributions of the industries will multiply as they prosper in the light of scientific knowledge.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE

To appreciate the possibilities of the many activities that will focus in this building, and to realize their significance to human progress, we must briefly survey the wide field of science and discern its true place in any intelligent scheme of national development.

Science, dimly discerned among the mists of antiquity by the Chaldeans and Egyptians, was first clearly recognized by the keen vision of the Greeks, only to be lost again in mediæval obscurity. Recovered after many centuries and increasingly appreciated as the chief factor in the development of the modern world, science is now held at its true value by all fully enlightened men. Those who have learned from study and research, or perhaps as the result of industrial experience, know science as the one sure guide to the discovery of truth and as the strongest ally of mankind. Others, who have glimpsed only one of its aspects, see science as the cold embodiment of reason, devoid of the beauties of the imagination that exist for them only in literature and art. Those who recognize most clearly its material services to the world think of science as the navigator of the seas, the bearer of man's voice on the ether, the mother of industry. To some, who have seen science disfigured by the violence of the invader, its image has been distorted into a fearful shape of pestilence and fire. And, unfortunately, there are others, from the inquisitors who burned Giordano Bruno and imprisoned Galileo to their modern counterparts, who regard science as the enemy of their particular creeds, and would penalize the teacher of evolution and the student of the origin of man.

But whatever be one's view-point, he must be blind indeed if he fails to recognize the services of science to civilization. Man was once in abject fear of nature, and in his superstitious ignorance deified the wind and the thunder, and peopled the air with evil spirits, whom he propitiated by sacrifice. To-day, taught by science, he analyzes the lightning, traces its origin in the raindrops, and utilizes its essence in the industrial arts. He navigates the air in the face of furious gales, and dissipates its dreaded mysteries by the light of new knowledge. Instead of fearing nature, he now subdues her to serve his needs. The range of his perception has spread from a little area centering in Greece, surrounded by untracked lands and seas, to the depths of a universe in which he watches the birth, growth, and decay of worlds incomparably greater than his own. He looks back into the remote history of the earth, observes it in its early stages of development from the ancestral sun, and watches the ebb and flow of primeval seas, the growth and emergence of continents, the descent and recession of the polar ice, the slow fashioning by fire and wind and stream of our present home. He finds in the lowest beds of stratified rocks the simple forms of early life, traces the rise of animals and plants through successive strata laid down during millions of years, detects the first signs of the appearance of man, and follows his ascent as his intelligence slowly ripens and at last subdues the earth. He sees him at first rudely fashioning flint implements, and perceives his advance from the stage of simplest invention to the discovery of natural laws which permit him to satisfy not merely his obvious needs, but to attain results which, without science, could not be even conceived. Manifold increase in the production of the soil, the rapid conquest of disease and the lengthening of human life, the creation and development of industries and the reduction in cost of daily necessities, all these and much more we owe to science, whose work for humanity has only just begun.

But it is not only in the material world that science is useful to mankind. Its greatest aim and object is the discovery of the truth, which it pursues without fear of embarrassing consequences. Science sets before us a high example of honest judgment and an open mind, reversing its conclusions without hesitation when new evidence demands. And as it builds up through the centuries, by long and pain-

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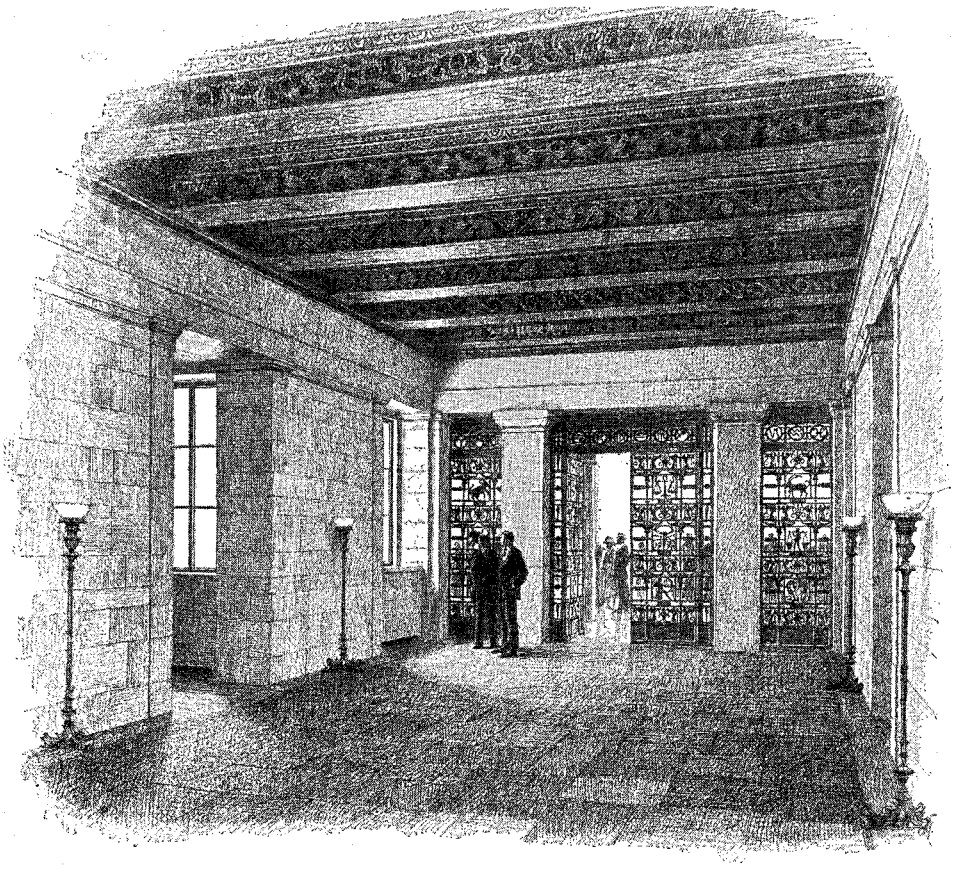

The entrance hall.
From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

ful search, a great body of knowledge for universal benefit it spreads before the imagination a picture which no artist could hope to rival. Science does not seek a formula with which to reproduce the sculpture of Praxiteles or Rodin, the paintings of Rembrandt or Turner, the poetry of Homer or Keats. It recognizes here, as it does in true religion, a domain beyond its own. But its appeal is to the imagination as well as to the reason. The painter, with common pigments and bristle brushes, creates on canvas a great portrait or landscape. The architect, with blocks of primeval mud hardened into rock beneath an extinct ocean, builds a great cathedral which stirs us by its majesty. Science, revealing with its instruments of metal and glass the widest sweep of nature, inspires the imagination by vistas of the stellar universe, the exquisite life of the microscopic world, the successive stages in the evolution of the earth and of man. No material service of science to daily life, such as the accurate marking of time or the navigation of the seas, can compare in value with its overthrow of earth-centred mediævalism and its revelation of the universe. The enlarged conception of human possibilities thus afforded, the escape thus effected from the dominance of enforced and arbitrary thought, are reflected in the advance of the modern world. And the sweeping picture that science spreads before us is unmatched in its appeal to the imagination and its stimulus to progress.

THE ORGANIZATION OF SCIENCE AND RESEARCH

It is not surprising, therefore, that from very early times men have met to discuss

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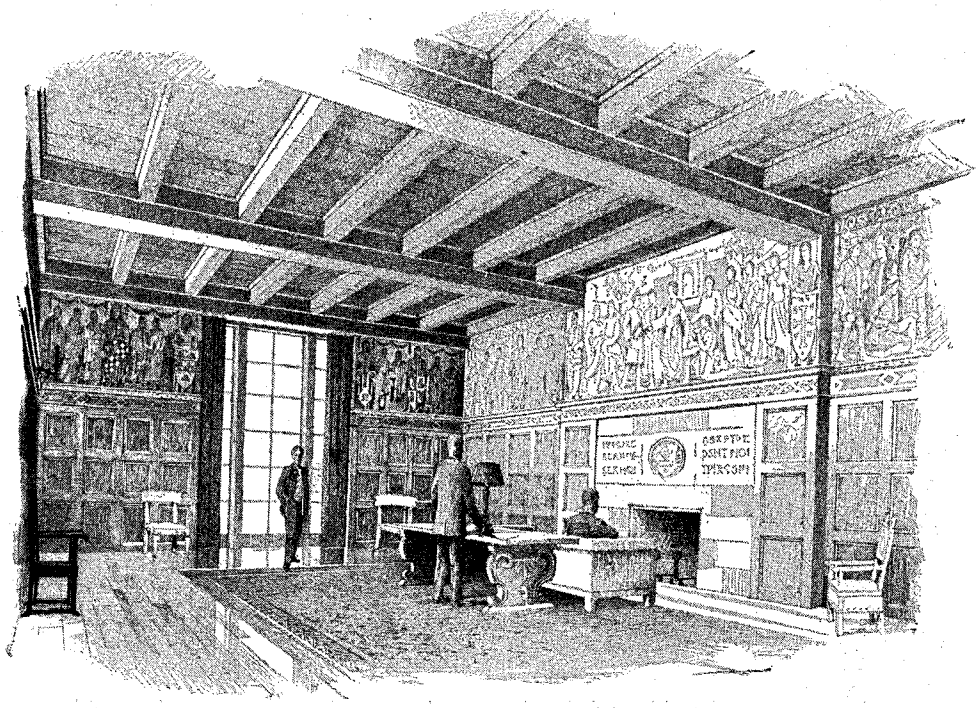
the problems of science and to improve their means of research. The Academy of Plato and the great School of Alexandria are striking examples of such associations of scholars in the best days of Greek civilization. In the darkness of the succeeding centuries we find the Arabs pursuing their astronomical, mathematical, and chemical studies in Bagdad, Cairo, and Spain, but in most of Europe stagnation prevailed until Galileo brilliantly demonstrated the theory of Copernicus and forced the earth from its traditional place at the centre of the solar system. From that time forward academies of science were formed in rapid succession, notably the Accademia dei Lincei in Italy, the Académie des Sciences in France, and the Royal Society in England. In this country the American Philosophical Society, established in Philadelphia through the initiative of Benjamin Franklin, did much to promote the increase and diffusion of knowledge. The American Association for the Advancement of Science began its important work in 1848, and the Congressional charter of the National Academy of Sciences was signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1863.

The purpose of the National Academy differs materially from that of the vast number of special societies that have advanced science by the encouragement of specialization. Without them, it is true, science could never have reached its present high development, as its immense range renders concentration on particular problems essential. But in the very nature of the case such concentration develops narrowness of view, and the isolated worker, his whole heart and soul locked within a closely bound field, fails to see clearly the vast territory lying beyond his own. What is needed is the development of men capable of intense specialization, conducted in the light of a broad appreciation of the major problems of science. The specialist is often in danger



The reading-room.
From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

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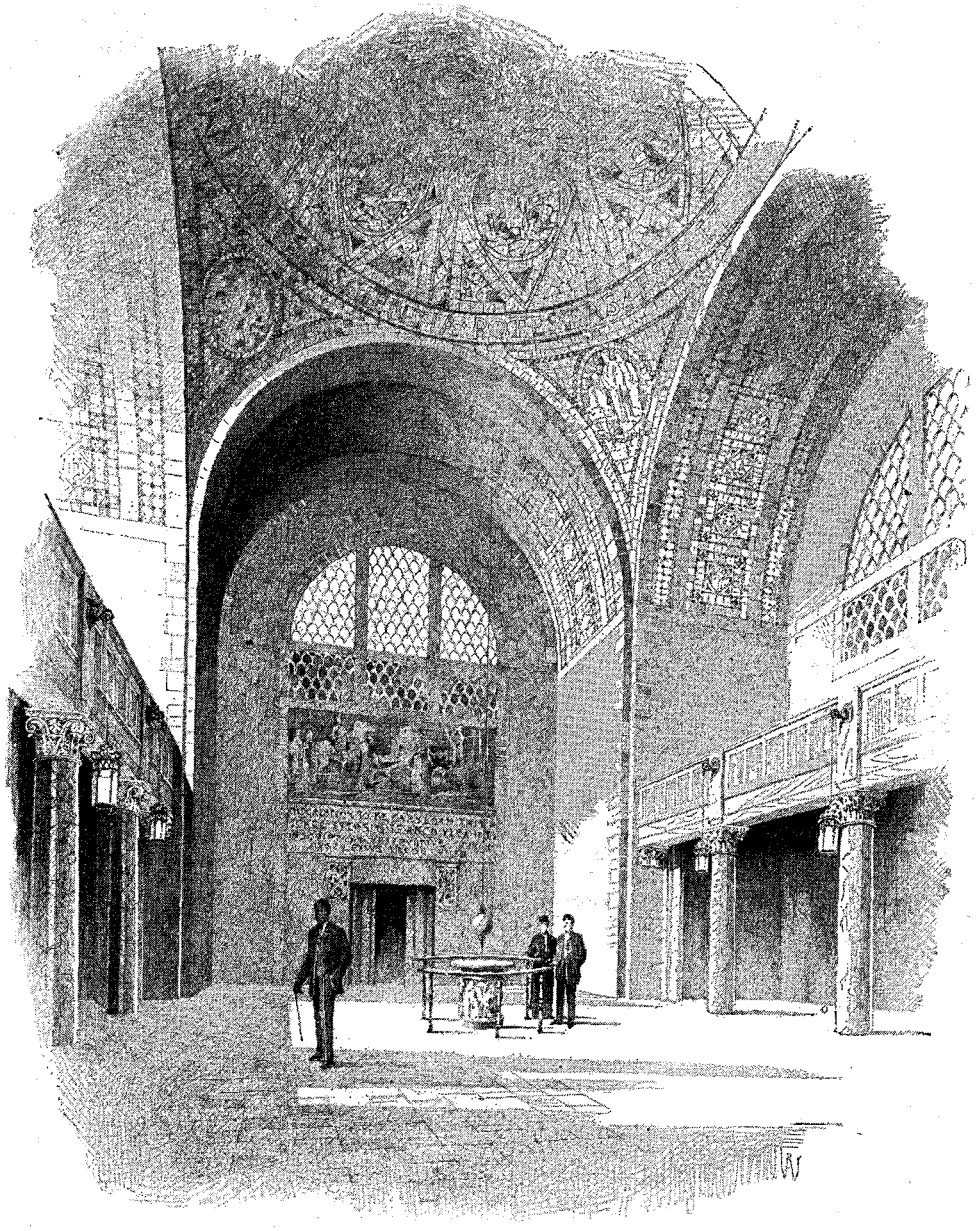

The central hall, showing the Foucault pendulum and the circular drum on which the solar image is projected by the cœlostat telescope on the dome above.

From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

of becoming dependent upon a single instrument or a narrow range of methods; he should be brought into touch with the great variety of instruments and methods devised by workers in other fields, for in scores of cases they are directly applicable in his own. Take, for example, the case of astrophysics, which began with the study of the physical phenomena of the sun, moon, and planets by simple telescopic observation. The introduction of photography, and the use of the spectro-

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scope, bolometer, thermopile, radiometer, several forms of interferometer, the photo-electric cell, and scores of other instruments borrowed from the physicist have completely transformed the science and advanced it by leaps and bounds. So with physical chemistry, physiology, and psychology, all of which have profited in high degree by drawing from the inexhaustible store of physical instruments and methods. The development of experimental medicine is another case in point. But while progressive men in these and many other fields have borrowed freely, and advanced their subjects in like proportion, the possibilities of such modes of progress are as yet but little realized. A body of leading investigators, covering all branches of science and vigorously exchanging ideas, is alone competent to appreciate and profit by them.

Another illustration will show in a different manner why such a body is needed. Consider the physicist, studying the great problem of the constitution of matter. His present era of unprecedented progress, foreshadowed by Crookes's discovery of "a fourth state of matter" in vacuum tubes, suddenly dawned with the advent of X-rays and radioactive substances. To-day the structure of the atom is rapidly becoming evident; the constitution of the elements, by the progressive addition of units of positive and negative electricity, is partly understood; and the decomposition of some of them has been accomplished. But much is yet to be learned, and this can best be done by the intimate collaboration of physicists, chemists, and astrophysicists, who deal with matter in diverse forms, observed under widely different conditions. The enormous temperatures of the stars, the disintegrating effects of radiation pressures greatly transcending those observed on earth, the influence of great solar magnetic fields, and the extraordinary power of stellar gravitation offer to the physicist and chemist the means of trying experiments beyond the range of laboratory possibilities. Here, again, a great academy, bringing such men together and presenting their results from a common forum, can accomplish what no special society can attain.

But it is hardly necessary to illustrate further when the opportunity before such a comprehensive body is so obvious. To maintain, as some still do, that an organization like this is merely a survival, not needed to-day because of the success of the special societies, is merely to betray a narrowness of view that calls for no comment. The greatest progress of the future will come from men of broad vision, who will appreciate and profit by participation in an academy where members of widely different experience and knowledge unite to advance science in its larger aspects.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

One of the most striking pen portraits of President Lincoln that we possess depicts him on the great tower of the Smithsonian Institution, which he ascended night after night with Joseph Henry, first secretary of the Institution and charter member of the National Academy of Sciences. From this vantage-point lights were flashed to distant stations, in connection with tests of new methods of signalling. It was in such researches for military purposes that the Academy had its origin.

The period of these experiments was an anxious one. Many months of war, marked by serious and unexpected reverses, had left small room for overconfidence, and taught the necessity of utilizing every promising means of strengthening the Northern arms. With one or two notable exceptions, the great scientific bureaus of the government, now so powerful, had not come into existence. But the country was not without its leaders of science and engineering, both within and without the government circle. Davis, fighting admiral, chief of the bureau of navigation, founder of the *Nautical Almanac;* Bache, superintendent of the Coast Survey, designer of the defenses of Philadelphia; and Joseph Henry, of whom we have already spoken, clearly recognized the need of a national organization, embracing the whole range of science, to advise the government on questions of science and art. Joining with them Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist; Benjamin Peirce, mathematician and astronomer; and B. A. Gould, founder of the Observatory of the Argentine Republic, they planned the National Academy of Sci-

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ences. A bill to incorporate the Academy was introduced in the Senate by Senator Wilson of Massachusetts on February 21, 1863. It passed the Senate and the House, and was signed by President Lincoln on March 3. This bill, which was subsequently amended to remove the limitation of membership, and to permit the Academy to receive bequests, named fifty charter members, conferred powers of organization, the election of members, and the transaction of business, and provided that "the Academy shall, whenever called upon by any department of the Government, investigate, examine, experiment, and report upon any subject of science or art. . . ."

As the adviser of the government on questions of science the Academy was immediately called upon by the War and Navy Departments to report on various problems connected with the Civil War. The Academy thus assisted in the national defense just as the Paris Academy of Sciences aided in resisting invasion and stamping out civil war after the French Revolution.

But it is only in great emergencies that such a body is justified in turning aside from its real task of advancing knowledge and benefiting industry. Thus, the Civil War ended, the Academy assumed with relief its normal duties. These were numerous and pressing, for science in this country was in great need of development. In 1831 de Tocqueville had seen but little evidence of the progress of science in the United States, and even in 1873 Tyndall recognized few important accomplishments. But under the active leadership of Academy members the way was preparing for the rapid advances of later years.

In accordance with the provisions of the charter, the government continued to call upon the Academy for advice on a great variety of problems. During the following years reports were submitted on such questions as the transit of Venus, instructions for the *Polaris* expedition, surveys of the Territories, electrical units, the conduct of scientific work under the government, the protection of coal-mines from explosion, the erection of a new naval observatory, the inauguration of a national forest policy, scientific explorations of the Philippines, and scores of other problems. Some of these requests for advice were submitted by the President, others by acts of Congress, joint commissions of Congress, and the various departments of the government. Some of the information thus supplied by the Academy can now be obtained from the numerous scientific bureaus and national laboratories of the government. But it still remains true that questions of broad scope, especially those requiring the co-operation of scientific authorities representing several fields of knowledge, can be best dealt with by such an independent and unbiassed body as the National Academy. An illustration of this is afforded by the organization of the National Research Council.

THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

The sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915 destroyed all possible doubt of Germany's intention to wage a ruthless war regardless of the United States. Action by the Academy was at once considered, but no favorable opportunity occurred until April, 1916, after the wanton attack on the *Sussex*. The President immediately accepted the Academy's offer of service, and requested it to organize the scientific agencies of the United States in the interest of the national defense, but with the ultimate object of advancing scientific and industrial progress.

The National Research Council, resting legally on the Academy's congressional charter, and comprising in its membership the chiefs of the technical bureaus of the Army and Navy and other scientific bureaus of the government, representatives of educational institutions and research foundations, and representatives of industrial and engineering research, was accordingly constituted by the Academy with the active co-operation of the principal national scientific and engineering societies. The prominent part played by the Engineering Foundation, which devoted its entire income toward the expense of organization, gave the services of its secretary, and provided a New York office for the Research Council, is a noteworthy illustration of the cordial support given by the engineers.

The Research Council was organized on September 20, 1916, and immediately

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took up its duties. It was accordingly well under way when the United States entered the war in the following April, and thus lost no time in getting into action. Its chairman had learned something of the war services of the British and French men of science while in Europe in the summer of 1916, and its committee to secure active co-operation with them was one of the first American agencies sent abroad after our declaration of war. Subsequently Scientific Attachés, selected by the Research Council and accredited by the State Department to our embassies in London, Paris, and Rome, provided the necessary means of keeping our activities in close touch with those of our allies. With the aid of scientific investigators and naval officers reciprocally sent to our Washington headquarters by Great Britain, France, and Italy an extensive study of the problem of locating submerged submarines was organized in co-operation with the navy, and rapid progress was soon made in devising and perfecting new devices for this purpose. Hundreds of other problems were also successfully attacked in co-operation with the War and Navy Departments. These are far too numerous for mention here, as may be seen by referring to the third annual report of the National Research Council, where the war activities of its various divisions are briefly outlined. A noteworthy service was the initiation in the army of the extensive series of psychological tests, actually applied to some 1,700,000 men and since the war widely adopted for college entrance examinations and in the selection of men by the industries. This illustrates how work undertaken to meet war needs can be utilized in times of peace.

PEACE SERVICES OF THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

An executive order issued by the President of the United States on May 11, 1918, after stating that the work accomplished by the National Research Council during the war demonstrated its capacity for larger service, requested the Academy to perpetuate the Council, and defined its peace duties as follows:

In general, to stimulate research in the mathematical, physical, and biological sciences, and in the application of these sciences to engineering, agriculture, medicine, and other useful arts, with the object of increasing knowledge, of strengthening the national defense, and of contributing in other ways to the public welfare.

To survey the larger possibilities of science, to formulate comprehensive projects of research, and to develop effective means of utilizing the scientific and technical resources of the country for dealing with these projects.

To promote co-operation in research, at home and abroad, in order to secure concentration of effort, minimize duplication, and stimulate progress; but in all co-operative undertakings to give encouragement to individual initiative, as fundamentally important to the advancement of science.

To gather and collate scientific and technical information at home and abroad, in co-operation with governmental and other agencies, and to render such information available.

The executive order also stated that for the purpose of assuring the cordial co-operation of the scientific and technical branches of the government the President would continue to appoint representatives on the nomination of the National Academy of Sciences, and would arrange for the further co-operation of the respective heads of government departments.

Under the democratic plan of organization adopted after the Armistice, the National Research Council consists of the representatives of fifty-six scientific and technical societies, together with representatives of the government and certain members at large. I wish that space permitted me to describe its numerous activities since the war. It is only possible, however, to give a few typical illustrations of methods and results. Take, for example, the work of the Council in promoting research in the fields of physics and chemistry, which lie at the very foundation of science and industry. Committees are formed of the leading investigators of the chief problems of physics. These committees meet from time to time to compare methods and results, and to prepare broad surveys of the existing state of knowledge and the

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most promising opportunities for further research. Many of these monographs have been published by the Council, thus rendering the committees useful not merely in stimulating their members, widening their outlook, and securing informal co-operation, but also in placing the results of their surveys before other investigators. Another mode of advancing research is illustrated by the establishment of National Research Fellowships in physics and chemistry. The Rockefeller Foundation, recognizing the fundamental character of these sciences and the importance of developing a large number of students competent to advance them by research, gave the council $100,000 a year for five years to provide liberal fellowships for those who have shown exceptional promise in their university work. The results of this experiment, which has been in progress for three years, have been so satisfactory that the Rockefeller Foundation and the General Education Board have just united in a second gift of $500,000 to the Council, to establish similar fellowships in medicine. Still another means of helping investigators is through assistance in securing loans of scientific instruments. The Division of Physical Sciences, learning of the unusual resources of some laboratories and the pressing needs of others, serves with the Research Information Service as a useful go-between. Ultimately the Academy and Council will be able to lend many instruments from their own collection, resulting from the return of apparatus purchased by recipients of grants from their special research funds.

The Lincoln Memorial, as seen from a point near the new building of the National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council.

These examples must suffice to typify the diverse work of the various divisions of science and technology of the Research Council, which also include those of engineering, chemistry and chemical technology, geology and geography, medical sciences, biology and agriculture, an-

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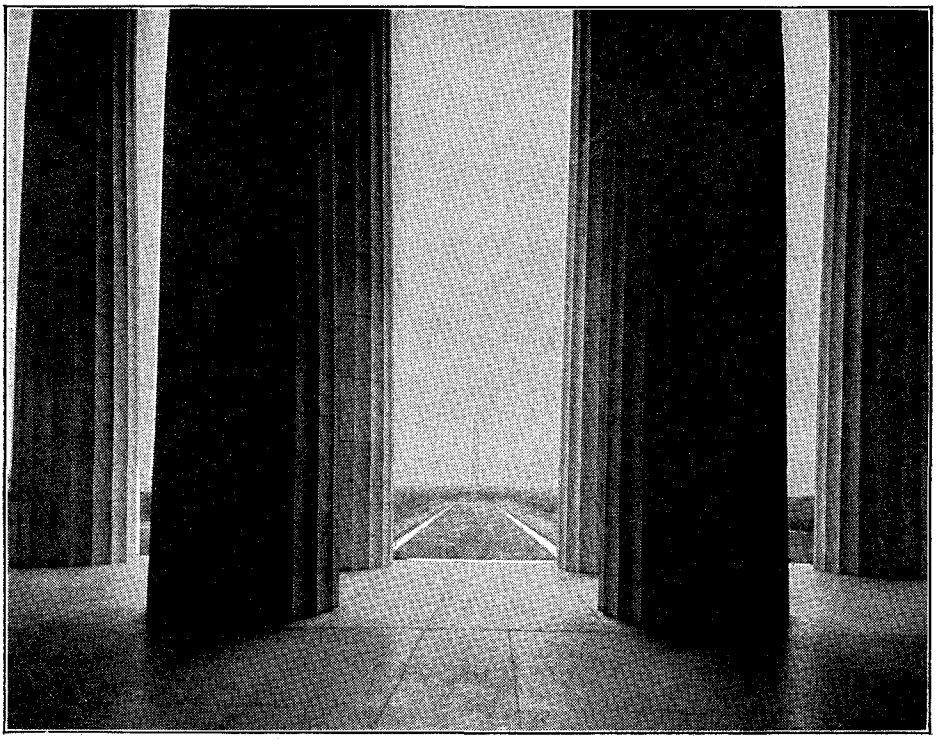

The Washington Monument, as seen from the Lincoln Memorial.
The dome of the Capitol, in the distance, is covered by the monument.

thropology and psychology. While the cases cited and many more relate to fundamental problems of science, others are severely practical, such as the fatigue phenomena of metals, high-speed tool steels, moulding sands, electric insulation, fertilizers, food and nutrition, forestry, child welfare. The Council, in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture and many State organizations, maintains a central bureau for highways research, as a clearing-house and means of co-ordination of the activities of State agencies, which are spending hundreds of millions for the construction of roads. Another recent accomplishment of the Council in a different field, due to the energetic and effective service of its Permanent Secretary, Doctor Vernon Kellogg, is the provision of large funds received through the Rockefeller Foundation for the support of the Concilium Bibliographicum, which otherwise would have been forced to suspend its valuable work of indexing and abstracting the extensive literature of biology.

The Divisions of General Relations of the Research Council supplement those of science and technology. Thus the Division of Federal Relations brings together representatives of the scientific and technical bureaus of the government for the consideration of common problems, and the Division of States Relations seeks to promote the scientific and technical work organized under the authority of the various States. The Division of Foreign Relations represents the United States in the International Research Council, which was organized soon after the armistice in harmony with a plan presented by the National Academy of Sciences at meetings held in London and Paris under the auspices of the Royal Society and the Paris Academy of Sciences. The Division of Educational Relations studies the conditions for research in American educational institutions and seeks means of discovering and developing exceptionally qualified students. The Research Information Service collects data needed by research workers

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and answers scientific and technical questions received from any source. A glance through its files reveals the great variety of inquiries received from scientific investigators, state and government bureaus, industrial laboratories, students, private workers, and others. If funds can be obtained to develop the Information Service adequately, incalculable assistance and great saving of time and expense can be afforded to men of science, the industries, and the general public.

The Great Adventure

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

1

I, WHO am lover of brown paths that lead into deep, cloistered forests,
Happy if only they bend, like my vagabond thoughts, to new vistas;
I, who see never the tangle of glistening and musical waters
Unmoved by desire to companion them on to the goal of all streamlets;
I, who in boyhood would race with the round, drifting clouds of the June-time
Coveting all that they whisper to mortals of voyage and vision;
I, who was tranced by the call of the Walkyrie storm in the midnight,
Awed by the pageant of stars and the vanishing glory of rainbows—
How can I fear the Unknown, the zest of the night and the morning!

2

I, who meet strangers as possible friends to be sought for and cherished,
Knowing that once the most cherished of friends was a possible stranger;
I to whom each is a ship on a virginal sea, within hailing,
Craving some news of the port, some correction of chart or of compass;
I, tempted to good or to bad by a venturous quest after beauty,
Sure it alone will remain beyond our illusions and changes;
I, who in time of dismay believe that all wrong is forgetting,
That Man is no plaything of Fate, to be broken, discarded, and wasted—
How can I fear the Unknown, the hope and the friend of the fearful!

3

I, who see Love as the gift of all gifts, as an instinct of beauty,
Stirring the lowest to climb to his dream on the far-seeing summit;
Law as the bond of the stars; Need as the thirst of the human;
Nothing as good for ourselves that is not the birthright of others:—
How, in the candor of night, can I shrink from the Power that gave us
Heart for the joy and the struggle, mind to engage with the darkness,
Little by little revealing the prints of His footsteps eternal?
Think you that all shall be told, that the last day is naught but a curtain?
Hail to the Mystery Glorious, the path of our greatest and dearest!

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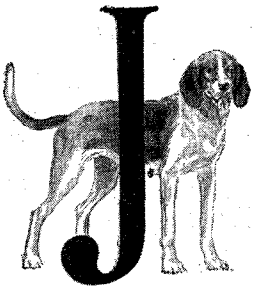
Old Bluebell Hunts

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.
Author of "Corkran of the Clamstretch" and "The Wind Witch"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. HAYS



JUDGE COLEMAN rises early upon the morning of the Thanksgiving hunt. There is need of this, for, as is the case with all huntsmen of the older school, it requires the services of three men properly to dress him.

He wakes as the first rays of the sun pierce the mists which rise above the Brandywine, and, going swiftly to the window, sniffs the wet dawn air. So standing, his bony arms stretched upon the sill, his eagle's nose pointed to the sky, he seems like a lean old hound, erect upon its haunches, that prospects the day of hunt.

Beneath his window the squat russet roofs of the kennels are beginning to emerge from the curling haze of early morning, and the hounds within, as though called to life by the sun's broad rim, give vibrant tongue.

High and piercing comes the cry of the pack. Old Mayflower seems to lead with the first solo part, and the other hounds follow wildly. The chorus falls to subdued yelping, to rise again into full cry.

The judge listens with pride. So well does he know his hounds that he is able to distinguish individual voices from the chorus. He hears the deep, full baying of Dazzle, the yelping "ar-uumph-ar-ouw" of short-throated Nick, but it becomes apparent to him that upon this morning one voice is missing.

This inspection completed, the judge grunts. Delaware, his valet, waiting outside the bedroom door, has heard this grunt upon hunting mornings for many years, and is still unable to say whether it signifies approval or disgust. It serves as a signal, however, and Delaware despatches Kent and Sussex, his sons, and therefore named for the counties of the State, to the kitchen for boiling water and hot towels.

These burdens arrive in the capable hands of Kent, for Sussex, a negro of the careful watch-and-ward school, has paused to rest upon the stairway. Water and towels are slid into the judge's room.

Thereafter begin the processes of toilet, punctuated by stentorian commands and questions to the three negroes, waiting outside the door.

The judge shaves.

"Is the mist rising?"

"Yessuh, it's risin'!" Delaware does not admit mist upon the ground on the morning of a hunt.

"A hotter towel!"

Kent runs.

"Any clouds?"

"High in sky." It is still almost dark, and no eye can see a hundred yards beyond the house.

"Hounds all right? None wandered?"

"Yessuh. Seen 'em myself!" Delaware possesses an abiding fear of dogs in numbers, and will never go near the kennels. The judge is aware of this, but he merely wishes the form of an assurance.

"Bluebell there? Didn't seem to hear her with the pack?"

"Reckon *so!*" Delaware knows of Bluebell's tendency to wander from the kennels upon hunts of her own, and therefore qualifies an absolute statement.

There is a crackle of linen. The judge is putting on his high choker shirt. He is now standing before the window, looking out.

Bring him his boots!

This is the very pinnacle of the ceremony of dressing. The boots are taken from their trees by Sussex, handed to

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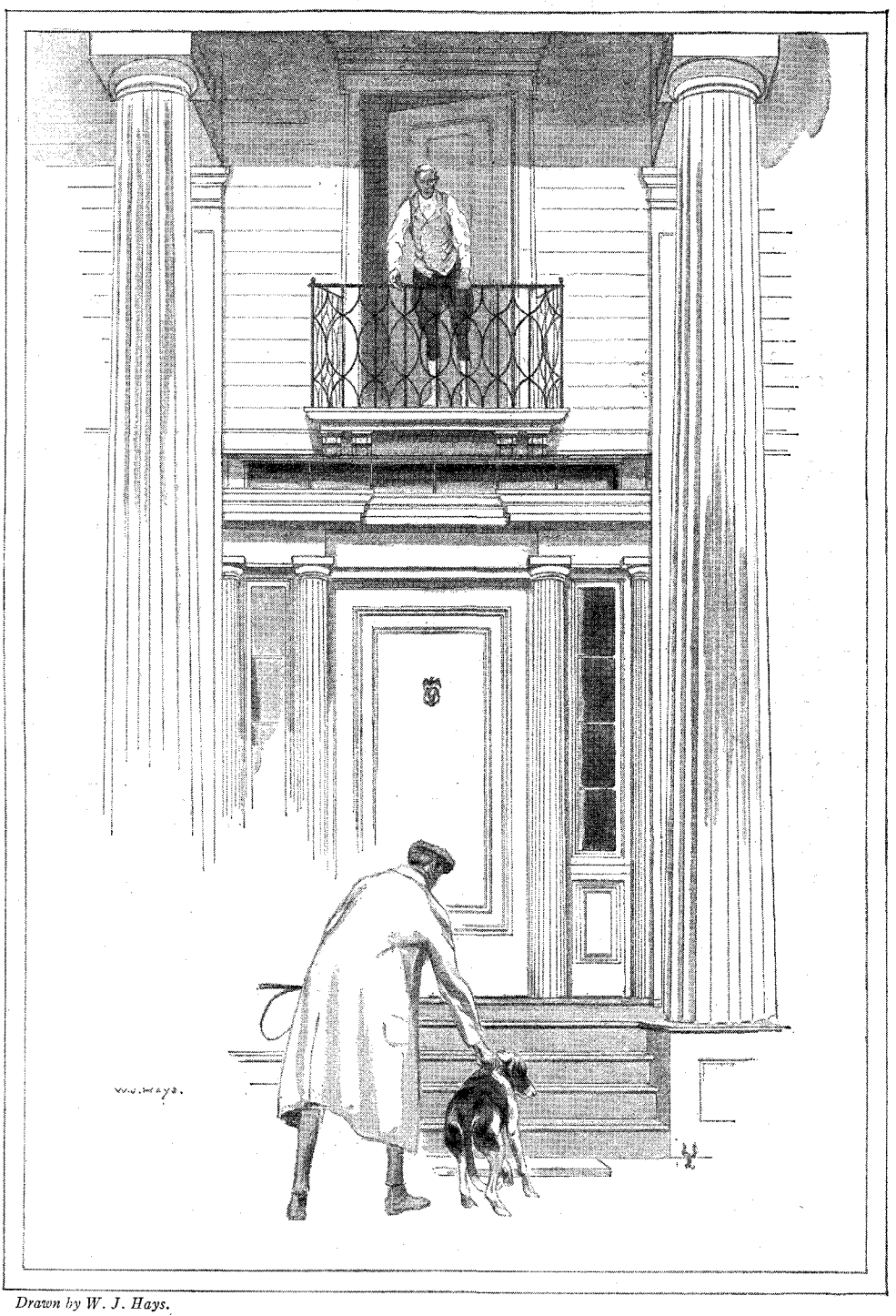

Drawn by W. J. Hays.

Doom is upon her. She knows it, and speaks of her impending troubles in a high, clear voice.—Page 534.

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Kent, who passes them to Delaware. The latter, with reverent sleeve, bestows a final polish upon their glossy surfaces, begins to slide them through the doorway —is interrupted!

"*There's that hound, Bluebell, now!* Tryin' to sneak back into the kennels. Been out again. Runnin' every fox from the county. No use huntin' to-day!"

"Bring the kennelman. *Tell him to bring that hound! Tell him to bring a whip!*"

Kent rockets down the stairway. The scuffle of his feet through the gravel of the drive dies away. There follows silence. The scene is being set for Bluebell's punishment.

There is no doubt of her crime, that of running foxes before a hunt. Her dereliction had begun upon the previous night with the rising of the moon.

Its rim, vast and yellow, had seemed to drip honey down its path of light. The kennels rang as the hounds bayed deep greeting to the hound in the moon, his fore feet set upon his changeless pile of burning, golden brush.

Bluebell had leaped the kennel fence and had run toward the river. With flying feet she had held her line straight to the high white cliffs of Jennings' Pool.

Upon the precipice she had paused. The river swept in a pale torrent through the pool. Each blade of grass, each patch of darkness within the pit, hung motionless in an enchanted pattern.

High upon the cliff Bluebell had flung back her head and belled full cry to the quivering stars. The sound was swept to the gorge below, was thrown back, re-echoing from the hills. Strangely was it answered.

From the amber light within the gorge emerged a fox. His movement seemed the gliding of a tawny shadow, a bodiless emanation from the depths of the pit. His livid hide, blending with the darkness, disappeared beneath the heel of the precipice.

Bluebell waited, quivering, a deep rumble within her throat, her hackles risen and full.

The fox of the pool suddenly became visible upon the cliff. For an instant, as he turned, his body was silhouetted against the glare of the moon. His great brush was uplifted, sinuous and fragile as a fan; his jaws lolled open in soundless laughter. Gliding, he disappeared into the woods beyond the pool.

As if the signal for the hunt had been given, Bluebell swung screaming to the line.

Through black woods patched with yellow shadows as moonlight streamed through leafless branches, through fen and thicket, across fields shimmering with frost, past farm and home, where sleepers stirred uneasily upon their beds, swept the hunt.

The fox ran as silently as a drifting shadow; the hound pursued in rolling, quivering bass. Before them earth and heaven seemed blent in the speed of the chase; behind, the aching night fell back to silence. Hour following hour, huntress and hunted ran the pale moon down the sky.

But in that still hour when darkness deepens the fox vanished as suddenly as if he had leaped into another world. Only his scent remained, growing ever colder as Bluebell worked through the coverts with tired nostrils.

She was content. The chase, for that night, was at an end, but she would hunt her fox again as she had hunted him in the past. She lay down and slept, and now, at dawn, had returned to merited punishment.

Comes whining and yelping from the kennels, as if hounds were being torn from their lairs in successive martyrdom. The voice of Bluebell lifts itself, mournfully protesting.

The mist rises with the day, disclosing the drive and a balcony where stands the judge, in riding-breeches but bootless.

Upon the driveway appear kennelman, Kent, and Bluebell.

There is little of haughty spirit in Bluebell's demeanor. She is not one who can be borne to the guillotine in calmness and silence. She causes her executioners hardest labor, makes her fat body as heavy as possible, approaches punishment only when dragged to it by the scruff of her dun-colored neck. Doom is upon her. She knows it, and speaks of her impending troubles in a high, clear voice.

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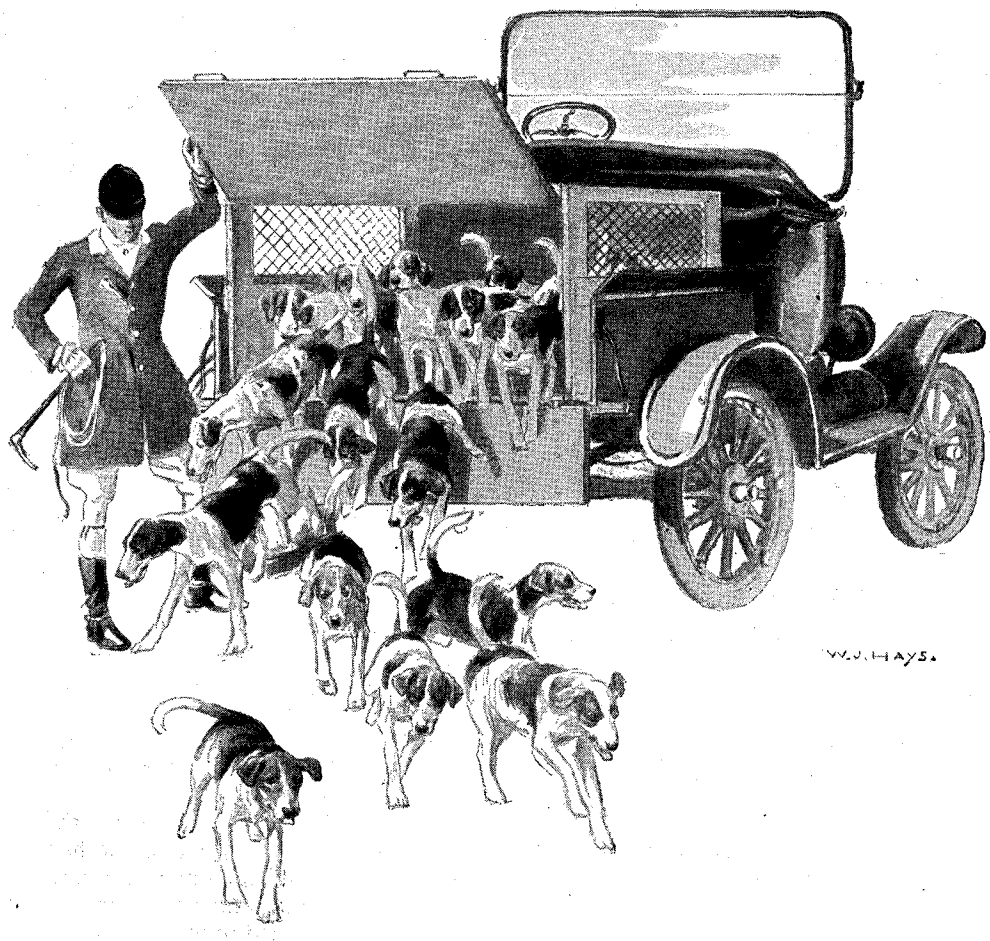

They shuttle from their box in a quick-moving, tan-colored ribbon.—Page 538.

Defendant Bluebell is arraigned at the bar of justice. The judge, taking upon himself the rôles of court-crier, clerk, and prosecuting attorney, sets forth the indictment. Bluebell pleads movingly. The judge continues the charge.

Through his voice outraged Coke and ravished Nimrod speak as one! Kent and the kennelman listen enthralled.

Sentence is passed: ten lashes and a day's imprisonment; Coleman will pay costs. Bluebell howls as the whip bites upon her hide. The door of the balcony slams shut. The judge has disappeared.

Bluebell, whimpering, is dragged away to be locked into the kennels. She is not to hunt to-day.

The judge is fully dressed at last. Breeches of close-dotted cheviot, cut in the old style, cascade into the tops of his shining boots. Above the breeches rises a vest of leather, which crosses itself in many folds, to be gathered in at last by twin rows of pearl buttons. A stock, intricately wound about a lean and ancient throat, completes the effect.

But it is in his hunting-coat that the judge's personality finds fullest utterance. Originally crimson, it has been mellowed by time to soft and even black. The collar alone remains vividly scarlet. The whole seems touched by an abiding flavor of antiquity, of ancient winds and older hunting fields.

The sun is not yet fully risen. Mist from the river still seeps across hill and val-

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ley, but this the wind parts, clearing long vistas of field and landscape. Already the huntsmen are beginning to arrive.

By four roads they come to the Coleman farm. The first follows the Brandywine like a gliding snake, crossing the stream by ancient twin bridges set just within the Delaware line, and this brings in all Medina and West Follen. The second and third roads meet at Chadds Ford, almost at the Revolutionary battlefield, and upon them arrive Wilmington and New Castle. The fourth is a thin and winding line, running straight back to the hills, and this brings in its contingent of hunting farmers.

Darkness sees the first of the huntsmen start. Some walk their horses twenty miles to the meeting. Others doze along the roads in high-wheeled buggies, saddles upon their laps, their hunters tethered to the wagon-tail. Wilmington folk may arrive more magnificently, by motor, their mounts led by stable-boys. Bearded farmers jog 'cross field on cobs as shaggy as themselves. Little boys bound through the Coleman gates upon stubby-legged ponies, which later by some miracle will keep always in advance of the hunt.

Each, as he arrives, is received with due ceremony by Judge Coleman, to-day the host of the meeting. Gradually the rooms fill with guests.

The judge surveys them with pride. He has known all for years.

Little Fanny Elwell, perched upon a window-seat, one slender booted knee across the other, satisfies a prodigious early-morning appetite with sausages, rolls, and jam, brought to her by willing suitors. Beyond, just out of the crowd which flows around the three broad breakfast-tables, stands a grizzled farmer, silent as his own hillside, who tenderly tests his sausage with the point of his knife before eating it. Further on, their small heads but barely visible above twin mounds of buckwheat cakes, steaming upon silver platters, are Job and Quintern Jennings, who have not missed a hunt since their eighth birthday. Next come ladies, booted, skirted, derbies corded to nape of habit, while, beyond, their hunting husbands, over ringing glasses, continue business upon a day of pleasure.

But where the punch-bowl is enthroned upon a solitary table, where Jason, the butler, himself presides over rose-colored, sparkling liquor, the gathering is thickest, and beyond, surrounding a fire that roars and rumbles up the chimney, sits the very cream of the meeting.

These are ancient gentlemen whose days in the field are over. With white, bowed heads gleaming in the firelight, and glasses within easy reaching distance, they speak philippics of present hunts, contrasting them with those of an older time—"When a fox, Sir, knew enough to hold to its own line, and a hound could run!" Story follows story of old hounds, old foxes, old masters, now gone in dust. As each ancient speaks the others take up the chorus:

"Does the company recollect Ajacia out of Rumbottle?"

The company does, and speaks of it almost in unison.

"Good hound. Good hound, that! Give her a field and she'd find you a fox."

The fire crackles and rises. Silence falls again.

"And Riposte out of Ringdang?"

"Keen hound. Keen hound, there! Best nose in the county. Could go through a covert with his eyes shut!"

"What happened to Pateley, old drunken Pateley, the time he mistook the dam-top for the lower ford, and came out of the river with his pockets full of minnows?"

The circle recalls Pateley and laughs.

The time shifts to the present. Bluebell's perfidy the night before the hunt is told and discussed. Punishment is suggested that, were Bluebell herself to hear it, would cause her dun hide to grow pallid. One mild old gentleman suggests hanging. He himself has seen a hound hung, and for a lesser offense. The death of this malefactor had had a telling effect upon the conduct of its brother hounds. He will bring the matter to the attention of Judge Coleman.

From this matter to conjecture is an easy step.

"What has the company heard of the fox of Jennings's Pool?"

The circle slaps its knees and laughs.

"There is no fox of the pool!"

"A myth, that—more scent than substance!"

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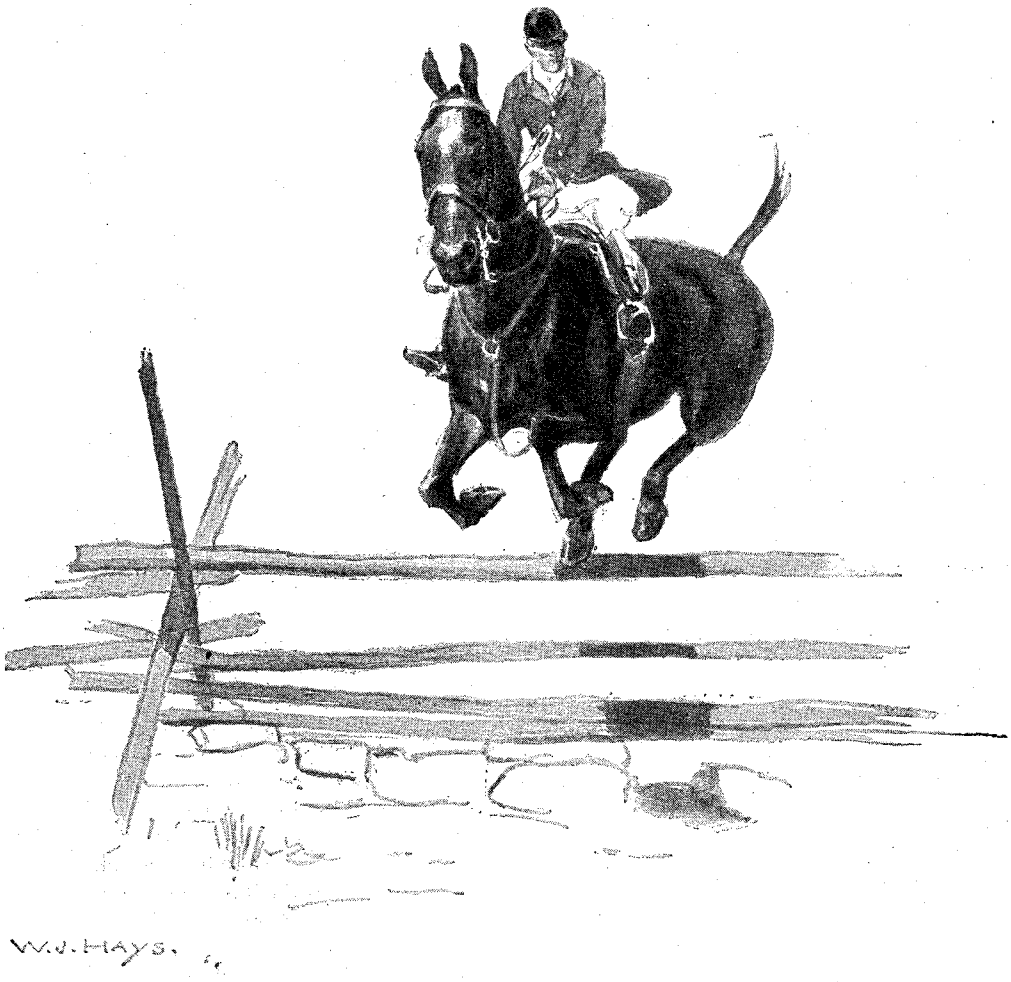

With never a stop for fence or gate or wall.—Page 540.

"'Twould take a good hound and a great hunt to lay him!"

"A farmer's tale—not to be told to a huntsman!"

But Roger Glover, the eldest of the ancient gathering, rises from his corner and pounds angrily upon the bricks with his cane. The fox of the pool is no myth. He, Roger, has verily seen him. Just the other night, on the road to Westchester and near the Jennings's farm, he met the fox, in fact, had seen him "glimmer across the road right under the horse's heels."

The company holds its aching sides, and Roger, becoming even more angry, offers, cane in hand, to prove his statements upon the physical body of any doubter present. Trouble is averted, however, by the arrival of the Medina hounds. The gathering adjourns to the porch to inspect them.

The sun is now high in the sky. The last of the river mist filters toward the zenith in thin, smoke-like tendrils. The hills contain no shadows, holding the sunlight as in a gigantic bowl. Wood, field, and stream seem to have emerged fresh-washed beneath the mist. The sunlight flecks the oval of the drive with yellow, seems to climb upon the house like a rising tide, adds new color to the grass beyond the road.

The Medina hounds are in a wire-covered crate set upon the rear of a panting

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Ford truck. The weight of crate and hounds tilts the truck up, causing it to thrust its nose into the air, and upon the elevation thus formed sits the master of the Medina hunt. He is a tall man, so lean and bronzed that he resembles a river reed wrapped up in a scarlet coat, and like all good horsemen is possessed of preternatural silence and gravity.

Not so his hounds, however. The wire across the crate top holds them in check, but through the mesh emerges a fillip of waving tail, of thrusting paw, of eager, whining muzzle. The box hums, quivers, shakes as if some many-limbed, multiple-voiced force had been loosed within it.

Little Fanny Elwell, unencumbered by skirts, climbs to the top of the truck and succinctly declares each and every hound to be at his best. There is none to gainsay her, and truck, crate, and hounds move on to the stables. To-day the Medina and Coleman packs are to be joined.

The stables hum with activity. Horse-boys lead the more restless hunters back and forth across the court. Heels flash up and down. There is a tossing of heads, neighing, and squealing. Girths are being tightened for a final time, saddle-clothes are adjusted, martingales set. The stamping of hoofs causes dust to rise in a high, light cloud, which is blown down to the kennels, sifting in upon the hounds in a gentle rain.

The hounds are wildly clamorous, scenting the coming hunt. Wet muzzles protrude through the kennel-bars, and sniff and whine at passing boots. The hounds in the rear rush up, clambering upon those before them, forming a high and yelping cascade that threatens to overwhelm the gate. The sound of baying beats into the sky like a tempest.

Through this, high and clear, sound the first notes of—"To Horse and Hounds." The hunt is up.

The baying of the hounds ceases; the stables grow still; and in this instant of silence the voice of Bluebell can be heard, faintly whining, urging her freedom.

The huntsmen are mounting. The courtyard is filled with restless, sidling horses. The judge is up. The tails of his ancient coat, spread behind the saddle, sway gently as his horse, a lean black stallion, bucks and rears. He sits his mount as straightly as an antique ramrod, but later, when the heat of the hunt is upon him, he will ride like a jockey over his horse's ears. Fanny Elwell, one booted leg drawn up like a flamingo's, gives a stirrup its final adjustment. Quintern and Jobey Jennings point their ponies' noses toward the outer gate. The master of the Medina hunt leans from his saddle, a whip with a long lash in his hands, and gazes in silence at his crate of hounds.

The signal is given. The Medina hounds are loosed. They shuttle from their box in a quick-moving, tan-colored ribbon, which breaks and frays into individual hounds as their feet touch the ground. Yelping, they run like errant quicksilver beneath the horses' heels, to be beaten back at last into a more compact group by many whips and the shoo-ings of small country urchins, who later in the morning will startle the field by their shrill cries of "I see 'im! I see 'im! Do you see him, Bill?" when a fox is in view.

The Coleman hounds are loosed next. They surge from the kennel-gate, Mayflower baying at their head in the place of the imprisoned Bluebell. They are whipped into position. The hunt sets off down the hill.

The hounds go first, and upon their tails rides the Medina huntsman, as chief whipper-in. Judge Coleman follows, master of the hunt, in advance of the field. Behind him rides a kennelman, glorified in broken brown gaiters, a split scarlet coat, and a bedrabbled jockey-cap. A hunting-horn is slung across his shoulders; a long lash is in his hands. He is a general jack o' the hunt, who blows the calls and thrashes recalcitrant hounds.

Next comes Fanny Elwell, her roan daintily lifting his hoofs over the pools of water upon the road, and with her, their ponies' noses almost touching the tall roan's flanks, ride Jobey and Quintern Jennings. Behind these three come the rank and file of the field, thinning to the ruck.

They cross the Brandywine by ancient twin bridges, which roll like beaten drums beneath the horses' hoofs. Thereafter, leaving the road, the hunt ascends Malvern hill. The horses are still at a walk, yet the pace has quickened. The hounds

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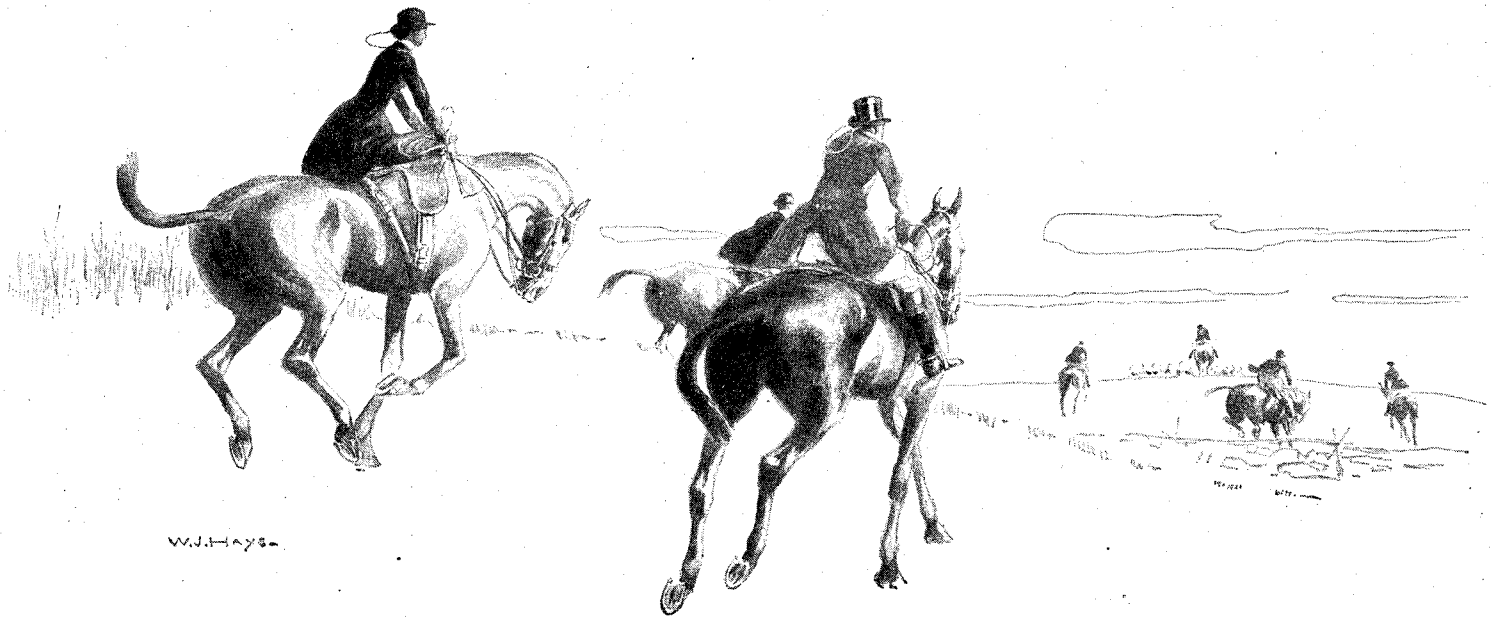

Drawn by W. J. Hays.

Huntsmen are spread from hill to hill.—Page 540.

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are more restless, and the riders in the rear are closing up. The Malvern coverts are to be drawn first.

Before the covert the hunt pauses. The hounds know their duty well. Whining, they fling themselves into the underbrush. The silent Medina master, his whip atrail, settles back upon his saddle. The judge's stallion grows restless and paws the frozen earth, but there comes never change nor tremor in the erect bearing of his master. The hunt waits in silence, broken only by the stamping of horses and the whining and scuffle of hounds through the thick of the bushes.

Occasionally a hound emerges, almost upon his nose, having worked himself through the length of the covert. He throws his muzzle to the sky as if clearing his nostrils, and plunges in again.

Time passes. The hunt grows restless. A few hounds clear the covert and begin a dejected search for fleas. The silent Medina huntsman smites the deserters of the pack to the line. The hounds take scent and cry at a single breath, and scream after the fleeing Mayflower, now far in the van.

The hunt breaks through the covert in a surge of horses. The ruck follows almost upon the leaders. Whipping and spurring, they pound across the field.

The scent is variable. At times it seems breast-high, floating thick and warm. At times the hounds are suddenly brought to their noses. Mayflower, however, in rolling, quivering bass, with undiminished speed, holds to her line. The other hounds scream after her.

For five full fields, a mile that curves ever gently toward the river and the Coleman house, the hunt holds thus. With never a stop for fence or gate or wall the riders follow. Huntsmen are spread from hill to hill, and the ruck, fields back, has not yet come into view.

Now comes a check, for Mayflower, where a tributary brook takes its course

with fury and drives them into the bushes again.

High and clear, ringing like a clarion down the crisp November air, comes the voice of Mayflower. She lifts her muzzle to the heavens, fluffs it down again between her legs in deep, full cry, and is off like a shot across the field.

"*Away! Away!*" shouts the judge, and spurs his stallion through the covert. The horse takes the bushes at a stride.

The Medina huntsman and the jack o' the hunt, madly whipping, swing the rest to the Brandywine just below, loses scent, and for many seconds runs, whining and scuffling, back and forth through the underbrush at the brookside. The other hounds come up and add the tumult of their searchings to those of Mayflower. The judge reins in his stallion below the covert. The Medina huntsman and the jack o' the hunt gallop to the edge of the bushes. The first of the leading riders pause and wait. The ruck comes into view.

Mayflower, however, reaching a swift conclusion, crosses the brook in four great

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leaps from stone to stone, and upon the farther side throws down her head in full cry as she again takes the scent. A number of hounds follow her, and the judge, in a rippling cascade of water, splashes his stallion across the stream. Upon the bank, startled by a sudden great view-halloo behind him, he turns in his saddle, but slightly reining in his mount.

Beneath the very heels of the Medina huntsman's horse has emerged a fresh fox, which is already streaking the brown earth to red as it flees across the field, and the jack o' the hunt quickly unwinds his horn and blows the "Gone away!" the signal for a fox breaking cover. The high treble notes nestle in the wind and filter down the valley—"Go-one aw-aay. Gone aw-a-aay!"

Here divergence must occur. It would be pleasant to tell how the silent Medina master, at last losing his cap and composure, tore his hair, which turned out to be flaming red and which was followed, so swears the Coleman hunt, by the Medina hounds as a torch through darkness, fled across field after his fresh fox, overtook it, attempted to scoop it from the ground to his saddle by its bushy tail, lost it, but later, followed by a corporal's guard of the hunt, ran it to earth in the yard of a Beden cotton-mill, miles down the Brandywine, where the fox, like the vixen she turned out to be, elected to hide behind bales of bleached and pink woolsey rather than take cover beneath unbleached and colorless cloth; how Fanny Elwell, following the judge and May-

Roaring into full voice, closes in on the line.—Page 542.

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flower, with the rest of the hunt, was turned from this chase by a fresher fox, which ran under the very nose of her roan, and which she and Quintern Jennings and a single valiant hound pursued for hours, to lose him at last well over the Pennsylvania line; how, in short, the hunt that took the field, fearing that it would find no fox, found, in all, four. These things are recorded in detail in the annals of the Coleman hunt; we must return to Bluebell.

The clear notes of the jack o' hunt's horn, blowing the "Gone away," wind down the valley and across the stream. They sound like distant bells in the ears of the ancient gentlemen on the roof of the Coleman house, who follow the chase with eyes and field-glasses.

The hound tinkles like the trumpet of a sprite through Bluebell's kennel, and with a bay and a surge she answers it, breaking the leash that checks her, and bounding like a rocket from the roof of her box to the clear of the road beyond.

In her ears, as she runs, sound the shouts of the ancient gentlemen upon the rooftop. She takes the roadway at a bound, and before her to the Brandywine stretches the unbroken expanse of field. Down this she runs at full speed, but at the river pauses.

Far afield come the faint, clear notes of the jack o' hunt's horn as he winds upon Mayflower's fleeting line. The sound dies away. Bluebell fords the river with a rush. The field above is heavy with broken clods of earth, where a plough has turned the turf for the planting of winter wheat. Pale green stalks of grain are already above the ground, but the summit of the field is bare and unplanted. Upon this, as upon a point of lookout, Bluebell takes her stand.

She lifts her muzzle to the skies and fluffs it down to the ground, casting for scent, and to her nostrils, drifting down the wind, comes odor, faint with distance, already slightly cold, but infinitely reminiscent to her foxhound's nose. Without a sound she follows it up-wind, running at her full speed.

Through furze and bracken, where the scent, lifted by the wind, clings to moist brown stalk, across wooded knoll, down deep ravine, Bluebell follows her line. The scent grows always warmer, more pungent to her quivering nostrils.

The land falls suddenly, disclosing a slight gorge, and in the hollow, clear of the surrounding coverts, his coat a blotch of livid color under the sunlight, lies the fox of the pool. His great brush is flat to earth. He lies upon his back, his belly spread to the sun. He seems asleep.

She bays once to awaken him and give him fair field; she bays the second time to mark the beginning of her charge. Thereafter she runs in silence.

The fox is always before her, always in view. His line is as straight as the shaft of an arrow, away from the pool and toward the highest summit of the hills. Once, as he turns his head, she sees his open, lolling jaws. Thereafter the pace quickens. The great fan of the fox's brush droops; he seems to drift like a shadow over the brown upland earth.

Bluebell follows doggedly, never losing, never gaining.

Down the wind sounds the baying of hounds. Mayflower and her hunt have turned their fox from the sanctuary of the hills and are running upon the heels of a failing quarry.

The fox of the pool hears the hounds up-wind, and bends his line to the left. So swift is this movement of retreat that his hide streaks to ochre the yellow and green of the hillside. Bluebell, charging, turns him back.

The baying of the pack sounds close. The fox again attempts to turn. Bluebell holds him toward the hounds, and, roaring into full voice, closes in on the line.

Ahead is a high and stony ridge, flecked with stunted trees and deep in bracken. Into this the fox plunges, Bluebell at his very heels.

The hounds are very near. The hunt has come out into the clear at the head of a narrow gut between two wooded ridges. The pack, in full view of Mayflower's failing fox, runs in a roaring crescent, a deep half-moon of open baying jaws and streaked white muzzles. The riders stream after them.

The judge leads. His tired black stallion, wet with foam from bit to eyes, charges as heavily as a booted dragoon, and after him rides Jobey Jennings, his pony a twinkle of tiny legs. The jack o' the hunt comes next, the wild, white

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jaws of his laboring horse stretched over the pony's rump. Behind are the rank and file of the hunt, riding shoulder to shoulder for the death.

The hounds close in for the kill. The deep bass of the charging pack changes to high, keening falsetto, drawn like a tingling silver wire across the air. The front of the crescent moves up, forming a solid phalanx about the exhausted quarry. Spurring, whipping, the huntsmen ride upon the very tails of the hounds.

The phalanx closes. The fox seems to rise in the air like a jet of crimson above Mayflower's jaws to disappear in a flurry of hounds, and into the base of this moving pyramid, like some swift, extraordinary wedge, drives the fox of the pool, Bluebell almost upon his back. The split tide of hounds falls asunder, to wheel, rising with snapping jaws at the livid body that bounds above their heads. Like a flash of light the fox of the pool spins clear of the circle of hounds, and leaps blindly beneath the feet of the charging horses. These wildly rear, and Jobey's pony, caught by the stallion's flank, falls, casting his rider upon the very neck of the fox. Pony, Jobey, and fox of the pool go down together in a ringing welter of earth and hounds.

From this, after passage of time, emerges Jobey. With one small hand he clutches the fox of the pool by its broken neck, and with the other, very angrily, he beats down the screaming, leaping hounds.

Next, still holding the limp and dangling body of the fox, much as the Ancient Mariner must have embraced the albatross, he kicks his trembling pony upon its shins, and addresses the now hysterical hunt:

"Damned old pony! I jumped an' he didn't. Then he jumped an' landed on the fox an' me!"

So closes the great Thanksgiving run of the Coleman hunt. It should be noted, however, that Jobey Jennings refused the brush, saying that he thought he had not won it as a huntsman should, and thereupon it was carried to the Coleman farm by the jack o' the hunt. Bluebell, with a broken fore foot, was brought home across the judge's saddle-bows. Whining and scuffling, she scratched at the saddle-leather, and rendered the stallion uncomfortable. Her nature was such that she remained equally a trial in tribulation or triumph.

That night the pale horn of the hunter's moon rose above the Brandywine hills, and the kennels rang as the tired hounds bayed greeting to the hound in the moon. Pointing her nose to the shadowy hound that rode the skies, Bluebell fluffed it down between her legs in deep and rolling bass. Again and again she bayed. That night she had no tryst to keep.

The Singing Shadows

BY CLEMENT WOOD

I

THESE things that star a casual day's beholding—
The sight of cattle drowsing in the shade,
The chase of moon-washed waves, in endless folding,
The stars in endless, measureless parade—
These things—earth, sea, and sky—by us are blent
Into a harmony that lays a duty
Upon our souls to serve, till we are spent,
That oneness of all things that we call beauty.

Beauty is one and all things, at all hours:
The trembling noon, the smoky tempest's scourge,

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The stir of farms, the windy dance of flowers,
  The clash of angry men, the throb and surge
When the dark sea leaps to enfold a star:
Beauty is all we know and all we are.

II

I am a tongue for beauty. Not a day,
  And not a night, but is a face of her:
The leafy surf of spring, with petal spray;
  The nights when snowflakes are too stiff to stir.
She laughs in sunlit waters, and she smiles
  In trembling moonlit pools that break the moon;
Her soft face shines above the herded miles
  Where slums shrink from the stifling breath of noon.

Her hand is in your hand at every turning;
  She slips unseen beside you in the press;
But she will break the brittle heart with yearning,
  When, trembling in the glare of loneliness,
You dread to learn you are remote from worth—
And find you are her shadow on the earth.

III

We are the singing shadows beauty casts;
  Nor shall the shadow live to see its source,
Nor her invisible sun, whose morning lasts
  Long after life has spent its feeble force:
No more than waves burned silver by the moon
  Shall lift to see their shining silver one,
Or her enkindling sun, whose whitest noon
  Shadows some fierier and farther sun.

Trap beauty in your net, she still is flying;
  Know her, she is radiantly unknown;
Slay her, she is reborn out of her dying,
  To cleave those heights only her wings have flown;
Flee her, till earth ebbs to a vanishing star,
You are her shadow: she is where you are.

IV

O fly before me. You have fled me long;
  For you I left a home and built a home,
Seeking to net your glory in a song
  Frailer than bubbles born and dead in foam.
I have sought you on starry mountain spaces,
  Bright with the memory of your flying feet,
And deep in tortured shadows of lost places,
  Which your forgotten passing had left sweet.

O fly before me, till my eyes are dim,
  Too tired to pace you to your radiant west,
Where still you waken man, and beckon him
  To the unending ardor of your quest—
Where you at last alone shall hold your place,
With only death to seek your deathless face.

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From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

III.—THE END OF THE APPRENTICESHIP AS GREENHORN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PRINTS

THE visions of Princeton persisted in my mind like after effects of strong light upon the retina. That gentle youth's suggestion that he may some day see me enrolled as a student at Princeton kept ringing in my ears and sounded like mockery. A peasant boy from a Serb village who a little over two years prior to that time was wearing a peasant's sheepskin coat and cap to become a fellow student of those youths who looked like young aristocrats seemed impossible. A European aristocrat would have never suggested such a thing, and that puzzled me. I saw an endless chain of difficult things between me and my enrolment as a student at Princeton, the home for gentle American youth. Social unpreparedness, I felt, was a much more serious difficulty than unpreparedness in things which one can learn from books. This difficulty could not be overcome by associating with people east of the Bowery, and I was heading that way. The nearer the train approached New York the less anxious I was to return to it. From Nassau Hall to the Bowery was too abrupt a change, and from the Bowery to Nassau Hall the change would have been even more abrupt. I compromised and looked up Christian's home on West Street.

Christian was still in Cleveland, but his father received me with open arms and promised to find me a job. In less than a week he found me one in a famous cracker factory on Cortlandt Street. An acquaintance of his with the name Eilers, a Frieslander and distant relative of a famous German writer of that name, was employed there; he steered me during my first experiences in the factory. I was given a place in a squad of boys and girls who punched the firm's name upon a particular kind of biscuits. The job was easy from the point of view of physical strength, but it required much manual dexterity. In spite of my ambition to advance to a high place in the squad I progressed very slowly. I soon discovered that in manual dexterity the American boys and girls stood very high; my hands moved fairly rapidly after some practice, but theirs vibrated. I made up my mind that America was not a field for me to gather many laurels by efforts requiring much manual dexterity. That idea occurred to me before, when I first observed Christian handling his lathe. One day I was at the delivery desk of the Cooper Union Library, showing my library check to a youth behind the desk who countersigned it before a book was delivered to me. I noticed that he wrote rapidly, using sometimes his right hand and sometimes his left with equal ease and with much skill. "How can I ever compete with American boys," said I, "when they can write with either hand better than I can write with my right hand!"

There never was a doubt in my mind that American adaptability which I observed on every occasion was in a great measure due to manual training which young people used to get here. Christian's suggestion, mentioned above, that "a boy can learn anything quickly and well enough to earn a living if he will only try," I saw in a new light, when I watched the work of those boys and girls in the factory. Yes, American boys can, but not European, thought I. Lack of early manual training was a handicap which I felt on every step during my early progress in America. My whole experi-

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ence confirmed me in the belief that manual training of the youth gives them a discipline which school-books alone can never do. I discovered later that three of the greatest characters in American history, Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln, excelled in practical arts requiring dexterity, and that the constructive genius of the American nation can, in part, be traced to the discipline which one gets from early manual training.

The great opportunities which, according to my good friends on the Delaware farm, awaited me in this country were certainly not in the direction of arts requiring great manual dexterity. The country of baseball offered, I thought, very few opportunities in this direction to a foreign-born boy. I was convinced of that every time I made a comparison between myself and the other boys who were doing the same manual work in the factory that I did. They were my superiors. In one thing, however, I thought I was their superior. They did not know much about the latest things described in the *Scientific American*, nor in the scientific supplements of the Sunday *Sun*, which I read assiduously with the aid of a pocket dictionary. The educational opportunities in the factory also escaped them. Jim, the boiler-room engineer and fireman of the factory, became interested in my scientific reading and encouraged me by paying several compliments to my interest in these things. He once suggested that some day, perhaps, I might become his scientific assistant in the boiler-room, if I did not mind shovelling coal and attending to the busy fires. He was joking, but I took him seriously. Every morning before the factory started I was with Jim, who was getting the steam up and preparing to blow the whistle and start the wheels going. I volunteered to assist him "shovelling coal and attending to the busy fires," and after a time I understood the manipulations in the boiler-room quite well, according to Jim. The steam-engine excited my liveliest interest. It was the first opportunity that I ever had to study at close range the operations of a steam-engine and I made the most of it, thanks to Jim's patient interest in my thirst for new information. He was my first professor in engineering.

One exceptionally hot afternoon during that summer found Jim prostrated by heat and I volunteered to run the boiler-room until he got well. I did it during the rest of that afternoon, much to the surprise of everybody, but was not allowed to continue, because a fireman's license was required for that. When Jim returned I urged him to help me get a license, but he answered that an intelligent boy, eager to learn, should not cross the Atlantic for the purpose of becoming a fireman. "You must aim higher, my lad," said Jim, and he added that if I continued to make good use of my pocket dictionary and of my scientific reading I would soon outgrow the opportunities offered by the New England Cracker Factory in Cortlandt Street. He never missed a chance to encourage me and to promise new successes for new efforts. In that respect he reminded me much of my mother.

Jim was a humble fireman and boiler-room engineer; his early education was scanty, so that he was not much on books; but he stood in awe in the presence of books. Referring to my habit of carrying a pocket dictionary in my hip pocket and looking up in it the meaning and the pronunciation of every word which was new to me he would exclaim, jokingly, "Look in the book," whenever some obscure points arose in our boiler-room discussions. His admiration for books was much increased when I related to him the story of James Watt and his experiments with the steam-engine, a story which I had dug out in an old encyclopædia in the Cooper Union Library. When I told him that James Watt had perfected his steam-engine and thus started the development of the modern steam-engine several years before the Declaration of Independence, he dropped a remark which I never forgot. He said: "The English made us write the Declaration of Independence, and they also gave us the steam-engine with which we made our independence good." Jim was not much on learning, but he was brimful of native practical philosophy.

Jim had a relative attending classes at Cooper Union and encouraged me to join several of its evening classes, which I did. I reported to him regularly the new things

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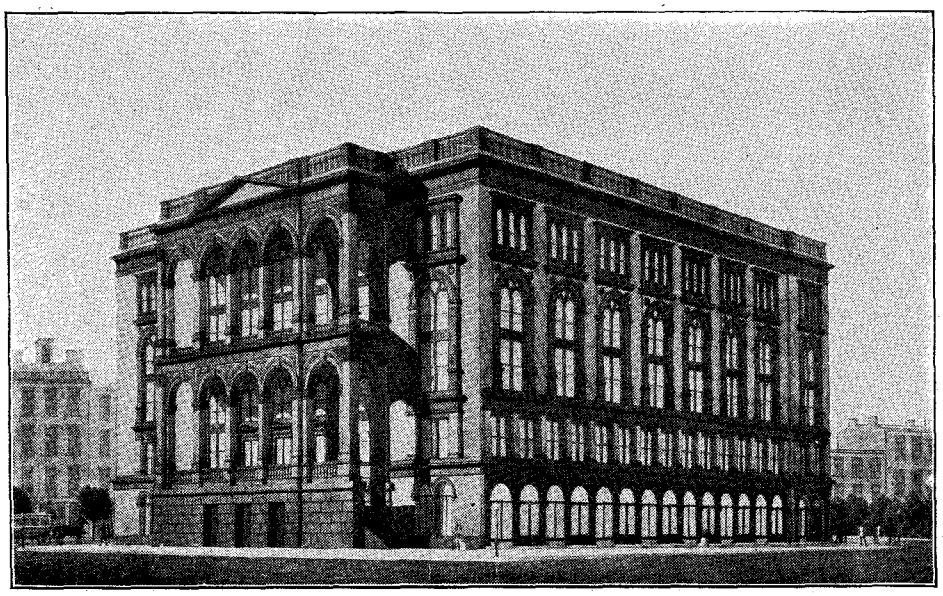
which I learned there. This practice benefited me even more than it did Jim, because in trying to explain to him the laws of heat phenomena, which were explained to me in the evening lectures at Cooper Union, I got a very much better hold of them. The first ideas of sound and light I caught on the pasture-lands of my native village; the first ideas of the phenomena of heat I caught in the boiler-room in Cortlandt Street and at Cooper



An early view of Cooper Union.
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Union lectures. These lectures, supplemented by Jim's boiler-room demonstrations, proved much more effective than the instruction which I received from my teacher Kos, in Panchevo. Kos was a Slovene, a native of that beautiful valley in Carniola, in the very bosom of the Dolomites; it is nearer to being an ideal dreamland than any other spot in Europe. To Kos, as to every true Slav, and particularly to the Slovenes of Carniola, the poetical side of physical phenomena appealed most strongly. Hence his patient listening to my enthusiastic professions of the belief that sound and light were different forms of the language of God. But as I watched the busy flames under Jim's boilers and understood how they were sustaining the strenuous efforts of steam to supply every hustling wheel in the factory with driving power I understood for the first time that there is also a prose in physics not a bit less impressive than its poetry. It is this prose which interested Jim, the fireman, just as it did the Cooper Union lecturer. Their chief concern was what heat can do and not what it is. My Slavonic craving for knowing what heat is was soon satisfied by reading a poem in prose concerning the nature of heat. But of that later.

During my very first visits to the Cooper Union Library I saw a great painting hung up in the northwest corner of its large reading-room. It was called "Men of Progress," and represented a group of very learned-looking men. I admired the painting, but took no pains to find out its meaning. One day while reading in the Cooper Union Library I saw quite near me an old gentleman standing and carefully scrutinizing what was going on. I imagined, at first, that he had stepped out of that painting. I looked again and found that the figure in the painting which I fancied had walked out was still there and that the old gentleman

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near me was undoubtedly the original from which the artist had painted that figure. The ambidextrous youth behind the library-desk told me afterward that the old gentleman was Peter Cooper, the founder of Cooper Union, and that he was one of the group of famous men represented in the great painting. He looked as I imagined the patriarch of Karlovatz must have looked. He was a striking resemblance to Saint Sava, the Educator, as he is represented on an ikon in our church in Idvor. The same snowy locks and rosy complexion of saintly purity, and the same benevolent look from two luminous blue eyes. Peter Cooper was then eighty-five years of age, but he looked as lively as if he were going to live another eighty-five years. His personality as revealed by his appearance inspired me with awe, and I read everything I could lay my hands on concerning his life; then I read about the lives of the other great men who were associated with Peter Cooper in that historical painting. Some of these men were: Morse, the first promoter of the electric telegraph; Joseph Henry, the great physicist, head of the Smithsonian Institution, and founder of scientific bureaus in Washington; McCormick, the inventor of the reaper; Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine; Ericsson, the engineer of the *Monitor*, and so forth. My study of their lives was a timely preparation for my visit to Philadelphia, to see the Centennial Exposition. The preparatory work for it I saw two years prior to that time, when, returning from the Delaware farm, I stopped at Philadelphia to search for opportunities.

The work of those great captains of industry forming the group in the great painting, "Men of Progress," was in evidence in every nook and corner of the Centennial Exposition. This great show impressed me as a splendid glorification of all kinds of wonderful mechanisms driven by steam and animal power which helped to develop the great resources of the United States. All scientific efforts exhibited there concerned themselves with the question—what can things do and not what are they. The show was also a glorification of the great men who first formulated, clearly stated, and fought for the ideals of the United States. I saw that fact proclaimed in many of the historical features of the exposition, and I did not fail to understand clearly that the show took place in Philadelphia, because the Liberty Bell and the Declaration of Independence were first heard in Philadelphia. When I left Philadelphia and its show I carried away in my head a good bit of American history. The Americanization process which was going on within me was very much speeded up by what I saw at the Centennial Exposition.

On my return to New York I told Jim, the fireman, that he was right when he said: "The English made us write the Declaration of Independence, and they also gave us the steam-engine with which we made our independence good." But, instructed by my study of the lives of men who were represented in the painting, "Men of Progress," and by what I learned at the Philadelphia exposition of these men and of the leaders of the American Revolution, I suggested to Jim that the steam-engine without great men behind it would have been of little avail. "Yes," said Jim, "the Declaration of Independence without men of character and brains behind it would also have been of little avail; and the great aims of the Civil War without men like Lincoln and Grant behind them would have ended in a foolish fizzle. This country, my lad," exclaimed Jim with much warmth, "is a monument to the lives of the men of brains and character and action who made it." Jim threw out this chunk of wisdom with the same ease and in the same offhand manner which he was displaying when he was throwing a few shovelfuls of coal upon the busy fires under his boilers. To him it was an obvious truth; to a lad like myself, who was accustomed to look upon countries as monuments to kings and princes and their victorious armies, it was a revelation, and I said so. This brought from Jim another epigrammatic remark to the effect that my trip to America will teach me nothing if it does not teach me first to squeeze out of my mind all foolish European notions and make room for new ideas which I might pick up here and there in this new world. Jim's sayings were always short and to the point and their record in my mind never faded.

Jim was very popular with everybody

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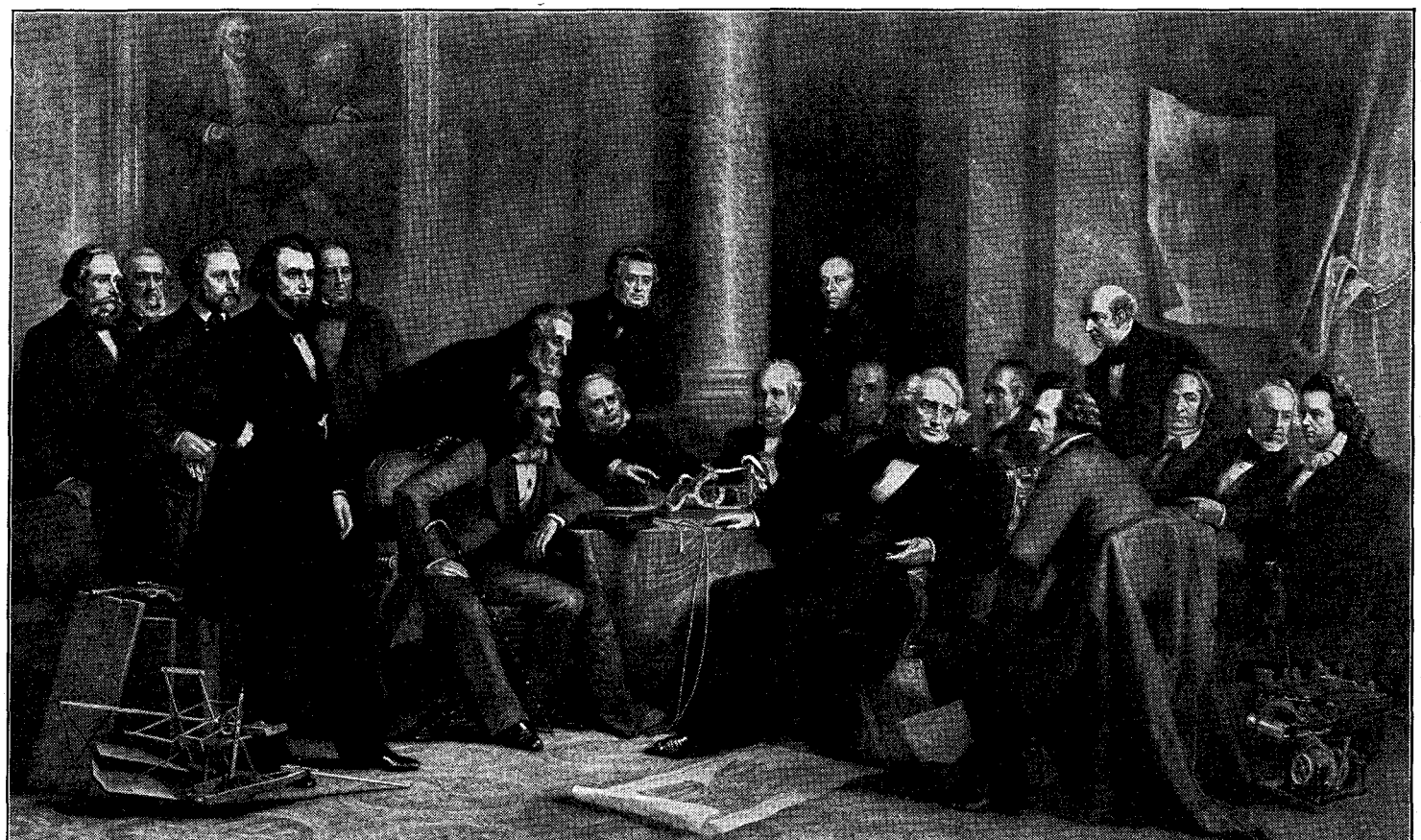

From an engraving by John Sartain after a painting by J. Schussele, reproduced by the courtesy of Cooper Union.

Dr. Morton (etherization) — *Colt* (revolvers) — *Bogardus* (iron architecture) — *Saxton* (mine and coast survey machinery) — *McCormick* (reapers) — *Peter Cooper* (gelatine, etc.) — *Goodyear* (vulcanizing gums, elastic) — *Professor Henry* (electricity as a motor) — *Mott* (works in iron, fuel, etc.) — *Ericsson* (caloric engine, monitors, etc.) — *Dr. Mott* (management of heat) — *Sickles* (steam cut-off, etc.) — *Burden* (horseshoe machine) — *Morse* (electric telegraph) — *Hoe* (rotary press, etc.) — *Bigelow* (carpet-loom, etc.) — *Jennings* (friction matches) — *Blanchard* (eccentric lathe) — *Howe* (sewing-machine)

Men of progress—American inventors.

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in the factory and the fact that he thought well of me improved my standing much. A Mr. Paul, the youngest and most active member of the New England Cracker Factory in Cortlandt Street, paid frequent visits to the boiler-room. I had an idea that Jim's views of things interested him just as much as the operations of the boiler-room. One morning he made a very early visit before the steam-whistle had blown and the steam-engine had started on its daily routine, and he found me in the boiler-room, a busy volunteer fireman. Jim introduced me to him in a jocular way as a student who found his way from Princeton to Cortlandt Street, where in daytime I was rapidly learning every trick of the biscuit industry and in the evening absorbing all the wisdom of Cooper Union. A few days later Mr. Paul informed me that my fame as a painter of baker-wagons and of basements on Lexington Avenue, and also my record as a student in mechanical drawing in the evening classes of Cooper Union, had reached the board of directors of the New England Cracker Factory, and that they resolved to offer me a new job. I was advanced to the position of assistant to the shipping clerk. It meant not only more pay but also social advancement. I was no longer a workman in the factory who worked for wages; I was a clerk who received a salary. I felt as people in England probably feel when peerage is conferred upon them. My fellow workers in the factory, including Eilers, who first got me the job, showed no envy. They agreed with Jim who told them that I was "smart." Jim used the same word which my Vila on the banks of the Delaware used whenever I made a good recitation in English, and I saw in it a good omen. Jim and Vila and Christian of West Street were my authorities, who expressed what I considered a competent opinion upon my apprenticeship as greenhorn, and that opinion was favorable. I felt assured that the apprenticeship was soon coming to an end.

My duties as assistant to the shipping clerk were to superintend the packing of biscuits, to help address with brush and paint the boxes in which they were packed, and to see to it that they were shipped on time. A squad of some thirty girls did the packing and they seemed at first inclined to file objections whenever I found fault with their packing. They seemed to resent being bossed by an immigrant youth whose foreign accent would "stop a train," as they sometimes expressed it. I found out from Jim that the principal object of their resentment was to make me angry, because when my Serbian temper was up my accent became most atrocious and that furnished them a most hilarious amusement. I soon became convinced that my success as assistant to the shipping clerk demanded a perfect control of my temper and a speedy improvement of my accent, each of them a most difficult task.

My efforts to control my temper were frequently put to severe tests. Now and then a biscuit, well aimed, would hit me on the head, and my Serbian blood would rush to my cheeks and I would look daggers at the supposed offender. "Look at the bashibozouk," one of the girls would sing out on these occasions, and another would add: "Did you ever see such a Bulgarian atrocity?" These words were in everybody's mouth at that time and they referred to the incidents of the Balkan War of 1876–1878, which Serbia, Montenegro, and Russia were waging against the Turks. A third girl would stick her tongue out and make funny faces at me in response to my savage glare. She evidently tried to make me laugh, and I did laugh. Then a fourth girl would sing out: "Oh, look at the darling now; I just love him when he smiles." Then they all would sing:

> "Smile, Michael, smile,
> I love your sunny style."

I did smile, and every day I smiled more and more, after I had discovered that the girls did not really dislike me, but just loved to tease me whenever I showed any signs of a European greenhorn. I dropped the airs put on by European superiors in authority and gradually the girls became friendly and began to call me by my first name instead of mockingly addressing me "Mister" as they addressed the old shipping clerk. "You are getting on swimmingly, my lad," said Jim one day, and he added something like this: "The girls are calling you Michael, just

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as they call me Jim. We are popular, my boy, but don't let this popularity mislead you into foolish notions. Just watch me; I have enjoyed this popularity for twenty years, and here I am still a bachelor, and an old bachelor at that. You have controlled your temper well, but how about controlling your heart, my lad?" Jim grinned and winked and placed his index finger in front of his forehead, as if to indicate that many a wise experience is stored in the practical head of a canny old fireman. I understood his meaning, but did I heed its warning? I knew that it contained a warning, and I suspected strongly that Jim had discovered one of my deepest secrets.

There was one girl among the thirty biscuit-packers who, in my opinion, never made a mistake in packing. I never took pains to inspect her work, and why should I when I was sure of her perfection? But I watched her and feasted my eyes upon her whenever I had spare time and was sure that nobody was observing me. She became conscious of it and every now and then she would suddenly look up and catch my admiring but cautious gaze. A bashful blush would give me away in spite of my efforts to hide my thoughts and feelings. She guessed them and she smiled as if greatly pleased and much amused, but she cleverly avoided giving me an opportunity to make a confession. I might have done it in spite of my extreme bashfulness. My note-books were full of her pictures, which I drew and signed under them her name, Jane Macnamara. Perhaps Jim had seen these pictures among my many sketches of the boiler-room and its contents, and hence his warning to me.

One Monday morning Jane did not appear at her usual place in the packing-room; her friend, another packing girl, told me that Jane was married on the previous Saturday. I tried my best to appear as if I received the news with indifference, but failed. The girls observed a change; I neither smiled nor did I frown, but I thought a lot, and the girls seemed to take quite an interest in my thoughtfulness, but studiously avoided annoying me. Only now and then one of the girls would whisper to me: "Penny for your thoughts, Michael." Jim, I was sure, also observed the change, but said nothing, as if he had observed nothing. One day he introduced me to an acquaintance of his whom he called Fred, who looked like a middle-aged man. He had wonderful deep furrows in his face, and his hands were large and very bony and looked as if the daily toil had rubbed off all the superfluous flesh and fat from them. Jim told me that Fred was far from middle age, but barely over thirty, and that some twelve years ago he had plans and ambitions just as big as mine, backed by at least as much brains as he thought I had. Fred's friends expected big things from him, said Jim, but suddenly Fred lost his heart and married and raised a big family of children somewhere in Jersey City. "To-day," said Jim, "Fred is mentally just where he was twelve years ago, and if he did not have the contract of making the wooden packing-boxes for this factory he would look even older than he is looking now," and then he added, in his usual offhand manner by way of illustration, that corn-stalks cease to grow as soon as the ears of corn appear and all the sap of the corn-stalk is served to the ears. Referring to Fred's numerous children, Jim finished his picture by saying that Fred looks like a withering corn-stalk with many small ears of corn on it, and that he hoped that the withering corn-stalk would hold out until the numerous ears of corn had ripened. He admitted, however, that he himself was a withering corn-stalk with no ears of corn at all; that his life was the other extreme from Fred's, and that neither he nor Fred had in their younger days studied and applied in practice the controlling regulators of life. Jim's sermons on self-control always hit the mark, and when, referring to his advice to me to control my temper, my heart, and my speech, I suggested that according to him life was a series of all kinds of controls difficult to manage, he answered that nothing is difficult when it becomes a habit. "Just examine my boiler-room," he said, "and you will find that everything is controlled. The centrifugal governor controls the speed of the engine; the safety-valve limits the pressure of steam; every fire has a regulator of its air draft, and every oven has a temperature indicator. I know them all and

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I watch their operations without knowing that I am doing it. Practice makes perfect, my lad, and perfection knows no difficulties even in a boiler-room as full of all kinds of tricks as human life is." Jim's sermons were always short and far ahead of anything I had ever heard in the churches in Delaware City or in Dayton, New Jersey, or in the Bowery Mission, or in any other church which up to that time I had visited in this country, and, moreover, they were not accompanied by congregational singing, which bored me. I understood why so many blacksmiths and other people of small learning made a great success as preachers in this country, whereas in my native village the priest, who prided himself upon his learning, was obliged to read those sermons only which were sent to him by the bishop of the diocese. I suggested to Jim in a jocular way to quit the boiler-room and become a preacher, and he answered that the boys and girls of the New England Cracker Factory in Cortlandt Street furnished a sufficiently large field for his religious and educational mission. Jim's assistance helped me much to let the dream about Jane fade away gradually and make room in my imagination for the dreams which I first saw at Princeton under that elm-tree in front of Nassau Hall.

The factory in Cortlandt Street was in many respects a college in which Jim was the chaplain; and it had a professor who should be mentioned here. It also had a dormitory; several of the young fellows employed in the factory lived on the top floor of the building. I was one of them, and I did not change my quarters when I was advanced to the position of assistant to the shipping clerk. Two great attractions kept me there. One was that the other fellows were out every evening visiting theatres and music-halls, so that I had the whole loft, and, in fact, the whole factory all to myself and to a chum of mine, who was much older than I in years but not in his position in the factory. His name was Bilharz, and he was the second attraction. He was the opposite to Jim and to every human being I had ever met. He knew nothing of nor did he care for the practical things of life, but always lived in dreams about things which happened centuries ago. He knew Latin and Greek and all kinds of literatures, but never made any attempts to make any use of his knowledge. Factory work of the humblest kind was good enough for him, and I believed that he would have been satisfied to work for his board only, if pay had been refused to him. He informed me once that he studied theology at the University of Freiburg, in southern Germany, and would have become a priest if an unfortunate love-affair had not put an end to his ecclesiastical aspirations. He had no other aims when he came to America, he said, than to work for a modest living and to lead a life of profound obscurity, until the Lord called him away from this valley of tears, as he expressed it. He used a German expression and called the earth a "Thraenenthal." Although a German he spoke English well, being a finished scholar and having lived in America for a number of years, and having a memory for sound which impressed me as most remarkable. He sang like a nightingale, but only on evenings when we were all alone. Ecclesiastical music was his favorite, and during many an evening the strains of "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," "Ave Maria," and "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" rang forth from the spacious lofts of the New England Cracker Factory and lost themselves in the silence of night among the deserted buildings of Cortlandt Street, which were alive in daytime only. I never tired listening to his recitations of Latin and Greek poetry, although I did not understand it, and of selected passages from Shakespeare and Goethe, which I did understand. He loved the art of articulate speech and of melody, and he thought of things only that happened two thousand years ago when Homer sang and the Olympian gods guided the destinies of men, but he cared for nothing else. The steam-engine and every other kind of mechanism were to him a deadly prose which, in his opinion, Satan had invented for the purpose of leading astray the spirit of man. "They are the weapons by which people like you are keeping in slavery people like me," he said once, jokingly, referring to my interest in the boiler-room operations and to my admiration of the great captains of industry whose lives I studied and whose work I

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saw and admired at the Philadelphia exposition. I sometimes suspected that he felt alarmed by what he considered my worship of false gods, and that this impelled him to do everything he could for my redemption from heathenism. My admiration for his learning was great, but my sympathy for his misfortunes was even greater. His hands were once caught in a machine and most of his fingers had become stiff and crooked so that they looked like the talons of a falcon. His sharp features, a crooked nose and protruding eyes, supported this suggestion of a falcon, but his awkward, flat-footed walk suggested a falcon with broken wings; to say nothing of his other misfortunes which made him in spirit also a falcon with broken wings.

I felt that he knew a great deal more about the Jane incident than he cared to disclose to me. One day I referred to her as the Minnehaha of Cortlandt Street. "Minnehaha, laughing water," exclaimed Bilharz: "where did you ever get that, you boiler-room bug?" and he laughed as if he had never heard a funnier thing in his life. "From Jim, the boiler-room hermit, to Longfellow, one of the greatest of American poets, is a tremendous jump, a *salto mortale*, as they call it in a circus," said Bilharz; and then, growing more serious and thoughtful, he added something like this: "It is really wonderful what the eyes of a woman can do! They are just like the stars in the heavens, encouraging us poor mortals to aim at celestial heights. But many a sky-rocket seemed to be sailing for the stars and suddenly it found itself buried in mud. I am one of these sky-rockets," said Bilharz; "you are not, thanks to the timely intervention of a kindly divinity." He meant Jim. Then, continuing in his usual dramatic manner, he recited in Latin an ode of Horace, in which the poet speaks of a youth trusting to the beaming countenance of his lady-love as a mariner trusting to the sunlit ripples of a calm sea who is suddenly upset by a treacherous squall and, being rescued, he gratefully offers his wet garments in sacrifice to Neptune, the god of the sea. After translating the ode and explaining its meaning to me he urged me to hang my best clothes in the boiler-room as a sacrifice to Jim, the divinity which rescued me from the treacherous waves of "Minnehaha, laughing water." "You are the luckiest of mortals, my boy," said Bilharz to me; "some day you will provoke the envy of the gods and then look out for stern Nemesis!" I did not understand the full meaning of these classical allusions, but he assured me that some day I would. I told Bilharz that my luck, of which he spoke so often, was mostly due to my being so near to a man of his learning, and that I thought he ought to be a professor in Nassau Hall at Princeton. He declined the honor, but offered to prepare me for it, and I accepted.

Bilharz was very moody and for days and days he had nothing to say to anybody, not even to me! Nobody else cared, because nobody understood him, but I did care. When he discovered that I sincerely admired his learning and was interested in his puzzling personality he became more communicative, sometimes almost human. His English accent was excellent and I asked his opinion about my accent and he assured me with child-like frankness that it was rotten, but that it could be fixed up if I submitted to a course of training prescribed for me by my Vila on the Delaware farm. "I could not be your Vila, deformed as I am," said he, referring to his crippled fingers and to his awkward walk, "but I will gladly be your satyr and teach you how to imitate not only the sounds of human language but also, if you wish it, the melodies of birds and the chirping of bugs. The satyrs are great in that." I knew that he could, because many an evening while I was on the dormitory loft of the factory reading the Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Independence, the American Constitution, Patrick Henry's and Daniel Webster's speeches, and Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, Bilharz, in another part of the building, would be imitating sounds of all kinds of birds and bugs, after he had grown tired reciting Greek and Latin poetry and singing ecclesiastical songs. That was his only amusement and he enjoyed it when he was sure that nobody was listening; he made an exception in my case. We finally made the start in what he called my prep-

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aration for Nassau Hall. In the course of less than a month I finished reciting to Bilharz the Declaration of Independence, the American Constitution, and Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, submitting to many corrections and making many efforts to give each word its proper pronunciation, and finally he accepted my performance as satisfactory. By that time I knew these documents by heart and so did Bilharz, and he, in spite of himself, liked them so well that he accused me of conspiring to make an American out of him. "You are sinking rapidly, my boy, in the whirlpool of American democracy and you are dragging me down with you," said Bilharz one evening, when I objected to some of the amendments which he offered in order to harmonize the American theory of freedom with the principles of German socialism. He admitted that he, a loyal Roman Catholic, did not care much for German social democracy, but that he often wondered why the American enthusiasts for democracy did not take German social democracy and save themselves the trouble of writing the Declaration of Independence. I called his attention to the fact that American democracy is much older than German social democracy, and he, somewhat irritated by that suggestion and by my defense of American democracy, as I understood it, suggested that he should resign his position as my teacher and become my pupil. His flippant criticisms of American democracy and my stiff defense of it helped me much to see things which otherwise I should have missed, but these discussions threatened the entente cordiale between Bilharz and myself. Finally we compromised and changed our course of reading, dropping things relating to political theories and taking up poetry. Longfellow's and Bryant's poetry were my favorites. "The Village Blacksmith" and "Thanatopsis" I knew by heart and enjoyed reciting them to Bilharz, who enthused greatly whenever in these recitations I avoided making a single serious break in my pronunciation. After reading some of Shakespeare's dramas which Booth and other famous actors like Lawrence Barrett and John MacCullough were playing at that time, I visited the theatre often, and from my modest gallery seat I would analyze carefully the articulation of every syllable which Booth and the other actors were reciting. Booth did not have a big voice, much smaller than the voice of Lawrence Barrett or of powerful John MacCullough, but I understood him better. Bilharz explained it by saying that Booth had a perfect articulation. "Articulation is an art which the Greeks invented; big voice is brute force common among the Russians," he used to say, protesting whenever he had an opportunity against mere physical strength, which was natural considering his scanty resources in this direction. He hated both the Russians and the Prussians, because, in his opinion, they both were big brutes. In those days the southern Germans had no love for the Prussians. He never missed a single chance to sing the praises of Greek drama and of the Greek theatre and of everything which flourished during the classical age. He called my attention to the enormous size of Greek theatres and to the necessity of perfect articulation on the part of Greek actors if they were to be heard. "They were great artists," said he; "our actors are duffers only. We are all duffers! Give me the Greeks, give me Homer, Pindar, Demosthenes, Plato, Praxiteles, Phidias, Sophocles, and hundreds of others who spoke the language of the gods and did things which only the divine spirit in man can do and you can have your Morse, McCormick, Howe, Ericsson, and the rest of the materialistic crew who ran the show at Philadelphia." He certainly told many a fine story when he spoke of the great poets, orators, philosophers, and sculptors of Greece, and his stories impressed me much because they were great revelations to me; they were the first to arouse my interest in the great civilization of Greece. They would have impressed me even more if Bilharz had not displayed a glaring tendency to exaggerate, in order to create a strong contrast between what he called the idealism of classical Greece and the realistic materialism of modern America. According to him the first had its seat among the gods on the ethereal top of Mount Olympus and the second one was sinking deeper and deeper through the shafts of coal and iron mines into the dark caverns of material earth. "No

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action," said Bilharz, "which needs the assistance of a steam-engine or of any other mechanism can trace its origin to idealism nor can it end in idealism." I suggested that every animal body is a mechanism and that its continuous evolution seems to indicate that the world is heading for a definite ideal. Bilharz flew up like a hornet when he heard the word evolution.

A lively discussion was going on in those days between the biological sciences and theology, Huxley and many other scientists championing the claims of Darwin's evolution theory and the theologians defending the claims of revealed religion. I was too young and too untutored to understand much of those learned discussions, but Bilharz followed them with feverish anxiety. His theological arguments did not appeal to me, and as far as I was concerned they lost even the little force they had when Bilharz turned them against what he called American mechanism and materialism, which he tried to make responsible for the alleged materialism of the evolution theory. His political and philosophical theories based upon blind prejudice created a gap between him and me which widened every day. Here are some illustrations of it.

When I described to him the election day of 1876, telling him that I and thousands of others stood quietly and patiently hours and hours in drenching rain in front of the New York *Tribune* building waiting for the returns which would tell us whether Hayes or Tilden was to be the supreme executive head of the United States during the coming four years; how the next day some of the newspapers raised a howl of "fraud," accusing the Republican party of tampering with the election returns in one of the States, but the people of New York City and of the whole country paid no attention, trusting implicitly to the machinery of government to straighten out crookedness if it existed; and how this dignity of American democracy thrilled me when I compared it with the rows and scandals accompanying elections in the countries of the military frontier of Austria-Hungary, he only laughed and ridiculed the whole procedure of electing by ignorant voters the supreme executive head of a nation. He told me a story of Aristides of Athens, who being requested by a voter to write upon a shell the name of the man who was to be condemned for some crime which was not quite clear to the Athenian voter Aristides wrote down his own name, and Aristides, the just, the noblest character of Athens, was condemned. But the condemnation of this just and noble and innocent man was, according to Bilharz, a condemnation of the Athenian democracy whose shortcomings brought the downfall of Greek civilization, and he added that the shortcomings of American democracy would bring the downfall of the old European civilization. The Aristides story interested me much, but the inference he drew from it made me think of Christian of West Street, and of his blunt remark: "A European greenhorn must have told you that." Jim was present at this discussion. He was a strong Presbyterian and ridiculed on every occasion what he called Bilharz's Roman Catholic views. This time he quoted Lincoln by saying "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Then he added for the edification of Bilharz that people's religion in the Roman Catholic church is of the church, by the church, for the church, and that this is the real reason why Bilharz, trained in this kind of theology, will never understand American democracy. This shocked me, because I expected a fist fight between my two best friends, but . . . the fist fight did not take place.

I enjoyed taking long walks on Broadway whenever I had free time, going up on one side and coming down on the other, inspecting every window in bookstores and art stores and looking at the latest things in pictorial art, at the titles of the latest things in literature, and at the photographs and engravings of prominent men of the day. This gave me quite an idea of what was going on in the American world of intellect. Bilharz never joined me because, he said, there was nothing worth seeing on these inspection tours of mine. Once during the noon recess I managed to take him around the corner of Cortlandt Street and Broadway trusting to luck to meet a certain great person whom I saw several times before and rec-

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ognized because I saw his photograph in the shop-windows of Broadway. I succeeded, for there in the midst of the Broadway crowd appeared before us William Cullen Bryant, the author of "Thanatopsis"! He was then the editor of *The Evening Post*, which was located on Broadway not far from Cortlandt Street. I pointed him out; Bilharz held his breath and, referring to the wonderful appearance of the great poet, he said: "There is the only man in this materialistic land of reapers and mowing-machines and chattering telephone disks who could take a seat among the gods on Mount Olympus and be welcomed there by the shades of the great idealists of Greece."

At another time I managed to take him as far as City Hall; it was some holiday, and the papers had announced that President Hayes and his secretary of state, William Evarts, would be at City Hall at noon, and they were there. Bilharz and I stood in a huge crowd, but we had a good view of the President and of his secretary of state, and we heard every word of their short speeches. They were dressed just like everybody else, but their remarkable physiognomies and their scholarly words convinced me that they belonged to the exalted position into which the vote of the people had placed them. The New York *Sun* was a bitter opponent of President Hayes and published his picture on the editorial page of every one of its issues. In this picture the letters spelling "fraud" were represented as branded across the expansive brow of the President. But as I looked at him standing in front of City Hall and beheld the light which was reflected from his smooth and honest brow I knew that the New York *Sun* was wrong, and I vowed never to read it again until that picture disappeared from its editorial pages. Bilharz did not understand my admiration of the scene which we had witnessed: the democratic simplicity of the highest officials in the great United States and the very informal reception given to them in the great metropolis, New York, was all due, according to him, to a lack of artistic taste on the part of vulgar democracy. I thought of the multicolored uniforms loaded with shining decorations, of the plumed hats and long sabres, and of the numerous glaring flags with imperial eagles displayed on such occasions in the Austrian Empire, and I told Bilharz that if that monkey business is all due to a profusion of artistic taste, then give me the simplicity of vulgar democracy. Bilharz shrugged his shoulders and pitied me, and I pitied him for having to pass, as he assured me often, the rest of his days in this to him the most uninteresting part of the valley of tears, das Thraenenthal, as he called this terrestrial globe.

Such were the many differences of mental attitude which widened the gap between Bilharz and myself. He clung to the notions which were handed down to the Old World from generations long departed; I, following Jim's suggestion, was trying to pick up wherever I could new ideas in the New World. Much learning hath made him mad, thought I, whenever I analyzed the strange ideas which Bilharz had of the United States of America. I came to the conclusion that his term of apprenticeship as greenhorn would never end.

I wished to believe that I was no longer a greenhorn, and I certainly did not wish to listen to opinions of a greenhorn such as were the opinions of Bilharz in matters outside of Greek and Roman history and of the civilization which it described. His eyes were continually turned to a sunset the glory of which had faded long ago; my eyes watched just as eagerly for the daily sunrise as they did on the pasturelands of my native village, and each sunrise showed me something new in this to me still unknown land. He contemplated the past, and I explored the present and dreamed about the future. I thought of Jim's prophecy which said that some day I would outgrow the opportunities of Cortlandt Street, and I felt confident that the day had arrived. My mind was made up to search for new opportunities, but Jim, and Bilharz also, in spite of his shortcomings, were still a great attraction, and I moved slowly.

One day after leaving Cooper Union library I walked along the upper Bowery, refreshing my memories of the hard winter of 1874–1875. In Broome Street near the Bowery I saw a store with a sign bearing the name of Lukanitch. The man of

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that name must be a Serb, thought I, and I walked in, longing to hear the language which I had not heard for over three years. It was a hardware store dealing principally in files and tools made of hardened steel. Behind the desk stood an elderly man, and he, much surprised, answered my Serbian greeting in the Serbian language which had an accent reminding me of Kos, my Slovene teacher in Panchevo. Lukanitch told me that he was a Slovene and that in his young days he was a peddler, a Kranyac, as they called the Slovenian peddlers in my native village. His annual summer tours took him to my native Banat. A Kranyac travels on foot hundreds of miles, carrying on his back a huge case with numerous small drawers, each drawer containing a different line of goods: pins, needles, and threads; pens and pencils, cheap jewelry and gaily colored handkerchiefs; cotton, linen, silk, and all kinds of things which the peasants are apt to buy. A Kranyac was a familiar sight in my native village, and he was always welcome there, because he was a Slovene, a near kin to the Serb, and the Serb peasants of the Banat plains loved to hear a Kranyac describe the beauties of the mountainsides of little Slovenia on the eastern slope of the Dolomites. When I disclosed my name to Lukanitch he asked me for my father's name, and when I told him that it was Constantine and that he lived in Idvor, Banat, his eyes looked like two scintillating stars. He gave me a big hug and a big tear threatened to roll down his cheek when he said: "Ko che ko Bog?" (Who can fathom the will of God?) After relating to me that my father befriended him nearly thirty years prior to that time and that he often stayed as guest at my father's house whenever his annual tours as Kranyac took him through Idvor, he begged me to come to his house on the following Sunday and dine with his family. I did, and there I met his good wife, a fine Slavonic type, and also his son and daughter, who were born in this country and who looked like young Slavs with Americanism grafted upon them. His son was about to graduate from a high school, and his daughter was preparing for Normal College. They were both American in manner and sentiment, but father and mother, although deeply devoted to the United States, the native country of their children, were still sincerely attached to the beautiful customs of the Slovene land. The children preferred to speak English, but they delighted in Slovene music, which they cultivated with much enthusiasm. That made their parents most happy. Their home was a beautiful combination of American and Slovene civilization. Once they invited me to an anniversary party and I found the whole family dressed in most picturesque Slovenian costumes, but everybody in the party, including even old Lukanitch and his wife and all the Slovenian guests, spoke English. Most of the guests were Americans, but they enjoyed the Slovenian dishes and the Slovenian music, singing, and dancing as much as anybody. To my great surprise the American girls, friends of Miss Lukanitch, played Slovenian music exceedingly well, and I thought to myself that a sufficiently frequent occurrence of parties of that kind would soon transform the American population in the vicinity of Prince Street into Slovenians. This interaction between two very different civilizations gave me food for thought, which I am still digesting mentally.

Lukanitch and his family became my devoted friends, and they were just as interested in my plans and aspirations as if I were a member of their family. The old lady had a tender heart, and she shed many a tear listening to bits of my history since I bade good-by to father and mother at the steamboat landing on the Danube, five years prior to that time. The disappearance of my roast goose at Karlovac, my first railroad ride from Budapest to Vienna, my dialogues with the train conductor and the gaudy station-master at Vienna, and my free ride in a first-class compartment from Vienna to Prague in company with rich American friends amused her and her husband hugely. I had to repeat the story many a time for the benefit of her Slovenian friends. She begged me repeatedly to tell the story of my crossing of the Atlantic and of my hardships as greenhorn, being evidently anxious to have her children hear it. I did it several times, scoring much success on each occasion, and as a reward she loaded me with many little

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gifts and with many enjoyable feasts on Sundays and holidays. My interpretation of the American theory of freedom, which I got from reading the lives and the utterances of the great men who made this country and from my three years' struggles as greenhorn, found a most appreciative audience in the Lukanitch family. They applauded Jim's sentiment, that this country is a monument to the great men who made it, and not to a single family like the Hapsburgs of Austria-Hungary. Old Lukanitch offered to engage me as his teacher in American history, and young Lukanitch offered to get me an invitation from the principal of his high school to deliver an oration on the Declaration of Independence. The offers were not meant very seriously, but there was enough sincerity in them to make me believe that my training in America was recognized as having substantial value by people whose opinion deserved respect. I saw in it the first real recognition referred to in the prophecy of my fellow passenger on the immigrant ship who said: "No matter who you are or what you know or what you have, you will be a greenhorn when you land in the New World, and a greenhorn has to serve his apprenticeship as greenhorn before he can establish his claim to any recognition." I said to myself: "Here is my first recognition, small as it may be, and I am certainly no longer a greenhorn."

No longer a greenhorn! Oh, what a confidence that gives to a foreign-born youth who has experienced the hardships of serving his apprenticeship as a greenhorn! Then there were other sources of confidence: I had a goodly deposit in the Union Dime Savings Bank and it was several thousand times as big as the nickel which I brought to Castle Garden when I landed. Besides, I had learned a thing or two in the evening classes at Cooper Union, and my English was considered good not only in vocabulary and grammar, but also in articulation, thanks to Bilharz. Young Lukanitch assured me that my knowledge of English, mathematics, and science would easily take me into college. He even prophesied a most successful college career, pointing at my big chest and broad shoulders and feeling my hard biceps. "You will make a splendid college oarsman," said he, "and they will do anything for you at Columbia if you are a good oarsman, even if you do not get from Bilharz so very much Greek or Latin." At that time Columbia stood very high in rowing. One of her crews won in the Henley Regatta, and its picture could be seen in every illustrated paper. I had seen it many a time and remembered the looks of every member of that famous crew. Young Lukanitch was so enthusiastic about it that he would have gone to Columbia himself if his father had not needed him so much in his steel-tool business. He did his best to turn my eyes from Nassau Hall to Columbia. He succeeded, but not so much on account of my prospects in rowing as on account of other things and among them was the official name of that institution: "Columbia College in the City of New York." The fact that the college was located in the city of New York carried much weight, because New York appealed to my imagination more than any other place in the world. The impression which it made upon my mind as the immigrant ship moved into New York Harbor on that clear and sunny March day when I first passed through Castle Garden, the Gate of America, never faded. My first victory on American soil was won in New York when I fought for my right to wear the red fez.

(To be continued.)

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"Father"

BY ZONA GALE
Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

REAL PEOPLE WHO ARE REAL SUCCESSES—SECOND PAPER

HIS first moment of high consciousness came in the 50's—in a watermelon patch. Stooping above ripe melons one September night, a half-dozen boys about him, he was struck by a difference and lifted his face. The sky was flowing with light. In the zenith floated a crown from which poured tides of color. He had not heard of the aurora. The experience was not unlike vision.

When he is asked: "Did you stop eating melons?" he replies: "Oh, no. But I ate them—and looked up."

From that moment his faculties reported for him on new areas. The sky became as important as the creek. He knew a night, still tonic to his thought, when he saw, as he crossed the orchard with his uncle, a star hung between the horns of a new moon.

He says: "I know that this is impossible. But I saw it. We both saw it. We were on our way to bed down the horses, and we stood still and looked at that star between the horns of the moon."

His father had died when the boy was six. Now that he was seven his mother "went," as they said. For him only echoes of the family ever sounded. As of that old New England grandfather who had, against tremendous nationalistic odds, gone about reiterating: "I am Irish from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet." North of Ireland, Scotch-Irish descent, others had related. Then England. Then Massachusetts in 1640. But always the Celt was in the boy as a flute played over a hill.

The flute played but seldom after the boy's guardian had taken over the farm, and there followed long workdays in the furrows. It was always the sons of the guardians who were chosen to ride away on alluring errands to the town; and when they did this the boy heard flute music and was impetuous to follow. But his only contact with the world had been a wagon-maker's invitation to an apprenticeship abruptly terminated when the little unpaid helper was cannily set to carrying bricks for the wagon-maker's new house. Common school, farm labor, and this apprenticeship—thus panoplied at nineteen the boy met the open world.

He met the open world in Wisconsin, where an older brother was a bridge-builder. About the boy at this time lies that silence in which are sealed the folk of fifty years ago. From that pale amber rays one great gleam. The arrival in a little Wisconsin town, its main thoroughfare from the station but a half-mile path through a snowy grove. But station and grove and town were hung with light: Color of Asia and the South Seas, of reef and peak and lamps of London such as gilded all the pioneer places. For the boy the wooden town offered a new plane of energy and romance. A new aurora.

In Wisconsin in those days energy and romance centred in the railroad. Russell Sage's fortune was contributing to pull out inch by inch the rails of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road—thirty-pound rails as against the ninety-pound rails of the present, but they were as great miracles as if they had run there red-hot of their own power, and had stretched themselves westward for the traffic. Roaring engines performed for the youth of the day a considerable part of the function of war, provided ready-made a point of release. The bored, the maladjusted, the wistful found here a way of escape. A way, moreover, to adventure. Not every one can trek his own trail to reef or peak, but let there be beaten out any highway toward glamour and feet are light

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to set off. To the youths of the Middle West in the 60's the locomotive was as a camel, a howdah, a galleon, a griffin—plus, they thought, excellent pay.

A brother-in-law of prevision offered college to the boy, but the boy had watched the curve of the griffin's wing and he mounted.

There he was: Slight, small-boned, pale, fastidious. In the fine hair, delicate hands and feet, light staccato step, above all in his gravity, were met strains of Old World blood such as united indifferently to turn the wheels of the New World. Repeatedly you catch the sign: on a frontier witness-stand, in a shop, behind a plough there will rise a profile or fall a gesture out of Avalon. Emerging from his blue denim collar the boy's face with the appraising look of the reasonable, the sensitized, formed a cameo against the raw dark of the locomotive cab.

Now came his days of first adventure: Strangeness, speed, risk, untoward hours. Feeding red the black mouth of the griffin through days of wild cold, through nights on the snow-plough thundering down the thick drifts. Danger and fear—and play, too. Lacking cricket or curling, the boy played on the tender of the moving engine, stooped to toss a stick of wood at another youth, lost balance, and fell close to the rolling wheels. Liberty from so many forms of old routine, familiarity with night, hazard, magic—fields for spirit and courage lay open here as anywhere. The life held him. They gave him an engine of his own and then they had him fast.

But always from over the hill sounded the flute. For him all these days of contingence seemed but temporary. Inevitably there was to be something other finally to occupy him as life-in-earnest. Never was there any finality of allegiance to the griffin. The boy went to Missouri to look about, journeyed on to the Pennsylvania oil-fields. Vague aureate projects formed and waited. And all the while the flute kept calling to definite preparation against that time: On his shelf three royal octavos of Knight's Shakespeare in a princely binding of morocco and gold. On his wall a violin, and he returning to his lodging, weary in body and spirit from the sterile hours on a way freight, still trudging off to a violin lesson.

He says: "I never expected to be a great violinist. But violin music is the sweetest music in the world—I thought so then and I think so now."

And in his personal belongings there manifested a scrupulous taste for silk—in those days silk underthings were as rare as silver armor—and for delicate linen, hand-stitched, and for clothing "made to measure," as the little town accused.

The little town was growing now, unfolding petals of flimsy wood and thin blue glass. With the Civil War came from the countryside new families whose men had gone to the war. And among them a family from New York State and a generation removed from England. In this family there were three daughters.

And now for the boy the flute poured in a thin tone an essence of Elsewhere. On Washington's birthday there was given in the town a ball at which the boy danced in the same set of a quadrille with one of these three daughters. Under the mellow oil lighting the costumes of the 70's touched and lifted upon the polished pine, pale Puritan and forgotten fabrics, silk mull, book muslin, challis-delaine, and sarsenet. The dances, definite, determined, Occidental, were mazurka, money musk, varsovienne, the lanciers. Of these the boy remembers nothing save only that set of the lanciers in which he danced opposite to Her who "taught the torches to burn bright," and first touched her hand. But afterward she herself could never recall the boy in that lanciers. One wonders what might have befallen had Juliet not recalled Romeo at the ball of the Capulets. In that case Romeo, too, might not have remembered. The boy may have been greater than Romeo! For on no more than the breathing presence of this lady the boy set his faith, and for five years it did not waver.

He was twenty-nine. With gradual death of the romance of the railway the mere habit of his work took him for its own. And now the new romance was enough. The vague aureate projects were dissolved in the incandescence of his noon. All day the flute was in his ears.

It is with the cunning of the life prin-

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ciple itself that a new country lures its pioneers. Twice had he become the thrall of romance—once of the road, now of nature. They called it "securing a steady job on the railroad, marrying and settling down." This was all that their imagination could confine. What did they know of griffins and flutes? And nothing of the sovereign romance for the man in the days that followed.

He had now a cottage reared almost literally by his own hand, and there lived the lady of the lanciers. There were a a little child, a garden with old fruit-trees and old roses and two Lombardy poplars; a dog; and lyrical flights of the griffin by day and by night.

For this time the contour should be double. The lady of the lanciers had such beauty that the neighboring towns knew her name; such a voice that they came to her church to hear her sing in its choir. She could paint a little, play at the piano, and the cottage was kept by her own hand. Herself of pioneer stock and earlier of Sussex blood, she had a spirit and an independence to enliven the days and a common sense all but brilliant. She, the definite, the resolute, the humorous, bears a story of her own.

They two shared a signal. Singing about her work or playing with the child under the apple-trees, she would hear across the east marshes a brief, abruptly silenced cry. To the others of the town this thin cry was no more than an engine whistle. But she would thrill as to a brazen trumpet. It was the horn of Siegfried winding from the valley, its motif a single silver note in exquisite restraint. Time to have delicious dishes on the table before he gained the house. Time to have the rooms lighted and to be waiting at a window with the baby. . . . Or at night waking alone in the cottage, hearing the child's nestling and the soft snapping of the blazing base-burner, watching the red outlines of shadow, she would hear cutting the dark that live, carrying call. He was coming. Exuberant romance this, undivined by followers of the tame vocations, but known to the wives of the road and of the sea.

Yet always there was the terror: Sullen nights of storm, of hardly averted fatality, of actual tragedy. Tales of a coach lifted on end in the dense snow and crashed upon the engine and of the five lives that went out in that gesture—five shovellers, whom the man and his crew laid aside decently as a part of the night's work. Of a midnight when the man ran down a farmer lying across the track like a body in a bag, and when an hour or two later a wanderer wounded in some fall tried to climb up to the man's cab, his young fireman, seeing that bleeding face at the window, cried out that it was the ghost of the dead farmer. And into the home yards that night the man brought his engine stoked by a fireman in lunacy. Five months later this fireman, a lad of twenty, died in his asylum cell.

And now for the man the flute began a new strain touched with the plaintive, the perplexed. A strain about the future. If ill health came, death, what then of the lady of the lanciers and what of the child? At this the old bright projects glowed again.

Now had come the hour for the practice of an unpremeditated courage, courage of a heart still measuring youth. He left the railroad, left the town, went into a strange city. With a blindness which breeders of quail or of fish do not permit to a live thing which they wish to persist, the man took the way of the hundred thousands who try to wrest a livelihood from a State unorganized to equip them for the rudiments. Three times in three cities in a period of twelve years the man sought a way out through business. And three times he returned to that which, save in imagination, had never been anything but bondage. Ulysses of three consecutive Odysseys, he fared forth with such initiative as America duplicates and buries, sun by sun.

It is the years following the third return, the years in which he had accepted the future and had at last bowed to it, which should be most intimately chronicled. Ill health was threatening him now. The attempts to escape had absorbed the greater part of his savings. And there was the child to be educated—educated at college too; neither he nor his wife ever questioned that.

Followed fifteen years of the old routine.

And life was supported with gentleness,

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even with humor. A beautiful keen tenderness was his for plants and animals, an Oriental respect for any life. They tell of him that on a summer night he caught up a kitten straying about a railway station and gave it summary haven within the open window of a ground-floor room where it was instantly manifest that six men had until then been sleeping on the floor. As if this last burden were not to be sustained, one moaned: "Here's —— putting a cat in the window. . . ." Animals loved him. Walking to a strange farmhouse to ask for a direction, he was met in the dark by the farmer, who demanded: "Yes, but how did you get by the dog? She don't let a thing get past her. . . ." The dog was trotting at the guest's heels.

Plants would grow under his hand—a stake which he set to mark a seedling rooted and budded. It was in these days, after the third return, that he developed a nostalgia—it was nothing less—for country living; for a farm such as the Ohio farm of his boyhood: garden, orchard, brook, fields, a cow, a few sheep. Of these he rarely spoke but always his wallet held clipped announcements of some little country place for sale, and he was never without a farm paper.

For years the man's free hours had been spent in second-hand book-stalls. There was always money for books: Spencer, Darwin, Emerson, Drummond, Bacon; through one winter he read Macaulay's England and then all of Fiske. He formed a habit of fathoming words new to him, and by middle life had revised his vocabulary. An old taste for chemistry developed, and with a few scientific books he elicited enchantment. It was in a farm journal that he was attracted to a star map and peopled for himself the heavens. Creative thinking followed all his reading. He presented the theory which he had never heard expounded that the earth was never a molten mass cooling, but, instead, first of all, a world of waters whose deposit is the land. He questioned the methods of measuring the velocity of light; and years before there was any scientific dissatisfaction with the theory of the luminiferous ether he had rebelled at that.

Politically he gradually became strongly liberal. He cannot remember when he did not favor equal suffrage. He cannot remember when he did not classify war as crime, and he has never spent a moment in regarding it as anything else. In religion he became non-conformist to non-conformists and all—profoundly religious but aloof from any creed or group. The doctrine of forgiveness of sin and the abrogation of its consequences roused him to passionate scorn. Once he said: "And I have decided that Swedenborg wrote Revelation."

Thus he made for himself actualities to dominate, to displace those of the grinding days.

Withal he was ingeniously mechanical, clever at mending tools or machinery; would whisk out into a pie-tin the major works of a clock and return them to restored function, including chimes. His wood-house work-bench was completely equipped with carpenters' tools, all the repairing about the house was done by him, an occasional porch added by him, unassisted, and year after year the bird houses which he made after a plan of his own were happily tenanted. All that he did was accomplished with a scrupulous, slow precision. His leisureliness extended itself to the table—of dyspepsia he had cured himself by Fletcherizing thirty years before Fletcher. He never hurried—the light staccato step had slowed, his speech was deliberate when he spoke at all. He was a silent man. If he had been asked his favorite recreation he would have said: "Home."

The solitary study, the long lonely darkness on the engine, the daybreaks "gold and wild," the countless expressionless days had crystallized an introspection always unique. With no knowledge of the uses of contemplation in the East he acquired, and this quite naturally, a habit of concentration, so that one could enter a room or stand beside him in his garden and find him unconscious of any presence. His time-slips, time-cards, stray envelopes, and a note-book or two were covered with notes made in the engine cab, at lunch-counters, anywhere. These are a few transcriptions:

"Our actions are our angels."

"All laws are friendly to those who obey them."

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"A new degree of intellectual power is cheap at any price."

"The law of Nature is, Do the thing and you shall have the power, but they who do not shall not have the power."

"The happiness of your life depends on the quality of your thoughts."

"Children early catch the tone of their surroundings."

"Most people are unhappy because they have no information concerning the real sources of enjoyment."

"The guiding spirit. . . ."

"The details must be worked out with completeness to insure success. It is in this humble though all-conquering way that success is achieved."

"Forget your grievances."

"Until men grow up to the level of a higher life they cannot receive it."

"Everything exists for something else of a higher order."

"In your daily intercourse with men let your guiding principle be for the good of all."

"Flashes of insight require systematic thought to unfold them."

"Our thoughts materialize in our flesh and blood."

The child was now graduated from a university. For these four years of college training the man had paid on wages of three dollars and eighty-five cents for a trip (of ninety-odd miles), and meanwhile had maintained his home.

But always here the story bears the two outlines: One of his own patient, never-robust figure faring to its toil. The other of the lady of the lanciers, of a resolution equal to his, rich in labor, sacrifice, thrift; herself individual, commanding, bearing her part in the life of the little town—and lovely. Two in a town of six thousand and the race safe in their hands.

Five years later temporary retirement became possible, became necessitated by ill health; and there were a garden, fruit-trees, unbroken leisure.

A total of forty-three years had been spent by the man on the railroad, all save the first two or three years in complete disillusion, in bondage. Out of this dissolution of the right to happy creative work there endured for him his wife, his child, and his home.

But what had been saved of the man's spirit, of his ambition to live, his love of fineness, the approaches to the social passion? Was he bitter, lethargic, in revolt? How had he himself appraised the quite unintentional tapestry of his life?

There was a record preserved in conversations, witness from the lips of the man; and he one of the men who ordinarily live and die in a community without the community divining the stupendous life which has been going on within. These comments, made in the last seven years, are more vivid than all else to yield up the man himself and the rich measure of his success in living.

It is now sixty years since, equipped with common school, a few years of farm work, and a brief apprenticeship to a wagon-maker, he fared through the snowy grove into the little frame town; seventy years since he faced the night sky drenched in the surging of the Aurora. At seventy-nine here is the man, one of the brilliant potentialities by whom a less disjointed social life than our own might be how richly served.

(1)

I've had one of the days when nothing went right. It seemed as if everything tried to go wrong. And I thought how exactly that must be an example of the way the Spirit—or God—feels in trying to deal with us. He does the best he can, and we fail and retard him. He does the best he can and then comes war. I thought how discouraged the Spirit must be. Matter is obstinate. But it is all he has to express himself through.

(2)

(Over a new drain-pipe in the basement.) It is the way so many workmen work, with no thought of the trouble and expense to which they put other people. How can we expect them to know? With no training they go to their work, pick it up as best they can, and depend on it for the necessities of life. Their conscience is not trained. If, instead of pounding faith into them, we had developed their conscience, we should have a different set of beings. . . .

. . . Why should there not be, as well as a municipal fire department to put out fires after the damage is done, a municipal department to inspect private electric wiring and drains and water-pipes? They are beginning to do that

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for fire protection. But in all such work men should not be dependent on it for a livelihood. With these occupations on a commercial basis men do so often partake of the nature of the hog—of whose body their own body is so largely composed. All their lives they eat of the bodies of these animals, and certainly some of their nature passes over into those who consume them.

. . . For nineteen years, the first nineteen of my life, I ate no meat—perhaps a little tenderloin after butchering. The rest of the time I ate vegetables and bread. After I came to this town I learned to eat meat a little bit. I have watched men eat tough meat, a large piece in a few mouthfuls, almost without chewing. This seems to me the business of cannibals.

(3)

Let's leave this town and go and live where sooner or later we can be more economically cremated. It is the only civilized system. Embalming is a savage practice. When I go I want at least something that will fall away around me quickly and let me out.

(4)

I've thought for years that immortality is more simple and natural than we have realized. That there is a close threefold relationship in the air and the volatile part of our being and God. We say that God is everywhere and we're not just sure what we mean. The immanence of God has been one of the puzzles; the immanence of the air in some form we take for granted. We have said that God is in all life and we haven't understood that either, but we have spoken of the breath of life always. We have made a great mystery, but it may be that this invisible substance which enters into all life as a spirit is close to the mystery. There's nothing more materialistic in that than in the admission that consciousness functions through the brain. . . . After death the volatile part of our being is released and passes into the air—goes back into that great reservoir of power, and seeks affinities for reabsorption. And hence continuity. When we confine immortality to a matter of the persistence of the individual consciousness we limit our inheritance. I believe in such immortality because it is in harmony with that which we see taking place before our eyes every day.

(5)

I remember when that idea of immortality first came to me. I was standing by the dining-room window looking at the river. And as I saw it flowing I thought: "Men come and men go but I go on forever." I thought how the river flows to the ocean, empties, returns to its source through clouds and moisture, becomes again a river, again flows. And that is exactly the way with spirit. It goes from us, it ceases to combine with the body and without it the body cannot live; spirit is reabsorbed into the spirit without, into the whole . . . we are in it all the time—we are floating in it—and it is reabsorbed in new living things. As an individual? No—that is impossible. When individuation has once been accomplished by spirit it is never lost; but it need not persist as one individuation. It will continue in many individuals. There is no more reason for insisting that the spirit of man is one eternally than for insisting that the spirit of God is one. God is not necessarily one intelligence. He is many intelligences. So of the spirit of man. For the spirit, in man and without, is a part of God. Whenever it can find the channel it speaks to us—to that of itself which is within us. To the divine in man. But the whole body is permeated with spirit—it is everywhere in the body. The air we breathe is spirit. It is the spirit of God. Without it we are only inanimate matter. At the instant it ceases to combine with us, we cease to exist.

Compare this with the doctrine of the soul going off somewhere, to some place of heaven, and singing a psalm. Yet when they blundered into such an expression it was this immortality of spirit that they were seeking for. We are all blundering. But the whole process is so slow. It can only go on as spirit grows in the individual and is reabsorbed and grows again.

. . . Trees have intelligence. Spirit is combined with them in some degree,

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in their life and their intelligence. See how they seek out their food, find water, turn to the sun . . . there's a better explanation to this than the books make.

(6)

I don't think of God as law. I think of him as spirit. Law is his manifestation. I can conceive of his growing, but the law is static. It is simply a matter of finding out law. The law of evolution existed always, and at last the human understanding found it out, and so on. There are certain forces to which all things are subject, but they are acted upon differently by the same forces. A tree and a rock are both subject to gravitation, but the tree constantly lifts itself while a rock must remain in a fixed spot until it is destroyed. But different people are not acted upon differently by the same forces —people vary in perception and in response, that's all. The action of the forces toward them is the same.

(7)

As great a thinker as Herbert Spencer says that he can see nowhere any evidence of design in the universe. John Burroughs says the same thing. Nevertheless, there is everywhere evidence of design.

(8)

Man is the slowest animal there is, in development. And it is because he does not pay attention to his intuitions. Now and then there is one who is strong enough to heed them, but most people let them go by, are not strong enough to take them. The intuitions must be fostered for growth. One form of these we call conscience. . . . As these intuitions grow older and are developed with each life lived they will be stronger to speak. It is this part of living which matters.

(9)

(Some one had read aloud from Tagore's "Gitanjali": "Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest to thy severed selves in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me.")

Yes. Nicolai, in "The Biology of War," believes and quotes others as believing that the universe is an organism. That is, that it consists of one really organic whole, of which every created thing is a member, as members of one organism, one being.

(Comment: Then that organism would be God?)

The embodiment of God. And as I believe the "breath of life," is the divine essence of God, and constitutes the divine element entering into all life.

(10)

We are destined for the goal. And the goal is perfection. Sometimes we go on, sometimes we go back—but all the time the direction and destiny are the same: "Perfection." We reach one plane and another is above us. It is always the same. The time will come when the race will be an honor to God.

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The plough market.
Wooden ploughs still turn Albania's soil. Nearby, pelts for *opingas* are being sold.

Albania

A NEW NATION IN AN OLD WORLD

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE AND HELEN CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

YOUR mind strays from the discussion of Albania's politics, for the weekly bazaar in Tirana—Albania's capital—is breaking up, and perforce you must watch the colorful life in the square: full-trousered, broad-sashed men, in white fezes, gay socks, and up-curling pointed moccasins; two upper-class Moslem women, shrouded in black, their faces hidden by heavy black veils; peasants taking home their purchases; a man with a baa-ing sheep over his shoulders; a woman carrying on her head a red-and-green-painted cradle, the baby in it; a polka-dotted, trousered little girl, exquisitely delicate of face, a purchase of freshly-butchered unwrapped meat in her hand; donkeys concealed under burdens many times their size, only faces and fore legs visible; a lithe youth, moved suddenly to dance in the doorway of the mosque; veiled or kerchiefed women—according as they are Mohammedan or Christian—gathering their bright-colored stuffs from the ground; a few others—one with five eggs in her lap—lingering in hope of a tardy customer; a man washing his feet in the swift-guttered little stream that runs through the street. As you gaze at these things, suggesting the old world of Turkey, you might for a moment forget that Albania is in the way of becoming a modern European state. But there are reminders: the minister of public works crossing the square with some engineers brought in by the government from Austria; here and there foreign business men, in Albania after concessions; in the distance the band practising the Peer Gynt Suite, a Mozart sonata, along with new Albanian songs;

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and everywhere people talking about plans for the new Shqiprija*—which is Albania's name for Albania, the latter being used by the Shqiptari only when they speak a foreign language. A battered automobile rattles into the square, and once more you turn your attention to your companions.

"You must find us a land of strange contrasts," says one, "that man with the wooden plough; and here's this so-called auto. Before the war there wasn't one in the country, now there are about a hundred and fifty. Many of us still grind corn between stones in our own homes; and the city of Korcha has already raised money for a mail aeroplane, and has sent students to France to study aviation."

"Come back in five years," said another, "and you'll find us like European countries"—Albania doesn't regard itself as a part of Europe—"with roads, and an electric trolley running through these mountains, and electric light——"

"There's electric light in Scutari now," interrupted a youth, "and plumbing. And just wait till you see Korcha. Nearly everybody dresses in European clothes. We're not civilized yet, but we're started. We have a national parliament."

"Our trouble is," said another, "that we have so much history to recover from. It has bunched up on us, you might say. But now that we're free—" an expressive gesture indicated that everything was possible.

History has indeed "bunched up" on the Shqiptari. Aryans, descendants of the Illyrians or Pelasgians, they are probably the oldest race in southeastern Europe. Their last five centuries and more is the tale of steadfast maintenance of Albanian personality through foreign occupations. Much is not far-away history, but current trespassings, of which you may read echoes in your morning paper.

The Turkish occupation lasted five hundred years, and ceased only in 1912. To the Turks the Albanians never really submitted, but succeeded in preventing their penetration into her mountain districts. This non-submissiveness brought from the empire insecurities of life and happiness, but, cutting Albania off from outside contacts, did preserve her ancient customs in an uncommonly pure form.

It was Shqiprija's experience with the Young Turks which resulted in the expulsion of the empire from the Balkans. Hopefully casting her lot with them in 1908 in establishing a Constitution for the empire, and then finding that they meant even less independence for the subject nationalities through complete assimilation, Albania resisted, and in August, 1912, in a vigorous uprising, captured Uskub and crushed the Turkish army. Then Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro, seeing in this defeat a long-desired chance, launched the First Balkan War, which left the Peninsula Turkless.

Even then Albania's destiny was not in her own hands. The Six Powers, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia, stepped in to determine her status and frontiers, because, the Turks gone, Albania's neighbors began quarrelling for her territory. Europe almost flared into war then, with Albania the fuse, instead of a year later with a different Balkan excuse. In July, 1913, the most basic "frontier" date in Albanian history, the ambassadorial conference of these powers fixed boundaries which gave to unfriendly neighbors districts containing over a million Albanians, leaving only 900,000 in the remaining area. They made her a sovereign principality, neutralized under their guarantee, and elected William of Wied as prince. When he arrived in March, 1914, Albania, having independence, a conventional government, and neutrality, hoped for a breathing spell.

Within a month her neutrality was violated when Greece captured Korcha. Her guarantors had not yet intervened in her behalf when the European War began. Then, while the neutrality of Belgium was engaging the sentimental attention of the world, there began for Albania an avalanche of occupations, kaleidoscopic, overlapping, unprotested. The assigned prince left in September, too soon to have been of any service. Though Albania did not enter the war, she was one of its acute sufferers. The olive orchards formerly covering the hills around Durazzo, bombarded into treeless barrenness, symbolize the damage done

* Pronounced Shkipréea.

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to this neutral. Her intruders, however, could not avoid catching something of the spirit of the Albanian personality. Italy, intrenched in the south, proclaimed her independent under Italian protection; Austria announced Albanian freedom from Scutari; while France, with an army in Korcha, created the Shqiptar Republic of Korcha.

At the war's end Albania was like a juggler, keeping three fragile balls afloat—the acquisitive desires of Jugoslavia, Italy, and Greece. A slip in her dexterity meant national mutilation. Italy, actually present, determining to prevent a representative Albanian government, formed in Durazzo a made-in-Italy substitute. The Shqiptari, determined to have a home-made reality, contrived an uninterrupted gathering of the clans in Lushnja, in January, 1920. This national assembly forced the Durazzo government to retire, established a provisional government in Tirana, and when the parliament appointed by the conference convened the following March, the Shqiptari had a government of their own choosing.

Italy's claims for Valona, its hinterland, and a mandate over Albania, meaning for her the control of the Adriatic and the shortest route to the Orient, were based entirely on the secret Treaty of London, in which these concrete territorial rights were offered as bait by the Entente fishers for allies. Albania took her problems to the Peace Conference, and after a ten months' wait received an illuminating decision giving Italy exactly what she wanted. Fortunately this decision was not allowed to stand. But the actual forcing of Italy from Valona was done by popular action, without help even from the government. It took two months of fighting, but in August, 1920, Italy withdrew, acknowledging Albanian independence.

Another ball to juggle—holding her northeastern boundaries against the new Jugoslavia, who, ignoring even the decision of 1913 so favorable to Serbia, had had troops on the Albanian side since the armistice. In spite of Albania's protests to the Peace Conference in 1919 against this invasion, its first decision added to Jugoslavia Albania's choicest city, Scutari, with its environs and nearest Adriatic port. During 1920 and 1921 the Serbs made frequent serious invasions into northern Albania, and were met by a resistance characteristically Albanian, organized unofficially by the mountaineers. At one time this impromptu army forced the Serbs to leave the city of Dibra, but, although Dibra is purely Albanian, the Shqiptari did not occupy it, having the forethought to realize that, officially ceded to Serbia in 1913, its occupation would embarrass their government. In the rôle of aggressive intruders the Serbs quite ignored that dramatic episode in the Great War when, defeated, they were in desperate retreat before the Austro-Bulgarian forces. Then Albania, in the face of a Bulgarian demand that she attack the Serbian vanguard, instead gave the Serbs refuge in her territory.

Deciding to try the League of Nations on this acute and pertinent problem, Shqiprija applied for membership in October, 1920. The league kept her waiting for admission two crucial months, and then indecisively referred the boundary difficulty to the Conference of Ambassadors. While this body pondered, however, Jugoslavic troops advanced so far in the fall of 1921 that the Supreme Council of the Allies, through Great Britain, intervened, requesting that the Council of the League be convoked—the first time that this was done because one member was invading another. Simultaneously the Conference of Ambassadors announced its decision on the frontiers, practically the same as their 1913 delimitation. On November 8 the two nations accepted these boundaries, and three members of the league, for surety, supervised the evacuation of the Serbs.

Shqiprija's Greek ball to juggle has not been difficult since Greece became preoccupied fighting Turkey. Greece had pushed her claims violently in 1914 by capturing Korcha, and at the Peace Conference by trading votes in secret with Italy. The conference did cede in its first decision both disputed districts, Korcha and Argyrocastro, to Greece, but the November, 1921, frontier settlement acknowledged them as permanently Albanian. The allegiance of these two districts while their possession was in question was frequently demonstrated. When

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the new government, raising an interior loan because Italy had seized the customs, called for 2,000,000 gold francs, Argyrocastro contributed this whole sum, outdoing in generosity even the Albanians in the United States.

These international complications are reflected in every-day events, especially those involving the lack of intercommunication between close neighbors. Serbia, for instance, lies so intimately near, yet she cannot be reached by telegraph nor telephone, even though Albania has both,* remnants of military operations, repaired and extended. And crossing Serbia's stern frontier is full of complications. When we did this on foot, the Shqiptar horseman who was leading the pack-horse with our luggage, having obtained what he thought was the proper document to allow him to take us over the border and return home, was stopped by the Serbian border police, instructed to wait on the Albanian side while a Serbian soldier led the pack-horse, more privileged than its master, across the invisible line of unfriendliness to our near-by destination.

Many details of government in the Albanian republic are still uncrystallized, and fortunately the advantage of this is realized. "We do not want the government to lose all of this flexibility," said one official in speaking of rapid changes, "we want one that will really fit the country by growing up with it." At present the eighty deputies elect a high council of four and a prime minister, who appoints his cabinet of nine ministers.

This flexibility of form does not necessarily imply instability, as the government has met tests. The most significant was the rebellion of March, 1922, not because of its size, for it involved less than five hundred armed rebels, but because it thwarted the attempt of a designing neighbor to prove Albania's inability to maintain her government. Subtlety was shown in discriminating between the leaders who plotted with the outsiders, mostly men of position or wealth, and those who were used indirectly and recanted when they discovered the source and significance of the attack. Though the disloyal were executed and their lands confiscated, a mountaineer leader of the rebels, who in the parleys through the British minister to Albania showed that he had been deceived and regretted his action, was allowed to go back to the mountains with his men and arms.

Volunteers who came to Tirana from the mountains to help the government during the uprising of March, 1922.

* At present the telephone is limited to government use, connecting only the offices of the prefects, but the telegraph is for commercial use as well. Both are for interior use only.

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The real show of government strength was not the dramatic parade of soldiers and the gayness of the band in the capital the market-day before Easter instead of the further execution of rebels expected by the people. It was expressed rather in two ways—one spontaneously, when the news of the uprising reached the unaffected districts and volunteers started out from every mountainside and valley over the trails to Tirana to help the government, peasant and townsman alike; and the other with consideration, when parliament, scheduled to meet about six weeks after the rebellion, postponed its meeting for four months to give the ministers a free hand.

A more permanent proof of the government's acceptability and of national unity is given by the mountain tribes of Matti, who, having defied successfully Roman, Venetian, Turk, serve this government voluntarily. One of their chief men, Ahmet Zogoli, is minister of the interior, the backbone of the present government.

"And parliament can make things move, too," said a young Albanian proudly; "one of their first acts was to legislate away all titles. No more beys nor pashas in Albania, just plain Mr. So-and-So, as with you."

"Move!" broke in another of the group, "like lightning! You see those gardens," indicating grass-bordered marigold beds at intervals in the centre of Tirana. "Just recently those were old Mohammedan graveyards, hideous but, of course, hallowed ground. Almost overnight they were changed by an edict from the minister of the interior, custom or no custom."

But many improvements which the government would like to make must wait for money, for the nation's natural resources to create her financial and economic life. Resources there are, quite aside from agricultural possibilities, but in what degree of richness no one knows, as the Turks left no statistics and the Austrians kept the reports of their geologic surveys made during the war. It is known in general that there are oil, coal, copper, and valuable forests, which the government owns along with the entire subsoil, one good Turkish inheritance. In addition there are the buried treasures of Durazzo, the remains of the Roman and Venetian periods, rich storehouses of art and history.

The nation's financial inability to develop its resources means the giving out of concessions, for it has not borrowed.

Peasants in town to market their grains, exchanging news of their districts, and discussing Albania's future, while waiting for customers.

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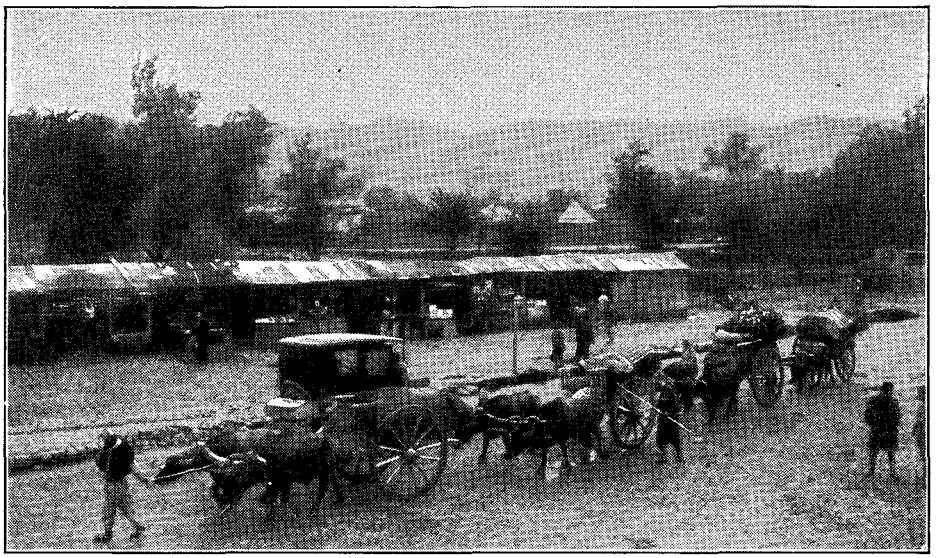

Contrasts in transportation.

There were no autos in Albania before the war. Peasant carts are confined to the small area of good roads.

But these concessions present difficulties. Some eager applicants represent countries too selfishly interested in Shqiprija's political future; other nationalities, without territorial ambitions and therefore desirable as concessionaires, are still pondering on her stability; while the third group, interested in a legitimate way, demand statistics which the new country cannot yet produce. The young state has not been overlooked by "gold brick" concessionaires. An American firm, we heard, asked for a monopoly in film-showing, putting its offer on a philanthropic-educational basis, and expecting to get the concession for nothing. Interest in the concessions and a shrewdness, too, is not confined to officials but is expressively general. One young man who had been in the United States said of their financial beginnings: "Though foreign capital is necessary for our big undertakings, there is some money here to invest nationally if we Albanians could just be shown how. You know, the way American children say, 'One for the money, two for the show!'"

Up to the limit of their money the Shqiptari are bringing in experts from several countries to advise in organizing the state. Engineers, for example, are treating the forests which, though still safe from the sawmill, have been seriously damaged by foreign armies, both of men and insects. Legal experts are planning the formation of a new code, supplanting the old combination of Turkish and Napoleonic law. Financial experts will have everything to plan as the country has no banking system, no currency of its own, using the moneys of other nations with patchwork exclusiveness. The gold French napoleon is the standard coin, and the only one with a nation-wide circulation. According to the district you are in you may use Italian lire; stagger around under the weight of old silver Austrian crowns; find a town where only French money is used; pay in Greek drachmas; or, in Korcha, for small purchases, pay in its own currency, issued recently when Greece closed her border and no money could be brought in. In contrast to this lack of coinage are modern postage-stamps, which carry Albania's letters abroad and by arduous mounted relays between her inland cities.

The lack of transportation facilities thwarts the development of the country's resources. Transportation is in a primitive plight—no railroads and very few stretches of good road. Instead, bridle-

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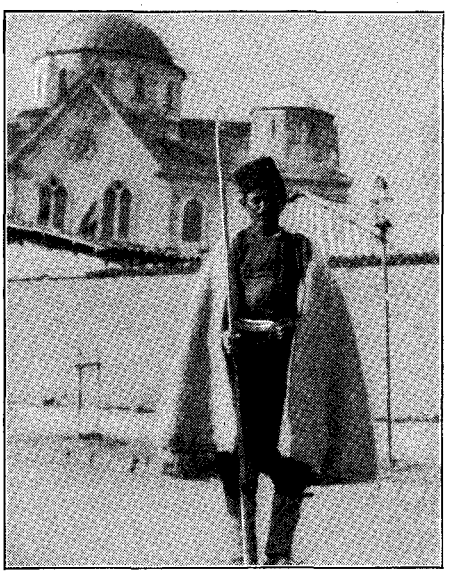
trails twist and plunge about in the mountains, hold a precarious footing along edges of breath-taking precipices, track along rushing rivers seeking shallow places to ford, for bridges are as wanting as roads. All travellers, all goods and merchandise sent from city to city must go on sure-footed donkeys or horses along



Shepherds with crooks are not only sung about, but seen on city streets.

these trails. Peasant-carts, so characteristic a feature of most agricultural regions, are, except in the small areas of good roads, unknown.

Adventure is the one natural resource of Albania not blockaded by bad roads. Even by auto perhaps you are five hours late on a two-hour trip. While the chauffeur dissects the engine, you enjoy some peasant's hospitality, sitting on a mat on the sod floor before his fire, at which he makes you Turkish coffee and tries in vain to talk with you in Albanian, Greek, or Turkish. You while away time learning a few Albanian words, and wondering whether the canvas curtain hanging from smoke-blackened rafters conceals his wife. A man passenger is also present, which would make it unseemly for a Moslem wife to appear. At last the car is fixed—it is now eleven at night by your watch, four by your host's Turkish time—and once more you set out. Now your chauffeur is concerned. Martial law is still in force, no one must be abroad in Tirana after eight o'clock; it will be midnight before you arrive; besides, this is the night set for the hanging of two leaders of the rebellion. The feeling of tenseness is enhanced by white moonlight on floating wisps of mist, dark shadows of trees, and apprehension lest presently you shall come upon the actual hangings. But your challenge at the gate is the official information that a room has been engaged for you.

Distances are measured by time, not miles. Korcha, you are told, is four days from Tirana. It took us five to make the trip, most of it in heavy rain. We went with a train of ten horses, all but three used to transport a cargo of salt and sugar. The third passenger was a young Mohammedan volunteer against the rebellion, now returning home to Korcha. The leader of the train and his two helpers walked. The horses' trappings were primitive: characteristic peasant saddles made of broad strips of wood, mounted on leather, for the horses'—not the riders'—comfort, were softened by gay hand-woven blankets. Loops of rope served as stirrups. The rope bridles, trimmed with blue beads—a protection against the harm that praise might invite upon a Shqiptar horse—were chiefly ornamental, for the horses were not bitted. When one of us asked how to guide our animal, the horseman handed her a lock of the mane! However, it was only in an early ignorant moment that we thought ourselves capable of assisting the clever beasts, who knew every rock and twist of the trail, where to step, and when to put their four feet and head together, like a Remington picture, and slide down a steep place; who could climb up steep slabs of rock, could hold a footing up the middle of a swift mountain stream; and needed assistance only in the widest river, where two powerful men, wading waist-deep, saw them across one at a time, leaning against them to keep them from being carried down-stream. The steepest descents we climbed and skidded down on foot.

Our first night we spent in a *khan*, or barn, one of the occasional shelters maintained along the trail for the horsemen

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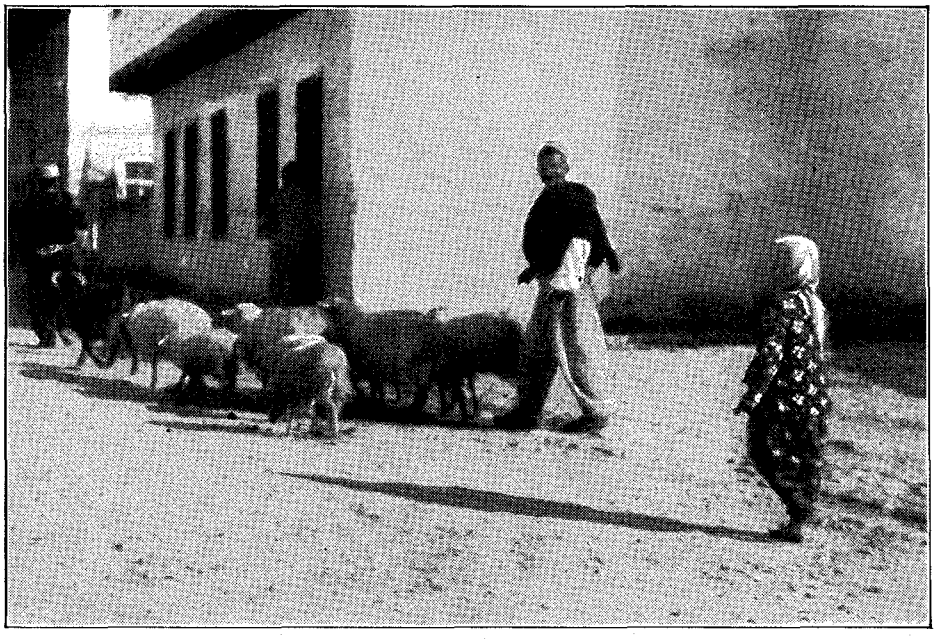

A street in the capital, the post-office, and one of the shepherds it serves.

and their horses. Ours was selected as especially good, having an up-stairs room, providing us privacy. A chimneyless fireplace and two straw mats on the floor were its entire furnishings. We dried our clothes and horse-blankets, and wrapped ourselves up in the latter—our entire bedding.

It is only when stopping at such *khans* or at hotels that one pays for one's lodging. And even at these money is sometimes refused. Once, stopping for coffee, we chatted with our host about the United States, where he had a nephew. Just that slim thread made him regard us as his personal guests, and he refused payment. When no *khans* or hotels are available, the traveller is welcomed at any house. However poor your host, he would refuse any offer of payment.

Hospitality is the religion of Albania. In the northern mountains, where the safety of a traveller is guaranteed by some mountaineer's *bessa*, any harm that comes even to a chance guest is a wrong to be avenged just as if it had happened to a kinsman, and could start a vendetta on his behalf—a blood feud, to be handed down from father to son.

The hospitality offered us ranged from homes not unlike the *khans*—where we slept in our clothes on the floor, and sat on the floor to eat our simple supper, perhaps one pewter pan of scrambled eggs, with a wooden spoon for each guest, and a single bowl of warm milk, to be passed from one to the other—to spacious homes of rich families, where we dined bountifully and savored again the sweet luxury of clean linen sheets. The best a village had to offer was at our disposal, for we were travelling, so to speak, under the government's *bessa*. Everywhere, in rich homes or in poor, was a wealth of hospitality. Once, on a mountain-top, passing two shepherds eating their cornbread and cheese, our Albanian friend asked for a taste of bread; whereupon they tried to press their whole little store upon us, their cheese as well. The Shqiptar peasant, like most European peasants, lives on a meagre diet—a single meal of cornbread and cheese and onions often forming his entire daily ration. Our horsemen—comparatively prosperous persons—did ten hours' hard work on a small cup of coffee at four in the morning and a bowl of olives and cheese and bread at eleven.

It is not only in a figurative sense that hospitality may be said to be Albania's

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religion. Although 71 per cent of the people are Moslem, 19 per cent Albanian Orthodox,* 10 per cent Roman Catholic, they are not ritual-bound. Formal religion is parenthetical—a matter of custom, and in no way divides the people. Christian and Moslem children attend the same schools. At an Easter midnight mass we saw nearly as many Mohammedans as Christians in the Orthodox church; and others were waiting outside to bid their friends a happy Easter. Iman Ali, the Indian delegate to the League of Nations, defending Albania's request for membership, said that Albania was "the only country in the world where Christians and Mohammedans lived together like brothers."

The mental adaptability of the Albanians is constantly demonstrated. The peasants we met—served by no newspapers, often illiterate, with no experience outside their own remote mountains and villages, most of them Mohammedan, with strict views about their own women—found the word "Amerikes" sufficient explanation and accepted us, two foreign, strangely garbed, unveiled women, readily and graciously, and as unself-consciously as if we had been men—a refreshing experience after remote regions of certain Latin countries, where wonder never ceased at our travelling without male accompaniment.

Their conversation was not a mere exchange of pleasant words. They asked the latest news in the cities from which we had come. On one trip our Albanian friend showed photographs of the hanged rebels to our hosts or to peasants met by chance who wanted news. Conversation often concerned Albania, always we were asked what we thought of it, often the customs of our own country were inquired about. A man who asked how long America had been free, commented that by now everybody must be happy and nobody poor, and was disappointed at our regretful negative. One peasant asked with a twinkle why we had come to Albania, "where there are only rocks and mountains and rivers and *opingas* to see"—*opingas* being the simplest of possible foot-gear, mere rectangles of pelt, slightly shaped and held in place by leather thongs.

Coming from five days through the most primitive mountains into the modernized city of Korcha is an experience in contrasts. The mountain villages were, for the most part, handfuls of scattered houses, now of mud and clay bricks, now of stone, sometimes with tiled, often with thatched, roofs, sometimes windowless, with outbuildings and pens and fences of braided twigs; the mountaineers always, of course, in their native costumes.

In Korcha, however, nearly every one dresses in European clothing. In the coffee-houses men are reading the latest issue of the newspaper—out three times a week. The city has many new, well-built houses, equipped with plumbing. Engineers are working on a plan to supply Korcha with electric light; and many modern improvements are under way. Everywhere one hears English, for nearly the whole adult male population of Korcha has been in the United States. To be sure, there are still many reminders of the city's agricultural setting—mountaineers come to town to buy and sell, a quaintly dressed shepherd, with his crook, guiding a flock of sheep through the busy main street; ox-carts, with high sides of braided twigs; yet on the whole the city gives a modern atmosphere.

One does not, however, feel conscious of a great gap between the Albanian peasant and his city brother; for the peasant is intelligent, self-reliant, quite without servility. Perhaps this is because every peasant owns a bit of land; or perhaps his land-ownership is the result of his qualities. ("All but five per cent of us Albanians are landowners," said an official.) Even when he is illiterate, he is clear-headed and penetrating, and alert to what is going on in the land. In the strange, almost weird mountain song-dances, where the leaders improvise poetry which they chant as they dance, the songs have often to do with the happenings of the day. Thus, while we were in Tirana, several evenings at sunset a group of the mountain volunteers danced and sang current events. Now it was the story of how Ahmet Zogoli and Spiro Kolleka had saved the country in its most recent distress; now how the Italians had been forced out

* Albania has carried her patriotism to the point of declaring her Orthodox church independent of the Greek.

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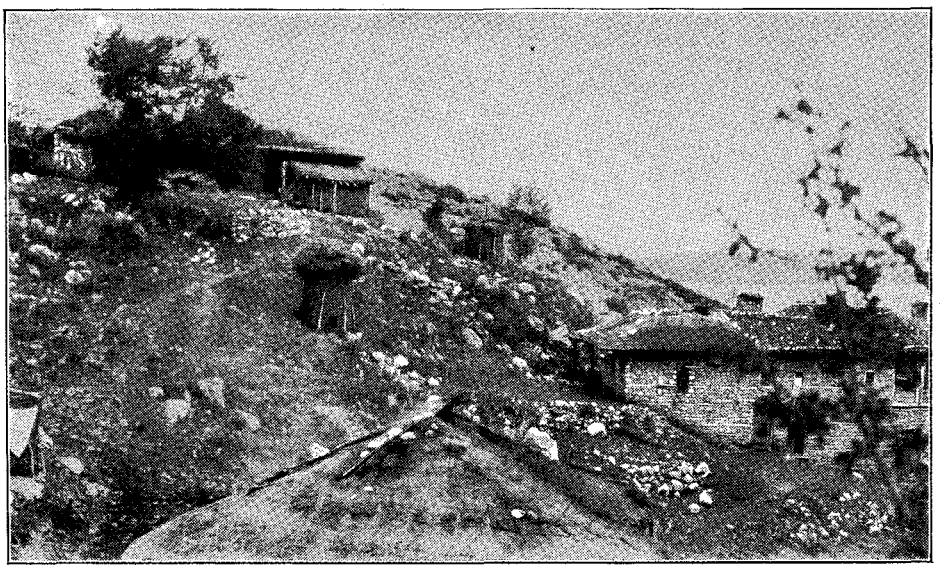
of Valona; again it was an appeal that America recognize Albania, in which case, the song proclaimed, Albania would be invincible. Possibly this last song was improvised because some Americans were observed among the listeners. At any rate, even the untaught peasant knows Albania's need of recognition by the great Powers outside.

The minister of the interior, speaking of the peasants' attitude to the government, said that they followed every government action with interest, that it was not unusual for peasants to walk three days over the mountains to discuss some recent decree. "I always ask them," he said, "what they think of it. They inquire carefully about its purpose and how it will work, and then give a considered opinion. Sometimes it is that the law is good but that the time is not ripe for it. Frequently they have suggestions to make."

All this in a land where farming is in the most primitive stage, where not only is there no farm machinery, but wooden ploughs are used—except in certain small areas where iron ones have been introduced.

Although every peasant is a landowner, his holding is usually so small that he cannot dig a living from it—on an average four "ettoro," or about two hundred square meters, excluding forest land, which all belongs to the government; he must therefore work for the rich beys, who own about 35 per cent of the land, or on the government farms, which comprise about 40 per cent. The harvest is divided: one-third for the worker, one-third for the owner, and the last third for whichever of the two supplies the animals and tools.



Many mountain villages are mere handfuls of scattered houses, now of mud or clay brick, often of stone, sometimes with tiled, often with thatched roofs. The outbuildings and pens and fences are often of braided twigs.

Among its many new undertakings the government is attempting to improve and stimulate agriculture. The lack of roads, markets, machinery, and organization—in a country four-fifths of which is mountain land—makes this a tremendous task; but the Department of Public Works has brought experts in from Turkey, Austria, and Italy, has started a farm journal, of which a thousand copies are distributed monthly to the peasants, has opened one agricultural school, and is hoping and planning for another.

The social structure in the remote mountain districts in the north of Albania

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is very different from that of central and southern Albania. In the north the old patriarchal tribal system prevails, all the branches of a family, sometimes numbering over a hundred, living in a single fortressed house. The people in the south—the *Ghegs*—have a different dialect from the *Toscs*, in the south; the southerners have travelled back and forth to other lands, and have, perhaps, qualities of easier contacts with strangers. In times past there existed an antagonism between north and south, and, though Albania is united in a strong national feeling and in its aspirations, little survivals of the old antagonism crop up even now. Thus, during Easter week in Tirana, it often happened that groups from both north and south found themselves together in the coffee-houses. Yet, though one group or the other was always singing, they seldom sang together. We once asked a man why he and his friends were silent. "We don't know their songs," he replied.

"Singing," said a returned immigrant, "is the Shqiptar's chief recreation. There are no movies here. Instead we spend our evenings playing games and singing in the coffee-houses." This is quite true. Look into almost any Tirana coffee-house of an evening, and you will see men playing chess, checkers, dominos, backgammon, and often a group singing. People living near the Elbasson prison said that every evening at sunset the prisoners sang together. The Albanian has a rich and varied repertoire. After a ringing new patriotic theme may come an old, old folk-song, sombre and moving, in strange, primeval rhythm. Next, perhaps, the humorous alphabet song, in college-song manner; then, as likely as not, foreign songs, sometimes with Albanian words, as in "Tipperary" or "Gaudeamus Igitur"; again with original words, as in "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," or even "Under the Greenwood Tree," or "Monday Roast Beef"; and when they have warmed up to their singing they begin the favorite game of improvising songs—usually jokes and gibes at one another. Though wine can be procured in the coffee-houses, authorities agree that there is little drinking. The Shqiptar prefers his coffee. Drunkenness is rare. At present national prohibition is being discussed, and the general feeling favors it.

The Albanian has a gift for languages. The equipment of Turkish, Greek, and Serbian, Bulgarian, or Roumanian in addition to Albanian, is common. Among those who have had a foreign education, French and German or Italian—often all three—are added channels of intercourse. Albania has not mixed up hates with languages, as other nations often do. She educates her young people in Italy, France, Austria—all countries which have been her occupiers. One finds oneself interviewing the man who was largely responsible for getting the Italians out of Valona in the language of his ex-enemy.

Many Albanians read Persian as one of their classics. A practical government official, whose conversation skipped easily from the recent Albanian rebellion to European politics, to hunting and dogs, to regrets that we should be leaving Shqiprija before the nightingales should begin to sing, quoted from a Persian classic. "I *do* like it!" he exclaimed, and translated it into immaculate English—one of his many modern languages. Boys at the American Red Cross school have learned enough English in only a few months to give impromptu theatricals in English, idiomatic, easy, with just enough foreign accent to make their grammatical correctness even more astonishing. Even their subtle sense of humor the Shqiptari carry over into foreign languages—or perhaps the Albanian sense of humor is akin to the American, so often did we laugh heartily together.

Perhaps it is their linguistic ability that has enabled the Albanians to retain, through centuries of school-less foreign occupation, their own tongue, now the most ancient in southeastern Europe. It is of Indo-European origin, the sole survivor of the Thraco-Illyrian group. The Encyclopædia Britannica says: "In its relation to Latin and Greek, it may be regarded as a co-ordinate member of the Aryan stock." Though the dialects of the *Ghegs* and *Toscs* differ, the language—like the people—has remained integral. It has retained many souvenir words from its various invaders, but it is strikingly distinct from all other Balkan languages. Its lack of literature makes it at the same time

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of peculiar interest and of peculiar difficulty to philologists. The alphabet itself presents knotty problems, for, as in English, there are different letters and combinations of letters for the same sound, but even far less than English has the spelling been standardized. Thus "Korcha," the name of Albania's second largest city, is spelled "Korçe," "Kortche," "Korç," "Koritza," "Korche," and "Korcha"—all spellings used by Albanians. Even people's names are spelled variously.

Among the new government's chief concerns is education. New schools are being established, old ones improved. One of its first acts was a compulsory education law. The peasants are for the most part eager to send their children to school. "Scarcely a week passes," said the minister of education, "that does not bring requests for schools from remote districts. Often peasants come to the capital to urge their establishment."

Until recently the government sent many children abroad to study. In 1921 several hundred students—at the time of our visit 159—were studying in foreign countries at government expense. The present policy is to cut down these numbers. But with only 3 secondary, and 12 grammar schools in the land; with 474 of the nation's 565 schools having only one class,* some foreign education is still necessary. The students educated abroad at government expense are promised government employment, which they agree to accept for five years after their education is completed. The recent opening of a normal school in Elbasson, and of the National Technical School in Tirana,† will reduce the numbers. Considering its narrow purse, the government has been generous with the schools, having apportioned to them for the school year 1921–22, 2,595,388 gold francs—about one-seventh of the country's small budget.

Of course, in a country Oriental in customs, the provisions are far better for boys than for girls. Two girls' grammar schools represent the highest education available for women. Of 563 schools the girls have 28, the boys 535. Over three times as many boys attend as girls. Only 95 of the 854 teachers are women. The withdrawal at adolescence of the Mohammedan girl from school or any activity outside of the four walls of her home, her retirement behind her latticed window, to await the husband her parents will provide, is a great impediment to the education of women. Indeed it is a sign of progress when Mohammedan parents send their girls to school at all. Christian daughters also, though they do not veil, are available for matrimony at fourteen or fifteen, and live a retired life. In a land, however, where many things are changing, even these fundamental customs are beginning to relax. We saw in Korcha Mohammedan and Christian girls of fifteen studying geometry, among other subjects, with interest.

The position of women in Albania is just beginning to emerge from the dark ages. One rarely sees Shqiptar women in public, except the peasants and the working-class townswomen, who come to the bazaar to sell their products; or occasional upper-class women, shrouded almost out of all semblance to human form by their veils and black, ill-shaped garments. In the mountains the peasants often go unveiled, especially when they are at work in the fields—where they work as hard as do the men. But in most of the cities a woman goes unveiled only when with her husband—and only then if the husband is sufficiently "advanced" to permit it. One man was pointed out to us as so jealous that he would not let even his own brother see his wife unveiled.

Marriage customs are Oriental. Girls and boys are betrothed by their parents in early childhood, and never see one another until marriage. The Orthodox and Roman Catholic women have a little more freedom, but the differences are not great. "But all this is changing," we were told again and again. "In five years you won't find many young men marrying girls they've never seen," said a youth who had been in America. "I've seen the girl I'm going to marry," said another. But in answer to our questions about her, he did not know what she

* Excluding an orphanage for boys and girls and two kindergartens for girls.

† This school was opened by the American Junior Red Cross, which still directs it. The government, however, is now sharing the expense, will ultimately take it over entirely, and has already broken ground for a new building, to be paid for by the government and the Red Cross jointly.

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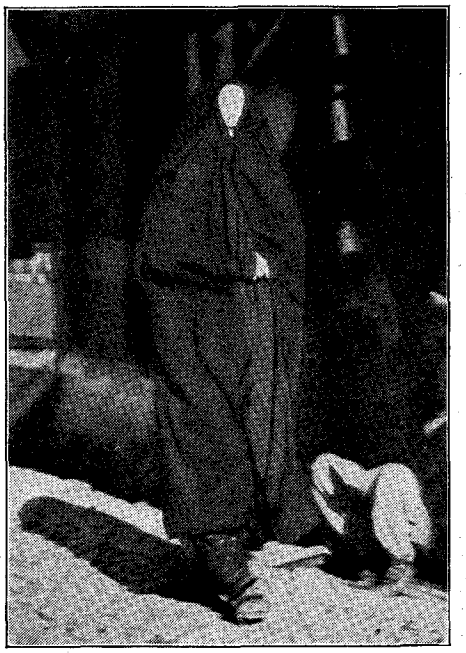
looked like now—she had been twelve years old when he saw her, five years ago; but she was his cousin, and "he knew she was all right." Yet even this is some advance over older points of view. The changes are not great, but that they have actually begun is significant.

Although plural marriages are allowed



Not of the Ku-Klux-Klan, but an unemancipated Mohammedan townswoman, a white cloth covering her face.

by the Mohammedan Church, they are uncommon, and there is a strong feeling against them. Occasionally a man who has no children by his first wife will take a second; but more often, in such cases, he divorces the first. Divorce is easy, if there are no children, and if a man can afford to pay the high cost. For he must provide for his first wife, and return her dowry. A wife always brings a dowry. Indeed it is sewed, in many gold napoleons if she is rich, in lesser coins otherwise, to her wedding-gown. Among the philanthropic bequests of a rich man in Korcha, was a fund to provide dowries for poor girls. (A church and a city drug-store were his other chief benefactions.)

The evidences of progress in the status of women in some parts of Albania are far from insignificant. Korcha has a thriving women's club of 300 members, both Christian and Mohammedan, with a building of its own. It carries on most of the activities characteristic of women's clubs in America—even publishing a monthly magazine. Meetings are held, lectures given—always by women, otherwise the Mohammedan women could not attend—philanthropic and some educational work is done. Among other things the club has brought down a modiste from Vienna to teach modern European dressmaking to a group of girls.

We asked often about the possibility of woman suffrage in this new country. The president of the women's club said: "We're not ready for it yet, women's opportunities have been so limited; but we are educating the next generation for it." "It's only a matter of time," said a government official. "Our women can have suffrage as soon as they want it. We hope that time is not too far away." We had expected incredulous smiles, and perhaps a comment about women's place in the home—comments we did meet in Italy and Serbia. But in Albania, side by side with the most backward conditions, one finds the average mind open to every new possibility—one reason why Albania is so especially interesting at the present moment. It feels itself capable of every kind of progress; and yet is in no way cocky.

The frequent descriptions of Albanians as a "wild and lawless people" doubtless spring from the frequency of vendettas, still unfortunately prevalent in certain regions. The new government, however, is dealing rigorously with vendetta participants, all the killing now being considered murder, even when the survivor is not the aggressor. Self-defense can seldom be claimed, for even within the lawlessness of these death feuds is a scrupulously respected law: the enemy must be warned, he must be armed. Any one, then, can protect himself by leaving his arms at home. The government is now planning to forbid the carrying of weapons. The strong feeling that vendettas are matters of sacred privacy, not to be interfered with by the government, is beginning to give way to the belief that

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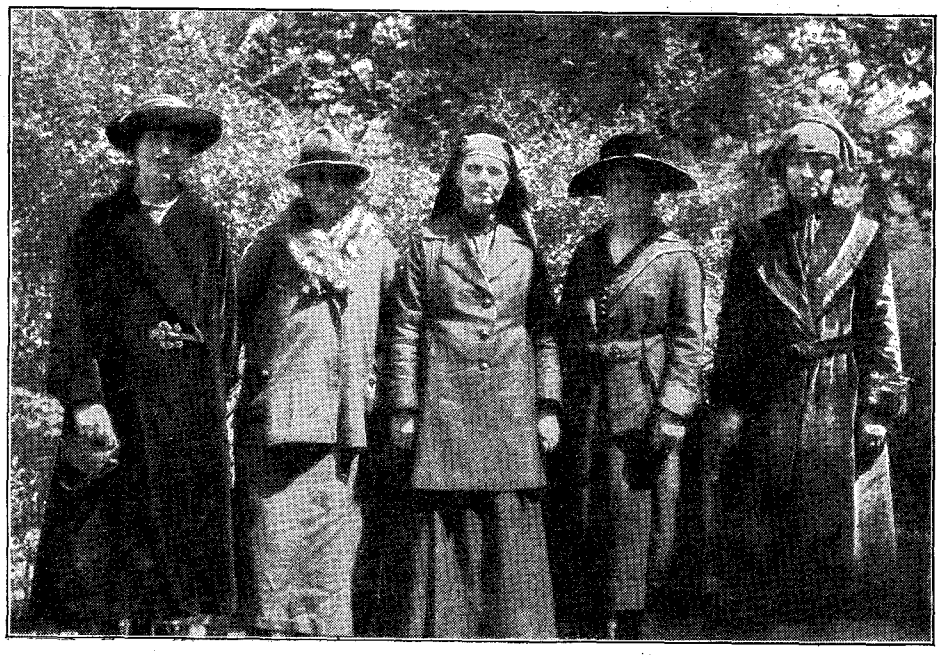
the stamping out of these feuds is a rightful public duty. Of 794 persons accused of crimes ending in death in 1921, 692 were convicted. Although these figures do not distinguish between deaths incurred in vendettas and others, it is safe to assume that the great majority were the former.

The punishment for murder is hanging, and in the absence of daily papers publicity is given such punishment by the simple if grewsome custom of leaving the body of the criminal hanging on the crude gallows for a few hours on bazaar day. The actual execution takes place privately at night. One such happened while we were in Tirana, and the white-covered body, swaying in the wind, threw a grim shadow over the bright gaiety of the bazaar.

Despite their vendettas the Albanians are not "wild and lawless." Women, at any time of the day or night, in the remotest places, are safe from molestation. There is no case on record of harm to a woman. Property crimes are all but nonexistent—an especially striking fact in view of Albania's total lack of banks. A lawyer in Elbasson, who handled 1000 cases last year, had only 2 of theft. One of these was committed by a man who got drunk at a wedding and on the way home stole some sugar and coffee but left untouched the gold he might easily have stolen. The next morning, sober, he came to his senses, and took the property to the police. In view of his intoxication and of his returning the property, he was sentenced to one instead of the customary three years' imprisonment for theft.



The officers of the Korcha women's club.
The two Mohammedan women have put back their veils for the picture.

Albania, industrially undeveloped, imports everything not grown by her primitive agricultural methods, or made in her homes or shops by simple hand work. Even so, her importations are small, for it is a land of few luxuries, even for those who have acquired "European" or American tastes by residence abroad.

For clothing, there are sewing-machines in the tailor-shops in the cities, but that of the rural population is made at home from the raising of the sheep stage. These clothes have enough vigor of outline, adaptation to usefulness, and richness

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gained from the quality of the material and workmanship to be an expression of art. The clothes of the mountain women, much less decorative than that of the men, have an extreme simplicity, seeming to be hewn out, Stone-Age-like.

In the homes are also made, for sale in the bazaars, woollen horse-blankets, loosely woven, soft-toned; gaily colored cloth, the gayest used for aprons, even by waiters in restaurants, or for head and face coverings by the women; and, in specialized localities, silk, sheer, distinctive.

The industries practised outside of the homes are easy to see in operation in the Oriental, open-front shops of the worker-merchant. White fezzes grow from soft-fluffed bunches of white wool as you watch. Copper water-carriers and cooking-utensils are dramatically shaped in the Street of the Copperworkers. Shoes, from the simplest *opingas* to the most pom-pomed, are cut and sewed in the Street of the Shoemakers. Saddles are made, wooden cigarette-holders deftly carved out, woollen saddle-bags woven, all with the assurance of a knowing artisan.

How much, we wonder, of her simplicity and charm and refreshing lack of commercialism will Albania be able to retain in the period of development now on her horizon? Will she escape an intensive industrialism which will iron out her vivid individuality? Or an even worse fate, becoming an impersonal railroad corridor from the interior of the peninsula to the Adriatic? Will she have the wisdom to select from the countries she is studying, and from which she has invited experts, just those measures which will fit her particular needs? Or will she let Europe put one of its rubber stamps on her? Perhaps, having preserved her personality through centuries of human invasions, she will continue to keep the upper hand in the coming machine invasion. Intensive industrialism may come upon her with swiftness too bewildering to withstand, or she may be fortunate enough to have a respite of agricultural development in which to plan a defense.

At any rate, Albania now presents herself to the world a new country, free at last, her whole future in her own hands, and the desire and spirit to mould it to her will.

Callahan of Carmine Street

ANOTHER STORY OF "VAN TASSEL AND BIG BILL"

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

Author of "Hey, Toolan's Marchin'!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

ALDERMAN VAN TASSEL stood on the steps of the big house in lower Park Avenue, that had been home to him since the day he was born, all of twenty-five years ago, and it was plain to be seen that he hesitated. He looked to the north and south and drew a deep breath. What a morning for a walk! The mid-October air fairly crackled in its crispness, the spent leaves rustled in the great tree overhead, the white clouds floated, high and far, on a bowl of deep, dazzling blue. If there were only a little less to do that morning, a little more time to do it in! For the Honorable James Van Tassel, who had become alderman of the seventy-fifth district in August, to fill an unexpired term, was now before the people for election, by the votes of the people, for the new term of two years—and he was very busy canvassing the people! Every minute counted in this business of vote-get-

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ting; and the subway would whisk him to the City Hall in no time at all. He could polish off his errands there, and be back in the district by noon. And yet, an extra half-hour put in on a swift swing to the city's capitol afoot would be worth twice its time, in "pep," on a day like this. Incidentally, he reflected, by making a slight detour through Washington Square, he might just happen to meet that distracting young person, Miss Sally Skeffington, who was spending the winter with her aunt, Miss Sophia Skeffington, in the old red-and-gray house on the north side of the square. With a gesture of decision, the alderman went out through the gate and strode off to the south, as he warmed up to the long walk. The weather had settled the matter. Of course!

As Van Tassel's slender, well-knit form swung into Washington Square, taking the curbs with a leap, he slowed up, just a little, and his eyes swept the square with a quick, reconnoitring glance. Suddenly a light came into them, and the alderman's features, clean cut and entirely engaging, relaxed into a display of joy unabashed. He swerved in his course, just a little.

"Oh, good morning—how do you do!" he exclaimed in radiant astonishment, as he lifted his hat and stopped, in a side-path that was very much out of his way.

"Good morning, Mr. Van Tassel," responded Miss Sophia Skeffington, with precision. She was slight and alert, with white hair, and a pair of keen, dark eyes behind her gold-bowed glasses. She spoke crisply, but there was a shade of amused resignation in her eyes as she noted the exuberance of the alderman's astonishment.

"Good morning!" echoed Miss Sally Skeffington. But she was laughing outright, her own dark eyes dancing with mirth as she tilted up her pretty chin in delighted appreciation of the whole situation. Then she gave the knight errant a look that sent his head spinning.

"You seem to be in a great hurry," said Miss Sophia—"pursuing the electorate, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the alderman eagerly, "every minute counts; I have no time at all, any more!"

"But what a beautiful day for a walk——"

"Wonderful! All the way from home to the City Hall—fifty minutes, if I go fast and take the shortest way!"

"Yes—how nice to have this old square just on the shortest way," said Miss Sophia sweetly. Van Tassel began to blush.

"Oh, Aunt Sophia!" exclaimed Miss Sally Skeffington in dismay. And then there was relenting, and the stroll toward the old house beyond the trees was extraordinarily leisurely, considering that young Jimmy Van Tassel, with whom every minute counted, went all the way to the steps to insure safe escort.

When the alderman started south again, through the square, his thoughts were roving so fast and far that he did not see the park laborer, just ahead in the path, until he brushed against the brown overalls and stepped quickly to one side. Then he stopped to look. On the bench a young man in "smart," tight-fitting clothes was staring insolently up at the laborer who stood before him. An abandoned newspaper, fluttering as though about to blow away, lay on the pavement between them.

"Please put the paper in the can, sir. That's the rule, so they won't blow about."

Jimmy looked sharply at the man in the overalls who had spoken so respectfully and quietly. He was middle-aged and well built, with a fine-looking profile under the brown straw hat. As he stood waiting, the man on the bench curled his lips into a lazy sneer.

"Ah, go put it in yourself," he said. In a flash the laborer became something more. His fists closed and his jaw protruded, as he bent toward the man on the bench.

"I asked you decent to do what y' ought without my askin'," he said tensely. "Now you'll do it anyhow!" He raised his voice. "Pick it up, d' y' hear me? Pick it up, and carry it over there—now—before you land in the bottom of the can yourself!"

The young man started to rise, hesitated, then, with a shrug of the shoulders, reached down slowly and picked up the paper. He got up and walked over to the green can. The paper fell within as

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he slouched off sheepishly, without looking back.

Jimmy started forward impulsively. "That was bully—the way you did it! I'd like to shake hands with you."

"Thank you," said the laborer, as he drew his hand over his overalls and then put it in Jimmy's.

"If you don't mind, I'm going to speak to the commissioner about it," Jimmy hurried on. "I don't know him, but they say he's a good man, and the kind that would appreciate the way you handled that fellow—might write you a good letter! Anyhow, a good word does no harm—and we hear plenty of the other kind—yes? You know, I'm alderman here—Van Tassel's my name."

"Oh-h, ye-es." The man in the overalls had taken Jimmy's outspoken admiration quietly, with just the suggestion of a good-humored smile. Already he had recognized the knight errant of the morning—and of other mornings! For the man of the parks sees all. But now he looked at the younger man with a different interest. "So you're the new alderman," he said. "Well, thanks again. My name's Callahan—Dan Callahan—laborer."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Callahan—mighty glad," said Jimmy, with a parting grip of the laborer's hand. "I'm going to see the commissioner right away."

"Er—Alderman—" Jimmy paused. Callahan was thinking. "If y' don't mind," he added, "I can do without that letter, if y' could ask the commissioner to let me stay here, in Washington Square. He's new—only in office a month—and things are uncertain. There's been transfers already, and I don't want to get shifted up to Mount Morris again. That's a long way from where I live, over in Carmine Street, and there's a powerful steep hill, in that park, to be goin' up an' down pickin' up things off of all day. I'd like to stay near home—it's better for the wife. Could y' say a word for me?"

"Yes, with pleasure," Jimmy assented, and went on his way. As he turned into Wooster Street, he looked over his shoulder at the red-and-gray house, and then hurried on, humming a little refrain that fitted the words "and she lives—down in—our alley!" In the square, Callahan was carrying on, with pike and sack, spearing bits of paper and cigarette-boxes—"pickin' up things." He stopped a moment in the middle of the lawn, as he faced the house where the first tableau of the morning had ended. Then a grin spread over his face, and, as he bent down to spear a far-flung copy of last night's *Dispatch*, a pair of startled sparrows heard him humming to himself "and she lives—down in—our al-lee!"

When Jimmy was shown into the office of the park commissioner, over in the Municipal Building, he found himself faced by a little man at a big desk, who listened profoundly and then asked a great many questions, very rapidly. "All right, alderman, I'll keep him there," said the little man as the alderman rose to go; "but I want to make it plain that there must be no politics in it. You're running for office, and you know what that means—you want all the votes you can get. And you've really saved Callahan. I was just about to send him back to Mount Morris. He did good work there. But you must not play politics with it. Callahan can vote as he likes—that's his legal right—but that's all—no campaigning and no electioneering! I want the employees of this department to keep out of politics—like the army—and I'm going to see that they keep out!"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that," protested Jimmy. "Of course I'll tell him not to electioneer, for me or any one else, if that's best for him." Jimmy's honesty of statement was so clear and so simple that the commissioner laughed.

"When you've been alderman a little longer, you'll know more about it," and the little man patted Jimmy on the shoulder. If the commissioner had been in office a little longer himself, he would not have made his speech. Not yet has any one arrested the flow of the tides or the falling of the rain.

Jimmy searched out Callahan that afternoon. They conversed over Callahan's wheelbarrow. When the good news had been recounted and Jimmy had stood up manfully under the grip of gratitude that had nearly broken his hand, he acquainted the laborer with the commissioner's strictures on the politics of city employees.

"They said he was queer," confirmed Callahan.

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Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Pick it up, d' y' hear me?"—Page 581.

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"But really, you ought to be careful," urged Jimmy, "for your own sake, and your family's."

"And you're a queer alderman," continued Callahan, as though he had not heard. "Y' don't know my politics, and y' don't even ask about 'em—and you just done me the best favor I ever got." He looked up. "Do you really think all those army officers keep out o' politics when they want a transfer? Do you think any one, outside o' Sing Sing, keeps out o' politics? And don'tcha think I got as good a right as any one to do what I like? I'm a city employee, and a laborer, but ain't I still an American?"

Jimmy was thinking. "I know some of my own friends who keep out of politics," he said. "Perhaps they ought to be getting in, before we talk about taking other people out."

Callahan looked as though he had not understood. Then he put out his hand as Jimmy made to go. "Well, thanks, alderman," he said. "I'll think over that dope about politics. But a friend's a friend, and I say you done me a favor I'll never forget."

"Oh, you did it yourself!" laughed Jimmy. "You earned it—that was bully!" And he laughed again as he thought of the smart young man's expedition of the morning.

As the campaign drew to a close Jimmy found fewer and fewer opportunities of seeing Miss Sally Skeffington. He did not see Callahan at all, and the incident of the newspaper passed from his mind almost entirely. At the district club, on the first floor of the old brownstone house in Twenty-third Street there was enough excitement to efface memory itself. The city was in the grip of that red-hot mayoralty campaign of 1913, and nowhere was it hotter than in the seventy-fifth aldermanic district. The struggle over the head of the ticket and the intermediate offices was bitter enough, for the fighting has always been good in this old midtown bailiwick, all along the line. But down at the tail of the ticket—where meet the candidates for alderman—there was a shindy on to stir even the old-timers. Van Tassel's opponent was Mark Ryan, a rich saloonkeeper, who had been routed out by the leaders to "do up that young highbrow from Park Avenue, and do him up good!" And Ryan was busy! Ryan was out to win, and every day the reports that came back to the district club in Twenty-third Street told of the waxing strength of Ryan. A week before election, at midnight, Van Tassel's leader, Donovan, called him into the back room of the district club—the stuffy little back room that was the innermost inner shrine.

"Siddown," he said, quietly, as he pulled out a big cigar. Donovan was stocky, keen, and resourceful—and chary of words. He blew out a cloud of smoke. "You're up against a tough fight," he said, as he looked kindly at the young alderman. "Toughest fight since I been leader. Ryan's strong, an' gettin' stronger. A month ago you'd 'a' won by a thousand. Now it's anybody's fight. But we're goin' to *win!*" Donovan brought his fist down on the desk with a bang, and waited a moment. "I just wanted to get that into your head," he went on. "You're new at this game, an' there's a half a dozen croakers 'round here that ain't any too friendly—Kessler an' his crowd—don't take any stock in their dope. Jus' keep on goin' the way you're doin', makin' friends—an' keep a-goin'—every minute! Y' might win by one vote, an' it's that one vote you're after, all the time—remember that! Go ahead now—you're doin' fine—an' I can see y' got the guts. Tell Baker to come in."

"Certainly." Jimmy went out without further reply. He had come to know Donovan as an astute leader, a man of his word, and a fighter. He had a feeling that not yet had he come to know him as an intimate. But he trusted him. With Baker it was different—Big Bill Baker, his first friend in the district, the man who had first proposed him for alderman—as rugged and faithful as a Newfoundland dog! The big man's gray eyes under the grizzled hair looked his affection as Jimmy delivered the message.

"Siddown," said Donovan, as Big Bill shut the door of the holy of holies carefully behind him. Donovan waited a moment, examined his cigar, then looked up. "Bill, we got Van Tassel elected, 'cept for one thing," he said. "That's Kessler's district."

"Yeah," said Big Bill, an ugly look spreading over his face.

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Donovan waved his hand. "Oh, I expected it," he said, "ever since we turned Kessler down in August to put in Van Tassel for the rest o' the term. Kessler wanted it bad. Well, that's done. We know Kessler wouldn't do for alderman, an' we done right. Van Tassel's made good—an' he'll do better yet. But he's new in the organization, an' he ain't known, an' Ryan—I don't think Ryan would 'a' taken the nomination against any one else—not this year! But he sees a chance to do up this young Van Tassel. An' Ryan's strong."

Donovan paused again. "Well, that's past." He flicked the ashes from his cigar. "Now there's Kessler." He went on, his eyes half closed, as though thinking aloud: "Captain o' the twentieth election district for six years. Fairly good captain. Now he's sore. Layin' down. No good to talk to him. Just dead sore. An' he's played foxy. Can't pin it on him. An' it's too late to break in a new captain there. We'll do that after election—when Kessler's kicked out. But now, with Ryan pushin' us hard everywhere, we gotta carry Kessler's district—it's gettin' too close for comfort. We don't often carry that district, but this year we gotta do it, to win. An' I heard sump'n last night, Bill. There's an undercurrent settin' in for Van Tassel right in Kessler's own district. Just a little. But I don't know where it comes from—Van Tassel ain't acquainted at all, down there. We gotta find out, an' nurse it along, if we can. We gotta do sump'n there, Bill. I tell yer I'm worried. Don't pass that on. Can y' take a look aroun' there? Keep away from Kenna—you know—the captain agin us—he's reg'lar. An' go quiet. We gotta be careful!"

"A' right, chief." Big Bill went out. Donovan stayed, and thought, alone. An hour later he went out himself. "I don't get it," he was muttering. It was two o'clock in the morning.

For two days Big Bill was not seen at the club, nor in his own election district, nor even at the office in the Municipal Building down-town, where he served the city's government as a messenger—except at rare and necessary intervals.

Meanwhile Jimmy "kept on goin'." By day and by night he canvassed the district, pulling door-bells here and pushing buttons there, mounting endless flights of stairs, meeting endless assortments of families, shaking hands with the fathers, passing the time of day with the mothers, and—always—ready for a romp with the kids, and their cats and dogs, if they gave him half a chance! He usually felt friendly but foolish when he met the parents; it was hard to know what to say, on these tours of self-exhibition. For he could not talk politics. "Oh, no," Big Bill had said, "let the big fellers do that—y' might get into an argyment, an' make bad friends." But he "fell for" the kids with such genuine enjoyment that the parents usually laughed as he left—and he had to laugh himself when he thought it over afterward. It was a queer way to run for alderman!

Of course he made speeches every night, from the tail of a tired-looking truck, drawn by a tired-looking horse, and backed up at corners where the coincidence of a saloon added to the complacency of the audience. On these expeditions a coterie of the faithful would escort the candidate to the corner, and, following a sputtering of red fire, and the plaint of a fife and ruffle of a drum concealed within the truck, would applaud vigorously from the sidewalk when Jimmy was introduced as "Our next alderman!" as he mounted the tail-board. When he ventured a gesture in the course of his harangue, the faithful would burst into further applause. As a rule the citizenry pulled on their pipes and stood pat, on these occasions.

Then there was campaign "literature" to be prepared, captains to be seen, errands to be run, favors to be done—Jimmy had little time for rest or sleep. He began to learn what it is to campaign in a close district. His cheeks grew thinner and his eyes heavier. He felt an increasing weariness as each day dawned. But he "kept on goin'." And election was only a few days away.

On Thursday evening, late, Big Bill reported to Donovan, in the back room. "I got part of it," he said. "Kessler's layin' down, coverin' his tracks. Kenna's on. So's Ryan. But this new thing has got 'em all guessin', an' I can't get the dope. It's the Crowbar Club—y' know that old beefsteak club that meets over

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Curry's place? Started with a track-repairin' gang on the old horse-cars, forty years ago." Donovan nodded. "It's a strong club, an' never was in politics before—just social. But the Crowbars is out for Van Tassel, strong, an' no one knows why. They're sayin' he done 'em a hell of a favor—you know—same old gag. An' all under cover. They even got sample ballots, an' they're practisin' splittin' for Van Tassel! Most of 'em never voted our way, an' they can't get out o' the habit o' votin' under the crab—all they know is the party emblem. Now they're practisin' goin' over at the tail o' the ticket an' puttin' a cross under the pigeon, for Van Tassel. It's queer. One big feller said he was practisin' every night, fer he couldn't keep his hand away from the crab when he took up a ballot, an' he was afraid he'd go the same old way when he got in the booth. But the Crowbars is out for Van Tassel. An' they're strong."

"A' right, Bill, leave 'em alone," said Donovan. "It's inside stuff, an' we better keep out. Hope it's on the level."

"Yeah, it's on the level, all right," said Bill.

When the night before election came, and Jimmy had made his last speech and his last canvassing trip, he left the district club-house early. So did Donovan. So did Big Bill, and every one of the thirty captains. To-morrow would be a gruelling day, beginning early and ending late, and sleep was priceless. Donovan was the last to leave the club-house. He was satisfied with the campaign. Not a stone had been left unturned, not a trick left untaken. The captains and the workers had fought as a team, with a fine spirit and a growing enthusiasm as the campaign waxed hotter. To a man they had shunned the club-house, except for captains' meetings; they were in their districts, where the votes were, and where they belonged—let the amateurs sit at the seats of the mighty—those delicate annuals who call at headquarters and look wise, once a year! The captains were in the field! The house-to-house canvass had been the best that Donovan had ever witnessed—and he had ways of knowing what went on. Only Kessler's district was in bad shape—but then, it might not be—the "inside stuff" from the Crowbars? That was a question. And the aldermanic result was a bigger question. Donovan admitted that to himself. His closest estimates showed a majority of less than a couple of hundred, this way or that. Ryan's strength had mounted steadily, and to the very end. So had Van Tassel's. Jimmy had "taken"—people liked him! Neck and neck they had come up to the finish, and it was anybody's race. Never had Donovan seen the district so stirred—it was war to the knife and to the last vote! Well, to-morrow it would be hammered out in the white heat of the greatest race the old seventy-fifth had ever seen. To-morrow! Donovan went home to bed.

In the morning Jimmy breakfasted by candle-light in the big house on Park Avenue. As he hurried to the district club he met other men hurrying through the deserted streets. Some he knew—captains and workers, bound for their polling-places. They passed seriously, anxiously. The very air seemed to breathe suspense and doubt.

In the little back room Jimmy found Donovan, three lawyers, and five men of stalwart proportions who did not look like lawyers. They smoked and yawned.

"Better be on your way, alderman," said Donovan, "car's waitin'. Thirty pollin'-places to visit, y' know. Begin up-town, with your own place, an' get your vote in—then work down. Keep on goin'—and call up here every two hours. An' don't forget the seegars for the workers! Rafferty's waitin' for yer outside. He'll go with yer."

"All right," said Jimmy, and he set off on the long day's round of visits to all the thirty polling-places. As he went out the door the telephone rang, and he heard Donovan saying: "Trouble in the twentieth? Kessler quit? All right—five men an' a lawyer'll be there in ten minutes." It was six o'clock. The polls were open.

At the polling-place of the twentieth election district, in Carmine Street, fifty men stood in line outside the barber-shop and ten inside. In the pocket of each man there rested a pink sample ballot, marked with a cross in the circle under the crab at the upper left-hand corner. For those were the days of party columns, when a single cross under the emblem

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Drawn by Thomas Fagarty.

Jimmy was introduced as "Our next alderman!" as he mounted the tail-board.—Page 585.

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would cast a straight vote for the whole party ticket. If that had been the only cross on the pink ballots there might have been no trouble. But down at the foot of the sheet, in the second column, that was topped by the pigeon, there was another cross. It was smaller, and it stood opposite the name "James Van Tassel." So there was trouble!

The barber-shop was crowded and in bad humor as the polls opened. Kessler was absent. But Kenna was there, and so was Ryan himself. The booths were in place and the clerks and the inspectors at their posts at the ballot-box and table, ready with the ballots and the big flat books. Besides the ten men waiting in line inside there were a dozen or more standing about, and ugliness was written over the face of every one of them. As the first man in line received his white official ballot and stepped to the booth, he took a pink sample ballot from his pocket.

"Hey, whadda ya doin'?" came a voice from the hangers-on.

"Hand over that pink ballot!"

"Them ballots don't go here!"

The voices were louder, and coming thick and fast. The man with the ballots turned around and stood pat, his feet apart.

"I ain't goin' to use the pink one," he said. "Wouldn't be counted if I did. Just brought it in for a reminder. I got a right to do that under the law, an' you know it."

"Can't do it," said Kenna, "nor any o' the rest o' youse." He looked along the line of voters.

Then Ryan planted his big form in front of the man with the pink ballot, and Kenna, who was nearly as big, was beside him. Ryan's red face was working with anger. "Look-a here, Callahan, I stood this foolin' long enough," he said thickly. "I'm goin' to be alderman here, an' I ain't goin' to stand no more nonsense. I'm on to yer tricks—every one of them men is Crowbars"—he waved at the long line—"an' I know you've lined 'em up for that young what's-his-name. But they ain't goin' to bring them pink ballots in here—see?" He thrust his head toward Callahan's. The Crowbars felt of their pockets and looked mildly interested.

Then something happened. Callahan said nothing as he put the pink ballot back in his pocket and laid the white one carefully on a table. He looked Ryan in the eye for perhaps a second. Then he let go a straight, clean left that landed squarely on Ryan's jaw. The big man swayed backward, tottered, and fell heavily to the floor. As he fell Callahan caught Kenna with a right hook to the ear that sent him hurtling toward the wall. The barber turned white and began to tremble. The Crowbars stood pat, but their faces showed their appreciation of Callahan's workmanship. The polling-place was silent for the first time. Then Callahan took his ballots and went quietly into the booth and voted. As he went out the door to the sidewalk the barber-shop was as quiet as a country churchyard. Only the barber, in the corner, was splashing a little as he applied twenty varieties of witch-hazel to Ryan and Kenna, reclining in the barber's big chairs. And when the five men and the lawyer arrived, breathless, a few minutes later, twenty Crowbars had voted, and the rest were on their way—with the pink ballots. The trouble in the twentieth was over.

When the long day came to its end, and the polls had closed, at five o'clock, Jimmy made for the club-house in Twenty-third Street. In the back room he found Donovan, two old men, and a telephone, enveloped in thick layers of tobacco-smoke. Outside, the first horns were heading for Broadway, their raucous blasts intermingled with rattles and bells. Otherwise there was silence. Donovan turned to Jimmy.

"Know anybody named Callahan in Carmine Street?"

Jimmy thought a moment. "I don't think so," he answered. "Oh, yes, I do. There was a laborer in Washington Square by that name, but I don't remember where he lives. He did a rather nice thing that I happened to see, a few weeks ago, and I told the commissioner about it. I think it stopped the commissioner from transferring him to another park."

Donovan's face was impassive but his eyes were like live coals.

"Seen him since?" he asked intently.

"No."

Donovan relapsed into silence. The two old men began to talk over the Hayes-Tilden campaign, and the smoke grew thicker. Jimmy opened a letter, wearily, that Donovan had handed him. As he

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started to read, he turned quickly over to the signature, then read again, eagerly, from the beginning. It was just a well-wishing note, but it was signed by Miss Sophia Skeffington.

"My dear Mr. Van Tassel," it read. "This note will reach you to-day, I hope. That is why it is addressed to you at your political club. May you win, and win splendidly! It would be fine if more of our young men would do what you are doing. I wish I could vote for you—perhaps some day they will let us women vote—who knows?

"In the meantime, good luck! If you are not too worn out in the morning, my niece and I would be delighted to hear of your experiences. She joins me in heartiest good wishes.

Sincerely yours,
SOPHIA SKEFFINGTON.

"P. S.—We are leaving for the Berkshires in the afternoon, to be gone until Thanksgiving."

Jimmy put the little note from another world into his pocket. They waited. Then the telephone rang—ah, the first returns! It was six-thirty.

"All right," said Donovan, "go ahead. Tenth district. No, cut that out. Gimme the vote on alderman—send the rest by messenger—I want to keep this wire open. Ryan, ninety. All right. Van Tassel, two hundred and forty. That right? Repeat it. All right. Good work, Burton. That's good." He hung up the receiver with a snap.

"Your own election district in first, alderman," he said. "Good beginning."

In the big room in front men were beginning to come in for the returns. A blackboard hung on the wall, chalked off like a checker-board, with a square for each of the thirty election districts, and for each candidate, from mayor down to alderman. When they checked up the figures from the tenth, there was a shout.

"He'll win, he'll win!" a voice cried.

But Donovan waited.

One by one the districts came in, some for Van Tassel, some for Ryan. Now one man would lead in the totals, now the other. It was still a ding-dong race. From time to time Donovan would send messengers to "trouble spots" in the district. Outside in the big room the crowd grew, and waited. The good results drew forth wild yells, the others silence. But no one went away. Never had there been such a race in the old district—it was a fight for the gods!

Finally, every district was on the board but the twentieth. It was nine o'clock. And Ryan was in the lead in the totals by thirty votes. The front room was an uproar. "Twentieth—where's the twentieth?" they shouted. "Give us the twentieth!" But the twentieth had not come in. In the back room, Donovan, with tight lips, sat and sweated. The little room was full now. Half of the captains had come in, the count over in their own districts, and they stood packed together and silent. Jimmy stood in the corner, torn asunder within but cheerful on the surface. He had done his best. "Twentieth oughta be in," muttered Donovan. "Baker's down there." Long ago he had sent Big Bill and a dozen picked men with him to the twentieth to watch the count.

Then there came, suddenly, a stir and a rush in the hall as a big man with gray hair and mustache shouldered his bony frame through the waiting crowd. "Give us the figures!" yelled those who waited. But Big Bill pushed through to the back room without a word. As he caught his breath Donovan looked up, his hands trembling.

"Got the figures, Bill?" There was an intaking of breath through the room, then quiet.

"Right here, chief," said Bill, pulling a piece of paper from his pocket.

"Read 'em."

"A' right." Bill bent over the paper. You could hear a pin drop.

"Ryan, one-fifty-two. Van Tassel—" Bill looked more closely. "Wait a minute." You could cut the agony with a knife. "Oh, here it is. Van Tassel, two-twenty-two. Van Tassel's majority, seventy." The twentieth was in. And Ryan's lead of thirty had been transformed into a Van Tassel victory by forty votes—by an eyelash!

Then—but some things can be seen but not described. The little back room was a madhouse of shouts, laughter, numbness, hysterics. There was shaking of hands, and slapping of backs, with Van

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Tassel in the vortex. There were sighs of purely physical pain. And the big room in front was worse. "Van Tassel wins by forty votes! Carries the district by forty! Wins by forty! Forty! Forty!" The whole place was mad. Only Donovan sank back weakly in his chair. He wiped the cold sweat from his brow. "By forty votes," he murmured, "by—forty—votes." Outside the horns were blowing in cracked, hoarse tones.

When all but the last few had finally left the club, Big Bill turned to Jimmy, his face still aglow with delight.

"Well, how d' yer feel, alderman?" he asked for the twentieth time.

"I think—I just feel—sort of tired," Jimmy said weakly, with a little smile.

Bill gave him a sharp look. "Rafferty!" he called. "Take the alderman home to bed!"

When Donovan and Big Bill finally parted, under the lamp-post at the corner, Big Bill summed up again. "It was just that one favor he done Callahan," he said; "I got the whole story from Kenna. It was the favor brought out the Crowbars. With Callahan president o' the club? Well, I guess! An' it won't hurt Callahan any—he was agin us on every one but Van Tassel—always been agin us, reg'lar, till this year, an' always will be, I guess. But now they're afraid of him. They gotta save his job! Kenna's been to headquarters about it, with his leader, a'ready. Got a lacin' at the same time 'bout puttin' up a big bum like Ryan!" Big Bill laughed.

"I'd wait a day or two 'fore y' tell the alderman," said Donovan. "Wise him up gradual. He don't know how it all happened yet."

"A' right, chief."

It was late the next morning when Jimmy swung into Washington Square from his walk down Fifth Avenue. As he turned toward the Skeffingtons' house he saw a familiar figure in brown overalls near the fence in the square, with pike and sack, picking up things. He hurried across and put out his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Callahan," he said, "glad to see you again!"

"Hello, alderman!" said the laborer, "congratulations!" They shook hands. "Little close, wasn't it?" continued Callahan, eying Van Tassel narrowly.

"Yes, it was," replied Jimmy quietly. "Well, I'm glad it's over—what a siege it was! You can be glad you don't have to go campaigning! Remember what the commissioner said—'Keep out of politics'?" Jimmy laughed. "Have you been good and minded him?"

Callahan looked as though he had seen a ghost. His jaw dropped and his head swam. Then he realized.

"Er—yes, alderman—I kept out," he stammered—"pretty nearly out!"

"That's good—see you again soon!"

Jimmy turned and walked swiftly toward the Skeffingtons'. "Glad he didn't run any risks," he said to himself.

But Callahan stood staring. Suddenly he rubbed a bruised hand against his overalls, ruefully, and then another. He looked down to see if the hands were really there. Finally, as he started off to pick up some more things, he saw Jimmy disappear within the Skeffingtons' front door. Then he began to smile. He was thinking of a tableau that had nothing to do with politics—perhaps even of some little tableau of his own, long gone by. And the sparrows that flitted ahead of him, in short little safety-first flights, heard him humming, reminiscently and apropos of nothing at all:

"Sweet—Rosie—O'Grady,
She's my little rose."

As he came to "rose," he emphasized it with a drive of his pike into a piece of loose paper.

"She's my steady lay-dee,
Most every one knows."

Callahan plugged a cigarette-box, hard.

"Soon we will be married,
Then how happy we'll be.
For I love sweet Rosie O'Gray-dee,
And Rosie O'Grady—loves me."

Swish! went the pike into last night's *Dispatch*, abroad on the lawn.

And then the sparrows flew suddenly up from the ground and into the nearest tree, the whole flock together, in great alarm, for Callahan had dropped both pike and sack on the lawn, and, with hands on his hips and head back, he was laughing, laughing as though he would never stop.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Callahan was still laughing.

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The Man, the Woman, and the University

BY MARY BRIARLY
Author of "In His Own Image"

THERE was a time when the average man could sit down complacently in the midst of his sins assured that the prayers of a pious wife or mother might be depended upon to bail him out of purgatory if he went too far. Now he begins to fear that the lady's utmost praying voltage may be needed to *clear her*. If we are to believe the newspapers, unless the tide of feminine turpitude can be stemmed, man may have to look out not alone for himself and for the spiritual well-being of his offspring, but faces a none too remote possibility that his wife will require an occasional "remittance of grace" from his personal account. Is the woman, in the process of becoming economically independent, about to become morally dependent?

No wonder the sociologist is beginning to inquire with concern into the religious solvency of the race.

The average man would prefer assuming an economic rather than a spiritual responsibility for his wife. Any failure on his part would be more readily reparable since time is fleeting and eternity long. He doesn't mind doing his wife's thinking, but to do her praying for her is too much. If hell yawns, it is surely her affair.

But woman seems to be treading the primrose path gallantly indifferent to her peril. His wife clearly prefers golf to church, frequently looks on the wine-cup when it is red, and smokes as many cigarettes daily as he can comfortably consume. His mother, if not already sainted, is pretty surely no longer saintly. She is liable to be in bed with a novel and a masseuse for company instead of on her knees at her devotions. What can an harassed husband and son do in such a crisis?

Perhaps instead of lamenting, he might profitably examine the causes that have wrought. When the brief span of two generations can metamorphose woman from a timid devotee to a fearless materialist, though all evolutionary rules require millions of years to effect a less startling biological change, some powerful force must be working overtime to bring about such a rapid transformation.

Man's first hasty conclusion that she is trying to ape him does not seem to be borne out. The imitation too often betters the original. It is frequently so intelligent as to suggest cerebration on the part of the female herself. Sociological research reveals a descending curve or curves in the feminine sense of accountability, religious, social, marital. Time was when the woman revered and heeded her lord and master. Even when she began to flout him, she still bowed to the authority of the church. When the hold of the church commenced to weaken, she yet bent the knee to social convention. Mrs. Grundy held her to an outward observance of traditions however radical her inward rebellions might become. Now she is casting aside what "people will think." She is struggling to stand her own law, prepared apparently to snap well-manicured fingers at man, mammon, and deity itself, if need be. So far in two generations?

The unintelligent male growls out anathemas at feminism, universal suffrage, economic independence; if he is still in the cub stage, against coeducation. But this would seem to be putting the cart before the horse. Some mysterious change took place inside the woman before she was able to develop the courage to demand these things. What was the change? What caused that change? My own theory is that in this instance Adam took the first bite of the apple.

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And if he did not offer it to Eve, he at least left it lying round. And this apple, like the one in Eden, was grown on the tree of knowledge—whether knowledge of good and evil, or principally evil, like futurist art and Russian realism, is the question we wish to discuss.

It is generally conceded that there has been a continuous decline in religious faith among men during the past fifty years. In the "good old days" man dared to be irreligious, not because he did not believe in God, but because he believed in God's mercy and the efficacy of his mother's prayers. He overdrew on both these bounties with impudent assurance. Nowadays the average man is irreligious because he is either agnostic or an atheist. Many educated men have but three positive convictions: a belief in some theory of evolution, in the omnipotence of education, and in their own obligation to make a success in life. The uneducated man does not bother much about evolution, a degree of education appeals to him, and he feels hazily confident that any reasonable deity can be appeased by good conduct.

Americans of all classes are inclined to consider education a panacea for every social ill. Secondary schools and universities are overflowing as never before in the history of any nation. When education obdurately fails to cure the ailments of society, the average citizen believes that a bigger dose, *i. e.*, more education, is all that is necessary. A generation ago the common or garden man considered himself amply equipped with a bachelor's degree. To-day, a master's parchment is beginning to be considered essential even to a business career, and a doctor's, the only really creditable achievement.

And the girl once content with a finishing-school diploma tied with neat ribbon, now aspires to degrees also—one, two, or three as the occasion seems to demand. Not only aspires to degrees but insists upon taking some portion of her college work seriously—in fact, uses her brain to relate vagrant academic theories to life. And even as the man, she is becoming agnostic and atheistic. Partly because science has disproved some theological dogma, more because the whole trend of college training is toward disbelief.

The modern university knows but one god, the scientific spirit. This deity bids it free the youthful mind first of all from the shackles of ancient superstition. Every course in its curriculum from Beginning French to Criminology works toward this end. The head of the department and the youngest instructor are apt to agree on this if on nothing else. They are reformers enthusiastically liberating their enslaved fellow intellects. They are missionaries pointing the way to absolute truth—despite Einstein.

And the student coming in from public or private preparatory schools with some shreds of adherence to old-fashioned moral and religious teaching is put through a thorough process of disillusionment. The mill of the scientific gods begins to grind. It unbinds all earlier bonds of obligation. It strives to make human personality a mere matter of coordinating nerves. It would make human emotions the mechanical result of physical reactions, human aspiration the plaything of an imperfectly functioning organism. The student who entered freshman filled with the radiant egoism of youth, who, firm in the belief in his own higher nature, dared to suppress it for the sake of good times, goes out wondering whether he is an immortal entity with moral responsibilities, or merely a mechanism whose ideals are humanly evolved, binding only so long as they work.

He is taught that evolution is a fact and God a possibility. He hears that a free will and personal accountability are theological catch phrases already disproved by experimental psychology. The martyrdom of the saints, the heroism of patriots, the self-sacrifice of the individual, even to the point of giving up life itself for a friend, are not divinely inspired, but are merely enlightened self-interest! Self-interest springing from the instinct of self-preservation which has evolved all civilizations in a Natural-Selection process of adapting man to his environment by preserving the fittest. And the fittest according to the scientific doctrine? Science wabbles a little here—definitions are dangerously liable to come back as boomerangs to slay their creator. But probably the most generally accepted

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notion is the "strong mind in the strong body." The scientist will have nothing to do with spiritual qualification, since it belongs to the realm of the unknowable, and he deals with what can be proved, or what he fondly hopes can be proved.

But science is striving to explain all spiritual cravings, love, reverence, friendship—all human tendernesses in terms of physical reaction. Every human longing, from the desire for immortality to the mother's love for her child, has been classed as either self-preservation or sex. Judged by its effect on the undergraduate student, the modern college course is an almost continuous propaganda for materialism. Here and there some professor who still believes he has a soul tries to reconcile Darwinism with a creator, or mechanistic psychology with immortality. But the usual academic dictum is that the relating of these theories to religion and character must be left to the individual.

The majority of college graduates take the easy course of leaving such problems unsolved. They begin life strongly tinged with materialism, not knowing what they believe as to the existence of God or as to what moral teachings are really obligatory. And despite the popular depreciation of the modern home, statistics would reveal that a large percentage of these students entered college with a more or less definite religious creed of some kind, and with very definite moral ideals—whether they lived up to them or not.

Ten years ago we took the accusation that America was materialistic as a compliment—an evidence of our prosperity and enlightenment. Materialism had been seeping into our thinking for more than a generation. And so long as it expressed itself joyously in unprecedented industrial activity and the development of our resources, nobody bothered much about its logic or its tendencies. It was sporadic in a nation still largely Puritan if not Christian. Men joked about keeping their religion in their wives' names, and took it for granted that a "good woman" could be depended upon to bring up the children with "right ideas." And so long as the women held fast to old-fashioned moral ideals, a share of the men could have their sprees, intellectual, sex, or bibulous, without changing our civilization noticeably. Until the past decade a majority of women were forming their lives upon the moral principles of their parents even if they did grow lax about church-going.

During the wanton cruelties of the war the pulpit and press cried out against the degeneration that German materialism had wrought, and contrasted it with American ideals. And the fathers and mothers, and the churches, and the schools, and the universities of the land all claimed the credit for that picked army of our strongest youth we sent to France. People too easily forgot about the human weakness uncovered in the army physical examinations.

Since the war we have been doing some thinking, and even though we resent Elinor Glyn's and Margot Asquith's strictures on our society, we are not satisfied with it ourselves or we should not be asking for blue laws to regulate conduct. We are so dissatisfied that everybody is blaming everybody else. We inveigh bitterly against the churches and the homes. The women are not doing their duty—they are giving too much time to outside interests—they are degenerating! Women smoking! Women drinking! Women preferring adventure and amusement to caring for families! The flapper—the short skirt—the lack of corsets; how the press and public speakers harp on these things! And they do not seem to realize that they are using an obsolete vocabulary in their denunciations. What have moral ideals to do with a materialistic universe?

Have we not taught our youth that adaptation to environment is man's highest law? How have we ascended from the worm? How but by adapting ourselves to our environment until we learned to master it. We cannot forget that the fittest alone survive in the struggle for existence. Woman has been too prone to ignore this fact in the past. Her ignorance and lesser physical strength coupled with her poignant devotion to her offspring have rendered her specially liable to awe and superstition and fear. She has ignorantly tried to soften her lot and that of her children by rite or ceremonial or sacrifice to deity. But she also is be-

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coming enlightened. She is instructed that there is no god to protect her, that no righteousness on her part can help her, she must control environment or be controlled according to Nature's inexorable law. In a last analysis this is merely the law of the jungle energized by human intelligence.

Can man complain if the woman takes her scientific truth literally? He has always affirmed that she has a natural bent for the concrete. She is, perhaps, proving it now by adapting herself to the materialistic theory of life so readily. Woman is learning at last to fend efficiently for herself. She decides what she wants most from life and strives to attain it, offsetting her female weakness by her wits. She finds man has governed her in the past through her emotions. If emotions are mere responses to nerve stimuli, she will master her emotions. She learns how man has exploited her through her superstitions, then why not discard her superstitions? She observes that man has freed himself from a thousand and one hampering conventions; she also can defy these.

If she desires a mate she need no longer be hampered by a self-conscious modesty. Biological obligation commands her to make eyes at the male. Eugenic prudence suggests that she select the biggest, handsomest youth she can find. To win him, physical graces are more effective than spiritual. Cleopatra and Helen of Troy and their ilk stand out convincingly. She has been scientifically trained in the psychology of sex reactions. The Freudian theories, courses in French literature, unexpurgated editions of Chaucer and other red-blooded old English writers have supplemented the movies and realistic fiction in making vivid any little details that had seemed vague in biology. She can follow her primitive impulses armored with the full panoply of science. And since science holds all knowledge valueless that is not empirical, she may deem it essential to form her judgment through petting parties. Vulgar this? Immoral? What Victorian sentimentalists her detractors must be! Philosophy I proves clearly that all ethical ideals are relative, the taboos of one generation have been discarded by the next, time out of mind.

The mechanistic, sex-tinctured teaching of scientific or pseudoscientific thought is not confined to university halls. It has been translated into our materialistic thrill-seeking civilization. The finishing-school girl twangs the harp-strings of sense, the flapper apes the arts of the painted woman if not her character, the shop girl takes her pleasure as she can. Why? Because they find it is the most effective way to please. It makes life easier; it is adaptation to environment in a world where every grade of society is putting self-interest and desire above conscience. Psychology has obligingly told the man at the top that conscience is an illusion, and the man at the bottom has grasped the idea if not the scientific explanation. Obligation to a creating and protecting deity is being rapidly replaced by a species of individual noblesse oblige—a vague duty we owe the race—a limited obligation to Society. The church is a refining agency, the family the most practical method of caring for children so far devised, no existing human institution is conceded any quality of permanence. For better or worse, education is discarding both authority and the spiritual.

And there is a strange unrest abroad. People who approve of these theories do not care for their practical results. The general public is not satisfied. The father who is himself a pragmatist, willing to have his son shape his life for himself, objects when his daughter defies parental authority, keeps late hours, laughs at conventions, and spends her time and money to please herself. Young men who are themselves ardent disciples of the new mechanistic psychology protest against the young women acting on its principles. They may credit Freud, but they do not wish to have their sisters imbibe his teachings. They may be content to surrender soul and conscience, but they revolt against having a wife so bereft. There seems to be a lively fly in the ointment somewhere.

We are apparently confronting a social ill that more education, at least of the variety now prescribed, cannot cure. In fact, we almost seem to be suffering from too much education. It is nearly as blasphemous to utter this heresy in 1922

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as it would have been to speak lightly of deity in 1822. Surely we want the truth—the whole truth—the universities must teach our youth the scientific facts unhampered by religious or any other kind of prejudice. Intellectuals old and young are up in arms and rightly so. We do want the truth, surely—all the truth!

And conceding this, the aggrieved modern educator has a right to demand: "Why lay the fault for present conditions at the door of education?"

Possibly because we are beginning to question whether we are getting all the truth, whether the college has not become a special pleader for that portion of truth that deals with matter alone. Possibly we want the psychologist and the chemist and the biologist who insist upon the validity of their own observations and records of physical phenomena not to neglect the testimony and experiments with spiritual phenomena recorded in the fields of ethics and philosophy and religion since history began. Why oppose the findings of a limited group of men of two or three generations to the attested spiritual experiences of millions of human beings of countless generations? Have not the decisions of the scientists of one century as often been reversed later by the discovery of some new element or force as the conclusions of the philosophers? Does science claim to be alone inerrant in a world of fallible and partial knowledge? Is it just possible that the university has usurped the arrogance of the old theologies in parcelling out what portions of universal truth shall be credited? Is there any scientific or academic necessity for the spirit of negation that dominates our universities to-day?

The modern woman and the modern home are being blamed for fostering a godlessness and lowered moral ideals which are the direct outcome of the materialistic philosophies current in all our institutions of higher learning, philosophies which are partly the result of a narrow application of the theory of evolution, but are more directly a graft from the German materialism which came to a head in Nietzsche and the imperialists. A materialism which is as inevitably the death of all moral principle as it is of religion. If materialistic philosophy is true, why blame the women of America for putting it to practical use? If it is wholly or partly false, why teach it, either directly or by suggestion, in our colleges and universities?

The Little Theatre

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

THEY coaxed him from his barren lonely claim
And taught him how to stride across the stage,
And how to whisper love, and how to rage,
And how to smile in treachery's cold game.
He felt the mounting glory of his fame
When in the simple eyes beyond the beam
Of lanterns he could see the answering gleam
Of that which in his soul was living flame.

Now though the hail has stripped his acres bare
He watches but the gold of Rosalind's hair.
The prairie can be withered by the drouth
He only yearns for Juliet's young mouth;
And while the blizzard hammers at his door
He's locked with life and fate at Elsinore.

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The Forest Theatre. The Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
Frederick H. Koch, director.

A theatre of nature in the heart of the native forest, canopied by stately oaks. The hill slope is perfectly adapted as an amphitheatre of nature, capable of seating five thousand people. The acoustic properties of the theatre are admirable. The background of the stage is furnished by a variety of forest trees—the cedar, the sweet-gum, the flowering dogwood, and others—with interlacing honeysuckle vines. A semicircular rock wall forms the proscenium.

The Real Revolt in Our Theatre

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "Great Acting and the Modern Drama," "The Dramatist as a Man of Letters," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE can be no drama without some sort of theatrical organization to present that drama. In ancient Greece the drama was presented in vast municipal theatres, admission free, as a part of the function of the state. In mediæval times it was presented first by religious bodies in or before the churches, and somewhat later by artisan guilds. In Shakespeare's time it was presented by professional actors organized into companies under royal or ducal patronage. This system persisted in England for almost a century, and in modified form for a century after that. In the United States the drama has always depended for presentation upon the professional actors, organized into independent companies by some manager who seeks by this means to earn a livelihood. It has never been either a state or

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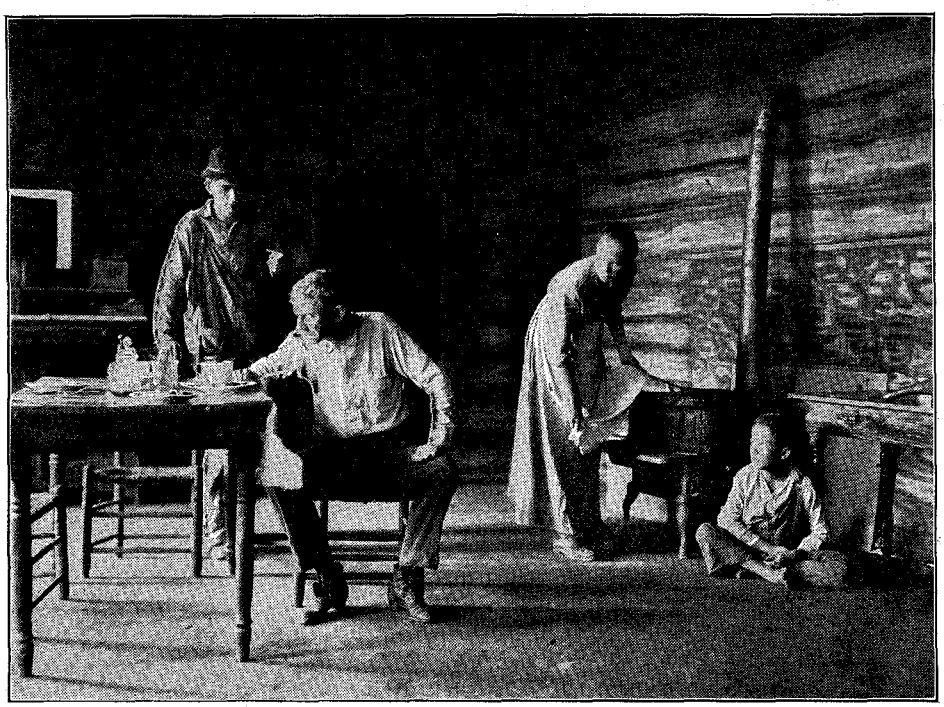
municipal charge; it has always been organized as purely commercialized entertainment, on a competitive basis.

The most interesting thing about the American theatre to-day is the fact that this system, now over a century and a half old, is rapidly breaking down, and something quite different is taking its place. This is not apparent on Broadway, but Broadway, after all, is a small part of America, and just because it is so small a part of America, though hitherto dictating to the theatre of the entire country, the new revolt has come about, and gains its importance.

The professionally produced play, in the past, after its season on Broadway, made a "road tour" through the country. If it was a successful and popular play, it might be two or three years completing its tour, visiting not only the large cities from coast to coast but scores and scores of "one-night stands." As long ago as the 1820's and '30's well-known players toured (under the greatest hardships) to the then limits of settlement, and amusing accounts may be found of flatboat excursions down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, with nightly performances in towns on the banks. A generation ago such a city as Louisville, Kentucky, or Nashville, Tennessee, probably had one or even two good companies a week as visitors, and saw most of the successful plays and players which New York had seen. Even much smaller places, north, south, and west, saw from ten to thirty plays a season. But all that has become, practically, a thing of the past. A few plays, like "Abraham Lincoln," a few stars, like David Warfield, still cover a considerable portion of the country, but in the main it has become unprofitable for the ordinary play and company to go on an extended tour. Cities which once saw twenty or thirty plays a winter now see two or three. Some see none at all. In the extreme south and southwest (Florida and Texas, for example), it has probably been three or four years since a good travelling company was entertained. Oklahoma City has grown to a town of 100,000 people without a single theatre where spoken drama can be played. A



The Carolina Playmakers, University of North Carolina, in "Peggy," a tragedy of the tenant-farmer.

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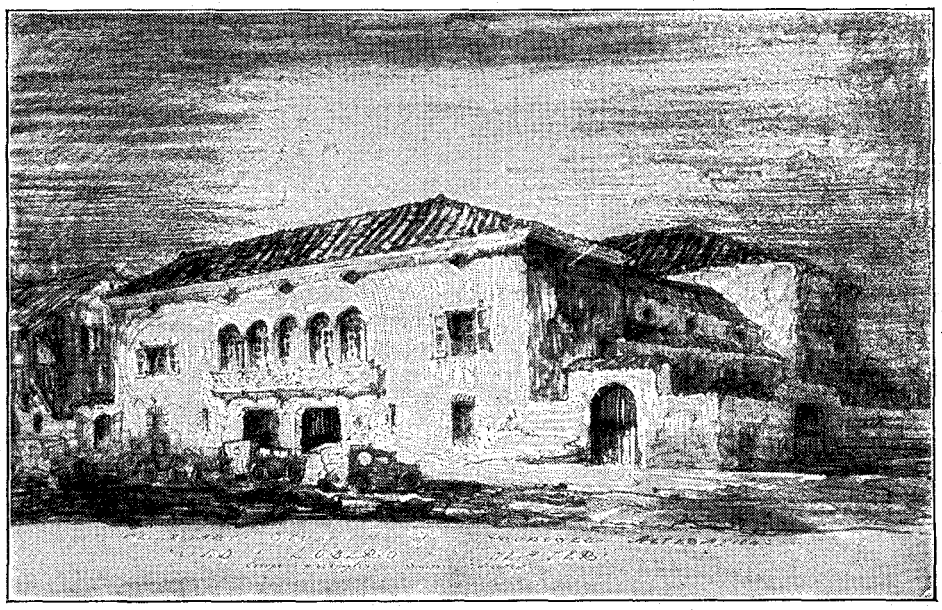
year ago, in Portland, Oregon, I was told that not one first-rate company had visited that place in a twelvemonth. Smaller towns, all over the country, even in the northeast, are practically without drama. As a means, then, of supplying drama to America as a whole our commercialized professional theatre has broken down.

The reasons need not concern us here. They are many, no doubt. One, of course, is the rise of motion pictures, which are cheaper to present and to witness, and which enable the local theatre manager to keep his house open six or seven days in the week. Another reason is the increased cost of transportation. Another reason is the complication of modern life, even in the "provinces," so that the theatre, having to compete against numerous other attractions (or distractions), no longer appeals so universally, or at any rate no longer finds all the people with the surplus cash to patronize it at the excessive modern scale of prices. However, whatever the reasons, the fact remains. It would be a depressing, even rather an alarming fact, to those of us who love the drama and believe the movies a mean and stupefying substitute for its imaginative and intellectual appeal, were it not for a second fact—the fact that in America to-day, not in one place but in a hundred places, a totally new and different theatrical system is springing up, a new and different attitude toward the theatre is apparent: the people themselves are producing drama, not professionally, not as commercialized entertainment, but as a means of community enjoyment and self-expression. This fact is, to-day, the most significant thing in the American theatre, more significant than the Theatre Guild in New York, or Belasco, or Arthur Hopkins, or Robert Edmond Jones.



Proposed alteration of the Old Lobero Theatre, Santa Barbara, for the Community Arts Theatre.
George Washington Smith, architect.

How large a part in this reorientation of our theatre the universities are playing is probably unknown to most Easterners, in spite of the fact that Professor Baker's "47 Workshop" at Harvard, started in 1907, was actually the inspiration of the new movement. To-day the American colleges and even certain normal schools are annually sending out hundreds of graduates more or less equipped to write, or at least to act and produce plays, filled at any rate with a desire to do so, and

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holding quite different ideas of what that means from the graduate of even ten years ago, who still held the old idea of "amateur theatricals" and regarded any serious theatrical production as of necessity a task for the professional theatre.

In the University of North Carolina Professor Frederick Koch has a course in playwriting and production. His pupils write their plays about the life they know, *i. e.*, the life of their own State. They design and build all the scenery, do all the acting, and recently they take, twice a year, a programme of their best plays on a tour of North Carolina. In May of 1922, for example, they carried a programme of four one-act plays on their third State tour, giving eleven performances, in eleven different towns. One play was the tragedy of a tenant-farmer, one was a farm comedy, one a romance, and one a play of an eighteenth-century superstition. No doubt these plays, and the acting of them, lack the finish of Broadway productions. But Broadway productions never get to North Carolina towns any more, and if they did it is a serious question whether the perhaps cruder native dramas, created in every respect by native talent, would not have more significance to the people of the State. Already a volume of these North Carolina plays is on the press, so that the rest of the country can see of what stuff they are made. The country, however, cannot see the North Carolina audiences, long fed on nothing but movies for their spiritual fare, suddenly confronted with drama made out of their own lives, by their own kith and kin. Professor Koch is giving to the State dramatic self-consciousness. He is also sending out into the State graduates competent to carry on the work of amateur production in their various communities.

The production of "Pelleas and Melisande," by Community Arts Players of Santa Barbara. Setting designed by Albert Herter.

To make a long jump into the rolling prairie of Iowa, we find two colleges there —Iowa State and Grinnell—employing practical stage production as part of the educational curriculum, with the idea definitely in mind that by so doing they are helping the State and making the life of its people richer. Professor Bridge at Grinnell and Professor Mabie at Iowa State have both connected up their college work directly with community activity. Although Grinnell is a town of less than five thousand people, it has a

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local centre of the Drama League of America, which maintains, by co-operation with the college, a little theatre company. This company, on stated nights, presents good one-act plays between films at the local movie house, and it also puts on one or two long plays a winter, which are acted not only at home but in surrounding towns. Last winter Haddon Chambers's "Passers By" was acted in several places, at twenty-five cents a seat, before audiences which were in large part composed of people who had never before in their lives witnessed a spoken drama! Professor Mabie's University Players similarly act as a sort of community troupe in their city, and last winter their most popular play was O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon." This seems almost incredible when you realize that "Beyond the Horizon," in spite of the fact that it won the Pulitzer prize in 1920, failed dismally when the professional theatre tried to send it on tour. The explanation is partially due, of course, to the appeal the play has in an agricultural community, and in part to the fact that when serious amateurs produce plays the audience accepts more willingly from them a high standard.

Next season there will probably be no less than eight little theatre groups producing plays in Iowa, and the State has organized, under the leadership of the Drama League, a little theatre circuit, so that these plays can interchange audiences and can also be booked in surrounding towns. None of the actors will be paid, and money-making has no place in the scheme. It is done absolutely as community service, to make life richer in the isolated Iowa towns. Those who act find, at last, an outlet for their artistic impulses, and those who witness have a chance—often the first and only chance they have ever had—to enjoy good plays. No doubt the plays could be far better staged and acted by professionals. But what good does that do Iowa? The Iowa farmer cannot spend his evenings on the Chicago Loop. Furthermore, the Drama League has already taken steps to organize similar little theatre groups into State circuits in Illinois, Oklahoma, and Missouri. The movement is young and untried. It has many difficulties to overcome. It has stubborn material to work with, human material without background, without any previous training in artistic self-expression. But the desire and the will are there. Little towns of only five hundred people wrote last winter to Professor Mabie asking him to send them community dramatic directors. One of Professor Bridge's graduates has already secured a position in her home town as a teacher, with the understanding that she is to produce both high-school and community plays.

Jump now to Missouri. In the Teachers' College (or Normal School) of Kirksville, Missouri, the training for teachers of English includes training in play production. The result is that in the county which that normal school supplies with teachers the old idea of a high-school play has quite disappeared, though it still flourishes in many a "cultured" Eastern community. No high-school board there would consider an English teacher who was not trained in play production, and who could not and would not insist on a high standard of play to produce. In that county is an annual "meet" of high schools, which features track athletics, domestic-science contests, and the like. To-day it also features a play-production contest. At the last meet eleven schools sent up companies, each trained in a good one-act play, and the best four were chosen for evening presentation before the entire community. Mr. Wise, the teacher of drama in the Kirksville Teachers' College, is putting into the consciousness of his region, via his teachers and the high schools, an entirely new idea of what "amateur dramatics" mean, and the abiding pleasure they can give.

Of course, in all isolated and even in some urban communities, the old-fashioned idea of "home talent" entertainment is the greatest foe of the theatre, and the high schools are generally the greatest sinners. Right in my own section of Massachusetts, when one of our high schools gives a play, it is not done with any educational end in view, with any sense of social service, above all with any faintest realization of what dramatic art means. It is done solely to raise money for some school purpose (such as uniforms for the basket-ball team), and

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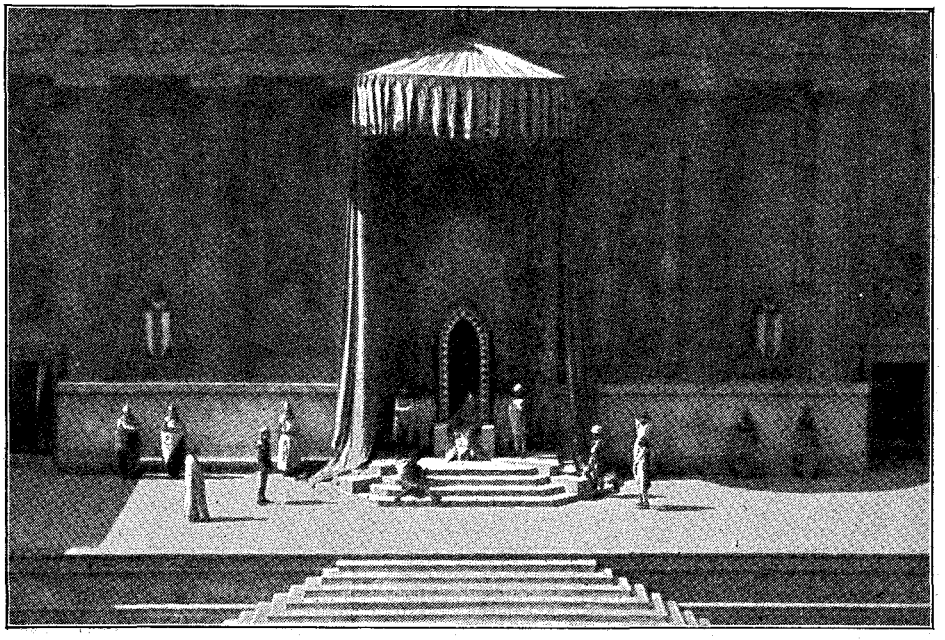
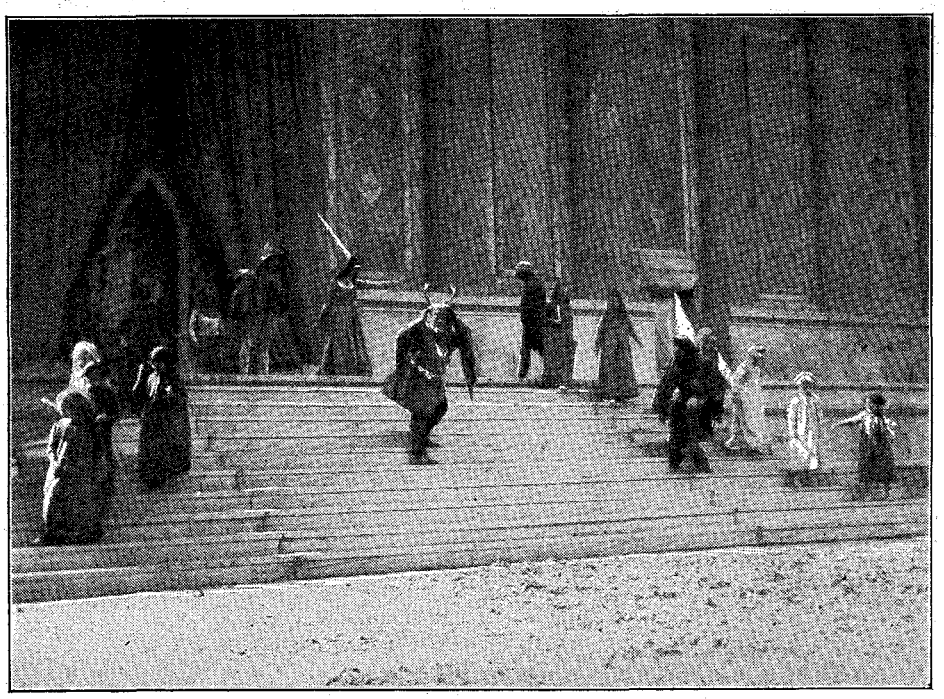


"Henry IV, Part I," Greek Theatre, University of California.
Directors, Samuel J. Hume and Irving Pichel.



"The Merry Wives of Windsor." Greek Theatre, University of California.
Direction of Samuel J. Hume and Irving Pichel.

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the cheapest sort of farce-comedy is chosen. Under the auspices of our education, the drama is commercialized as no Broadway manager ever dared to commercialize it. It is that idea of "home-talent" production which the new movement has got to fight, and to fight through the schools and colleges first of all. Last winter, in Ohio, a survey of three hundred high schools showed the most frequently chosen plays to be "Aaron Slick of Pumpkin Creek," "Fascinating Fanny Brown," and "Deacon Dubb's Second Wife." You need only the titles to tell you what horrid stuff these plays are. Only 40 per cent of the teacher directors had been in any way trained to put on plays. Almost all the productions were made to raise money (*i. e.*, they were commercialized). Very few schools had any facilities for production in the school buildings, and none had any properties or scenery of their own. All stages were reported as inadequate in size, in lighting, in scenery, in dressing-room facilities. Yet all the plays, without exception, were well patronized, due both to the pride of parents and friends, and to the fact that in so many cases these plays were one of the few, sometimes the only "unifying influence in the community." They would, of course, be equally well patronized if they were good plays, better done, with more adequate facilities and a definite idea behind them of the serious implications of dramatic art; and certainly thus they would be still more influential in the community. The three hundred replies to the questionnaire sent out by Mr. Hunter of the Ohio Wesleyan University, showed, he says, almost without exception, a desire to do better things but a pathetic ignorance of how to achieve them. There is need for an authoritative bibliography of good high-school plays to replace the present catalogues of trash, but above all is the need for teachers trained to produce, and trained to a different idea of the functions and possibilities of "amateur theatricals." Once the colleges have turned out such teachers in numbers, something almost like a revolution in rural and small-town life may very possibly take place. The growing awareness by educators of the need, and the quick response of young men and women, even of whole communities, all over the country, is an extremely significant thing.

We have spoken so far chiefly of the dramatic awakening in remote communities. The so-called little-theatre movement, however, has of course attained far more artistic success, as yet, in the more sophisticated places. After all, the Provincetown Players, in New York, who gave Eugene O'Neill to our theatre, are a little-theatre group, and semi-amateur, as were the Washington Square Players, who developed into the Theatre Guild. The difference between a little-theatre group and the old-time group of amateur actors is primarily one of intention. The older amateurs got together now and then to exhibit themselves on the stage, as a sort of lark, and as an easy way to make some money. The little-theatre players of to-day organize to give performances at stated intervals because they are genuinely interested in the art of the theatre, and because they are, very often, dissatisfied with the professional theatre as it exists in their community, or with the complete lack of a theatre. In a town or city large enough to supply a sophisticated audience and a choice of players and scenic artists who possess real natural ability or training, such a group may readily develop into a theatre of serious artistic merit. Many have already done so in various parts of the country, though the little-theatre movement is yet scarce a decade old. I have heard it stated that there are already over two hundred producing groups in the United States, though I think it highly doubtful if half that number, or even a quarter of that number, are as yet measurably up to a standard which would justify them in going on even a semi-professional basis. That, however, is hardly the point. The point is that in scores of cities now there are amateurs who hold the art of the theatre in serious respect, who are willing to labor and study with regularity, who are producing good plays with increasing realization of their interest and value on the part of the community. Out of this in time will surely come a new theatre, not a theatre dependent on Broadway, but a permanent theatre local to each city large enough to support it, a true community theatre, in which the workers

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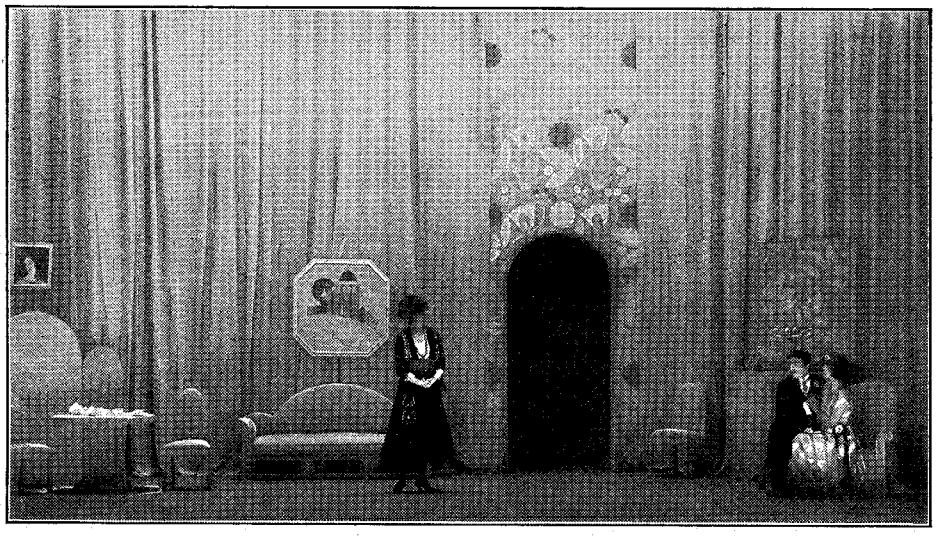
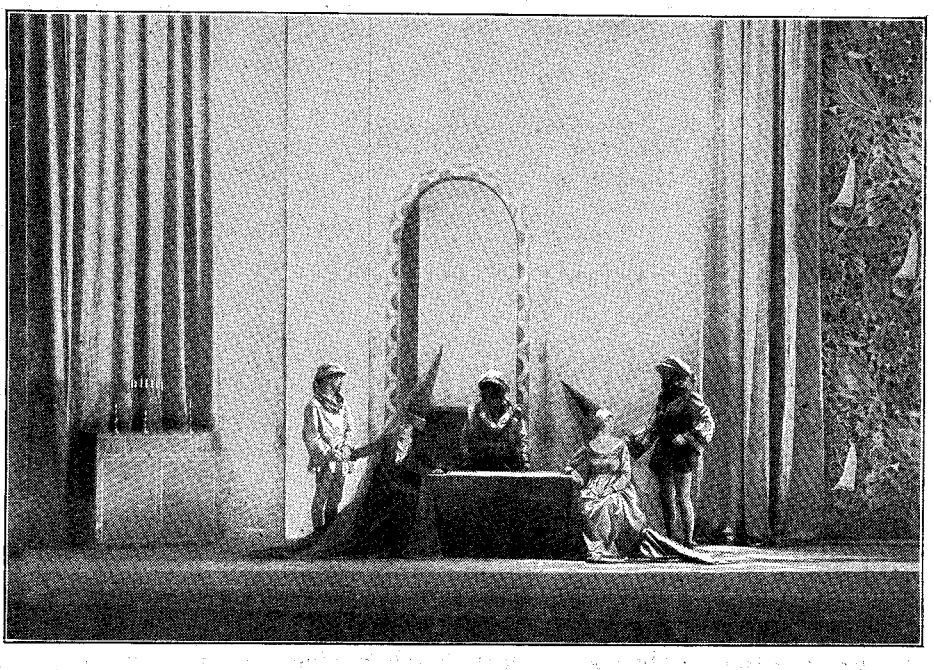


"The Importance of Being Earnest." Detroit Symphony Society, music-drama season, September–October, 1921.



"The Merry Wives of Windsor." Detroit Symphony Society, music-drama season, September–October, 1921.

Samuel J. Hume, director.

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will be paid, but in which the desire for service to the community and to dramatic art, not the commercial profit of a Broadway manager a thousand miles away, will be the ruling motive.

Take the case of Santa Barbara, California. It was but two or three years ago that a group of people in that city organized to present good plays, in order to supply what they felt was a need of the city, and in order, also, it may be inferred, to practise for themselves an art which interested them. That organization has developed, in this short time, into the Community Arts Association, maintaining a dramatic company, an orchestra, and a school of the allied arts. Not only that, but the association has just raised one hundred thousand dollars to purchase and rebuild the old Lobero Theatre, a Spanish Mission type of adobe building erected forty years ago, and once figuring in the artistic life of the city. The dramatic branch of the association in 1921 put on five long plays and one bill of one-act plays, acting each production at least twice to twelve hundred people an evening and at extremely low admission prices. The plays included Shaw's "Pygmalion," Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande," and Tarkington's "The Country Cousin." In 1922, to date, six plays have been acted, including Barrie's "Dear Brutus," Galsworthy's "Joy," Tarkington's "Clarence," and Shaw's "Arms and the Man." Albert Herter made the setting for "Pelleas and Melisande," which was acted four times. Meantime, the community orchestra, organized in 1921, has already given twenty or more concerts. Membership in the association costs but a dollar a year, and entitles the member to attend numerous lectures. The dues, of course, are used to maintain the essential offices and executive force. The acting, directing, scene-designing, etc., are all amateur (that is, volunteer) effort. On every programme is printed this legend:

"The Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara is affording opportunity for recreation, self-expression, and training in music, drama, and the allied arts. It is making Santa Barbara a pleasanter, happier place to live in."

When, in another year, the association has a suitable theatre of its own, a true community theatre for which hundreds of citizens have subscribed, who can fail to feel that a different idea of the function of the theatre is coming into our American consciousness?

Pasadena also has an extremely active community theatre, under the direction of Gilmore Brown, which presents plays at frequent intervals and extremely well. Furthermore, Mr. Brown conducts a summer school for the training of teachers and other interested persons, in the theatre arts. A similar summer course is also given by Sam Hume, director of the Greek Theatre at the University of California. Such summer courses, indeed, are now common all over the country. The Drama League began a summer institute only two years ago in Chicago, in a one-room studio, and this season they have had to engage an entire schoolhouse. The desire to learn how to put on plays and pageants, how to design scenery and costumes, how to devise simple yet effective lighting systems, how to train amateur actors, etc., has of course created all these schools and classes. It is a mighty witness to the change in our attitude toward the theatre.

If the space were available, I could go on indefinitely describing the numerous experiments now being made in this country. There is, for instance, Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré in New Orleans —entirely amateur, except sometimes a professional director is employed. The plays are given in a room seating less than two hundred people. Seven plays a season are produced, and each is acted five times, to accommodate the subscribers. Last season there were one thousand subscribers, each of whom paid ten dollars to witness the seven plays. The actors are chosen by their ability, and clerks and bankers, school-teachers and ladies of leisure, rub elbows in the casts. Last winter one of the most successful productions was Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon"—another example of how this tragedy, abandoned by the professional theatre, has been brought before the American people by the amateurs.

In September and October of 1921 the Detroit Symphony Society, in a hall seat-

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ing two thousand people, gave a six weeks' season of repertoire, including three modern and three classic plays, without the slightest aid from Broadway, and at the end the public began to subscribe for another season next year! The orchestra supplied music for such of the plays as called for it, or could benefit by it—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Pelleas and Melisande." The other plays were "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Pygmalion" and (again!) "Beyond the Horizon." The directors came not from Broadway, but California—Sam Hume (an early pupil, by the way, of Professor Baker), his assistant, Irving Pichel, and Gilmore Brown from the Pasadena Community Theatre, who acted the comedy rôles. The sets were designed and built by two California pupils of Mr. Hume. All six plays were presented to the public for five dollars a seat, top price! Less than one dollar for the most expensive seat, of course, is no more than the better class of motion-picture theatres charge. This might truly be called an experiment in a people's theatre. Its success was so great that next season the repertoire will probably be lengthened. If three or four other cities should take up the same work, on a similar scale, the expense of productions could be divided, by making the plays interchangeable, and seats could probably be sold for even less than at present. It may very well be, indeed, that another decade will see several such ventures through the Middle West, which will mark the first steps toward true municipal theatres in America.

"Beyond the Horizon," produced by our old-line commercial professional theatre on Broadway, was abandoned by that theatre almost as soon as it left Broadway. From our brief and haphazard glance at the new amateur or community theatre of America, we have come upon this distinguished tragedy rescued from oblivion by the amateurs or community workers in such widely scattered places as New Orleans, Detroit, and Iowa. Does anybody think that would have been possible even ten years ago, let alone twenty-five? What group of amateur actors in America twenty-five years ago would have had the knowledge or even the impulse to act a modern realistic tragedy in their community? This one incident alone shows the remarkable change which has come in our attitude toward the theatre. A generation ago, in most places even a decade ago, an amateur entertainment meant simply the presentation of piffle to pass away the time and raise money for the baseball team or the minister's salary (Unitarian, of course!) or the new Grange hall. Nobody considered it possible that an amateur production could compete with the professional theatre, or that a community denied the ministration of the professional theatre could achieve a theatre of its own. Indeed, very few Americans a generation ago, outside of the professional ranks, had any conception of what dramatic art means, and very few of them but were so hampered by self-consciousness that the mere idea of artistic self-expression was a thing strange and disturbing. There has never been a period in our national history, it seems to me, quite comparable with the last few years, when so many people, everywhere, have suddenly waked to the pleasure and profit of artistic self-expression through the medium of the theatre, and, lacking a professional playhouse, have set busily to work to supply a theatre themselves. America may in the past have contributed little to the arts, as numerous critics have told us. But there never was a time when so many of our people were creatively interested in any art as are at present creatively interested in the art of the theatre. And because they are creatively interested, not merely passive recipients of professional ministrations, the next twenty-five years may well see the art of the theatre move a long way forward in America. At any rate, it looks very much as if, through our new interest in this art, the life of the country would be richer and the old idea of drama as a commercialized entertainment would yield to something nearer the needs of civilized men and women.

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The Arabian Lots Entertainments

ANOTHER BALLYHOO BUS STORY

BY BENJAMIN BROOKS
Author of "The Moulders," "The Power Planters," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY

OF all the businesses in all the world, the easiest—in fact, the most inevitable—business to get into is the real-estate business in Los Angeles. As you approach the city with the intriguingly exotic name, the very warmth and color of the land invites one to dabble in it, as a calm, reflective pool tempts an urchin to throw stones. By the time you have given your trunk checks and your address to the local transfer man and the local transfer man has delivered the trunks to your apartment (if you can find one) and your address to the particular real-estate firm that subsidizes him to do so, the trap is set for you. By the time you have opened the trunk and your afternoon's mail and received in it a well-worded invitation to be the real-estate company's guest on one of its justly famous free sightseeing trips, you're a fair way toward the entanglement. After you have strolled once around the dusty little plaza called Pershing Square, droning in the sun with the sound of the park-bench socialists, and picked out the particular rubberneck excursion bus mentioned in the invitation, you have as good as put your foot in it; and the trap springs on you as the ballyhoo gentleman lays aside his voice and pins the seat number on the lapel of your coat. From this point on there is little use to struggle. You accept the megaphone version of the world's most thoroughly megaphoned city with philosophic abandon. You absorb the free hot ranch dinner under the big tent, and the beautiful oratory of the free lecture with the same inevitable stimulation as of wine or cocaine. Having actually stood with your own feet on a warm half acre which it is proposed you buy, the reaction is just the same as that of "Tanglefoot" on the unwary insect. The sales-manager who awaits you in spider-like calm in the little canvas office has no difficulty in stunning you with his bland personality; and, when you come to, you find you have already signed on the dotted line.

Your impulses on the morrow's awakening are as natural and human as those of one who has just been put through an initiation. You see by your home-town paper that a friend is about to arrive from the East. You hurry to the station, you grasp his hand, you tell him what a beautiful climate it is, you try to sell him your lot—at a profit—and the next one to it on a commission! And there you are! Thus the fair city of Los Rubber Necks has come to have six hundred thousand real-estate agents—that is to say, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Some young ones there are who still struggle to get out of the real-estate business, but the gray old inhabitants realize that, were they thrust out of their charming captivity upon a cold world once more, they would shrivel up and die; so they retire to the mountains behind Hollyhood and build bungalows and live happily ever afterward.

Now in the case of Wallie Hart Hitt, here was a young soul still struggling. The vagaries of a fickle fortune that had made him accept a ballyhooship on one of the city's largest and yellowest rubberneck busses—he whose diffident voice had never raised itself obtrusively before—the luck that had made him, almost at a single stroke, the proud possessor of a lot (part paid for) and the beginnings of a house (part paid for) and his little bird woman of a wife whose saucy smile and

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snapping black eyes contrasted so strongly with his own blond self—all this is another story.

Observe that I did not say his wife was part paid for, for, in the solemn opinion of the entire sales force, as well as to the most casual observer, the lady was destined to pay for herself many times over. It was even whispered that, with her charming tea-on-the-tract activities, she sold more lots for the outfit than Wallie himself.

At the point of this story the struggle was on in dead earnest. The house of the newlyweds had reared itself under the eucalyptus-trees on the beautiful new tract with the incomparable snow-crowned Sierra Madre for background—reared itself to the extent of a foundation and first floor and studding, and there it stuck. The hopes and fears of the newlyweds were temporarily sheltered under a large tent supported on this open framework and guyed out in pleasant protecting wings to the friendly fragrant trees. As soon as it stopped raining the rubberneck bus would run again and people would ride out and buy more lots, and Wallie would get more commissions and the contractor would get more payments and the house would get more materials and labor to finish itself with; but right now the Lares and Penates of the young couple presented themselves to all outdoors with the frankness of a Bagdad bazaar. These consisted principally of one handsome piece of tapestry, gift of the bride's folks, hung on the some-day-to-be wall for a background, a bearskin rug, gift of a hunter friend of Wallie's, for a foreground, the gilt clock with a gilt cupid on it, gift of the selling organization, and the bride's own college tea things arranged on a rustic table which was the gift of Wallie's own readiness with other people's tools and scrap lumber after the carpenters had gone home. These principal items were aided by a happy mixture of red-and-white plumes of eucalyptus blossoms and an indefinable something else known as "feminine touch."

One nice thing about California—when it is through raining it is *through* for a long, long time. With gladness and thankfulness the birdlet looked out from under the spreading eaves at the great level expanse of soil warming and steaming in the semitropic sun and up at the wide sky all freshly done over in Italian blue, at the tall Sierra Madre wearing its spotless kerchief of snow just back from the laundry, and at the cloudlike peak of San Jacinto eighty miles away. All these things helped to sell Halcyon Halfacres to the people from the dreary plains.

The air was very still. The gray smoke plume of the latest "gaser" far over on the foothills rose straight and steady. A speck of yellow and a flash of windshield down the road told of the coming rubberneck bus. The world of real estate was in motion once more.

As the long, clumsy vehicle stopped at the big tent at the corner of the tract and the people piled out at the announcement that a hot ranch dinner was coming to them, she spied her Wallie cavorting goatlike across lots toward her. This was his way of blowing off steam after the dignified front he was obliged to maintain in exhorting the great American travelling public to climb on the bus and enjoy the world's grandest sightseeing tour to the most incomparable Halcyon Halfacres. Besides, he had not seen her for an age—almost four hours. "Hullo, petite oiseau, any more lumber come?"

"No, brave oiseau," she replied, "not a stick. But isn't it some day! You'll sell the whole tract a day like this."

"No chance," said Wallie ruefully. "I drew a paper-collared, land-poor, sour-faced fellow who is still moaning over the price he paid for a farm during the war. St. Peter couldn't sell him gold keys at ten cents a bunch."

"Well, never mind," she said bravely, manufacturing a smile that was difficult to contrive at just this critical point in the struggle. "Take your tray and sling around a little free lunch and keep your eyes open for a chance while I get out the flivver and see if I can capture a five-spot for taking some prospect around the tract."

"So this is that great noble stuff called salesmanship!" he soliloquized scornfully. "While we were away arguing it with the Germans they had to carry clubs to beat off the buyers. Now that we are back, you have to be a chauffeur, a

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waiter, and a magician to get 'em to come out and look it over."

As he circled around the tables in the big tent he amused himself by imagining how his paper-collared prospect would wilt if he poured the pitcher of hot coffee down his neck.

The free lecture was short, the applause perfunctory. The travellers were still a bit sulky. All very well to go through six weeks of Middle West blizzard. That was to be expected; but to spend all that money and then go through a week's deluge of warm rain in California, the land of sunshine—that, of course, was not on the time-table and therefore an insult.

It took Wallie two minutes to make sure that his paper-collared man was not going to buy anything now—anything. Then he amused himself watching the distant oil-gusher and listening to the efforts of his fellow salesmen. Presently he pricked up his ears. Out of the confusion of conversation of the groups about the big tent he began to distinguish a particular silvery ringing voice all full of rich creamy foreign r's. He located the source. Then he had a big laugh all to himself inside. Bill the "Body-snatcher," the most successful evader of police and buttonholer of unwary pedestrians, and perhaps the least successful real salesman, was trying to sell a piece of undeveloped North America to a very much developed and evidently cultivated daughter of sunny France. The result was foreordained. Bill was getting angry, the woman was getting bored. The end came soon. She simply got up and walked off, leaving Bill addressing his map. Wallie approached the still sputtering Bill.

"Well, old top, how'jer make out?"

"Didn't sell her and I bet there ain't nobody in the bunch can sell her. I'm through!"

"May I talk to her?"

"Go to it, kid. Talk an arm off'n her. She's yourn."

"Give me her ticket."

The ticket indicated that the lady's name was Madame Henri du Castel, of Angers, Maine-et-Loire, stopping at a Los Angeles hotel; that she had been shown a half acre known as "three hundred and ten" and it had not been sold; reason—"Female frog-eater; no compree," according to notes by Bill the "Body-snatcher."

Wallie went over behind a tree, smiled politely at the oil-gusher and addressed it earnestly in the language of diplomats the world over. "Have you the green parasol of my great-grandmother? Have you the great parasol of my green grandmother? Have you of the cheese? Are you of the cheese?"

A few moments of this served to loosen up his palate so that his r's began to curdle and his n's took on the genuine Gallic tones of a cold in the head, as in the old days when he used the same sounds to wheedle an overcrowded populace out of a few more garrets and stable lofts for quarters for his men. Then he returned to the Frenchwoman and addressed her in a fair imitation of her native tongue.

"One will not return to the city until two hours. Meanwhile if madame wishes herself to seat here and read, no one will her disturb," and he offered the chair and the newspaper. Then he strolled off—but not too far off. Then he walked unconcernedly past her without looking, but his ears fairly wagged in her direction. When he had passed her, almost too far he feared, he heard what he was waiting for.

"Monsieur."

"Ah!" thought Wallie. "Attention obtained; curiosity aroused; now for the desire." Then, turning toward her with a very good imitation of the gallant bow of Douglas Fairbanks as one of the "Three Musketeers," he represented that he was entirely at her service.

"You speak very well French. You were therefore in France?"

"But yes," admitted Wallie. "During two years of the war."

"And the France, is it that you have her loved?"

"With all my heart," admitted Wallie, placing his hand on his left ribs, "and my California, is it not a land very charming?"

"So it eez, indeed," said the lady, breaking into English evidently for practice. "But she is very sudden. Yesterday a Spanish meeshion, to-day one grand excitement; to-morrow a meelion people. It eez too much. Ef I should build me a villa here w'om should I evaire meet in conversation? I leesened to

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Bill the "Body-snatcher" . . . was trying to sell a piece of undeveloped North America to a very much developed and evidently cultivated daughter of sunny France.—Page 608.

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Wallie . . . smiled politely at the oil-gusher and addressed it earnestly in the language of diplomats the world over.—Page 608.

your man on ze autobus with ze grand horn. 'Zeese,' he said, 'ees ze home of Fatty Shoebuckle; zeese ees ze home of Clara Kimbelle la Jeune; zeese ees ze home of Sharles Roi.' What, zen—are all ze grand houses belong to ze cimena and all ze leetle ones to ze pesants what I have talked to on ze autobus? Mon Dieu, eet ez too much. I should die of ennui."

"But madame has travelled enough to understand that one must choose the wheat from the chaff in any country. Permit me to show you a home which is neither that of a great cinema artist nor of a peasant—something modestly between the two—in short, my own."

"Comment! you have a 'ome here already? Ze great Los Angeles she is sudden. Yes, weez grand plaisir I weel visit your 'ome."

"This," said Wallie to his little wife, "is Madame du Castel," and then, in a little aside: "Highbrow tea. Stick the wings on the Victory again and mount her on the ice-box. Fish out the old art magazines from the bottom of the trunk. I'll be over with the bunch," and he left the ladies together.

Returning to the big tent, he selected a particular half-dozen of his fellow salesmen and retired with them to a distance.

"Now, here's the idea," he explained. "Bill the 'Body-snatcher' has spilled the

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beans. You boys gotter help me pick 'em up again. Prospect is a charming French widow. You're all invited to a highbrow tea. Not a word about real estate, just something to entertain a lady. Get me?"

Tea was already on when they reached the house. "Ladies," said Wallie in his very best manner, "I have the honor to present to you Mr. Flores, naturalist from South America; and Mr. Buck, the well-known pioneer from our new province of Oklahoma; and Mr. Barker, our most celebrated practical psychologist; and Mr. Scraper, the violinist; and Mr. Dresser, one of our leading commercial artists."

"Eh bien, messieurs," exclaimed the Frenchwoman, "I am quite overwhelm'. And did you say from Sout' Amérique, Monsieur Flores? W'at brings a naturalist from ze beautiful Sout' Amérique to Los Angeles?"

"Dear madame," replied the naturalist, "the same thing finally brings all us travellers home—a feeling in our hearts that, having seen all the world, we are not tied to any of it. I once travelled from the tall-cliffed coast of Peru, where the tremendous surf roars under the wide verandas of the white hotels, across the silent desert where rain has never fallen to spoil the strange crescent-rippled sand, and up the terrible mountains to the deserted highlands where vines creep over the last strongholds of the vanished Incas and hide the pillars of the departed sun-worshippers whose hieroglyphics none may read; and beyond that again, through a vast wilderness of snow; then down the thousand flights of stairs, under the torrential rains where the tree-trunks are shaggy with long green moss and aflame with a thousand orchids. And there, in the mysterious regions of the rushing Maranon River, in that great forest of trees which stand in rows for hundreds of miles as though some prehistoric tribe had planted them, I kill a man. It was a needless thing. He was needlessly frightened at me and pierced my clothing with a spear, and I was needlessly frightened at him and pierced his thick head with a bullet. And that's all there was to it. But when I found I had come so far from the world that killing a man was a mere inconsequential incident in the day my heart failed me and I made all haste back to it. Madame will understand my weakness, for nobody loves home better than the French."

"It ees well said," said the Frenchwoman, touching her eyes slyly with a tiny handkerchief; "monsieur has not only seen wiz hees eye but he has felt wiz hees heart."

"And you, Monsieur Pioneer, tell me also a story. Such stories of ze primitive one hears in Californie!"

"Primitive, eh?" responded the jovial Buck. "If it's the primitive stuff you want, lady, you ought to have seen us open up Oklahoma. I'll never forget one night while we were all camped out under the stars around the future town site of Lawton waiting for the government to let us in on the land. No houses, not even tents for most of us. The women slept on the baled hay and the men slept around in a circle to guard them. Nobody ever took his side-arms off. This one night a terrible storm swept the baked plains. I ducked down in my little dug-out and closed the door after me. Suddenly, under a terrible crash of thunder, the door blew away. A girl came running, her hands to her ears, and plunged down my grand staircase. The next moment a deluge poured in. We were standing nearly waist-deep in it when a flash showed the head and shining eyes of a rattlesnake swirling round and round in it. I warned the girl. I drew my gun, the snake struck at it and I fired. She fell trembling in my arms, and so I held her till the storm was over. This was all of our courtship. Next day we were married. The Indians brought us strange presents out of the forest and danced for us in the firelight. We were one of the first families in Oklahoma."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, her eyes as big as the teacups. "It is before ze Crusades, before Cæsar built hees bridge into my native Angers. Anozzair story and we shall be at ze beginning of ze world!" And she turned expectantly to Barker the "psychologist."

"Sorry to disappoint you, ma'am," he began, "but understand that I am not a psychologist of books and science but of boobs and crowds. I study the psy-

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chology of the mob with the idea of getting them into the side-show to see the bearded lady or the three-legged calf. Once when I was young and ambitious I traversed India to find some strange and beautiful thing that would whet their curiosity, travelled from the hot muddy Ganges to the airy whitewashed bungalows of Simla and the colorful country of Kashmir, with its azure skies and gorgeous flowers and its costumes out of the Bible; and down the Djehlum River in a sharp-prowed boat under its low, curved bridges, between its piled-up towns of crumbling pink stone hanging over the water and its houseboats and heaped rice barges like Noah's arks, and its peasants threshing grain or washing on the golden sand-bars in blue and copper colored rags under the red and white palaces of their betters.

"But I have found, madam, that the crowds don't come to the side-shows for beauty. Find them something hideous and strange and you've got 'em. After all my Indian wanderings I stumbled onto a mysterious dirty old box in a storehouse in Chicago that was being torn down. It contained a genuine and most horrible Indian mummy sent to Chicago for the World's Fair, and lost ever since. I paid five dollars a month storage on him for the intervening thirty years, secured clear title and authoritative letters from India as to his pedigree, and set out. This atrocious object is a fortune in summer when the circus is abroad in the land; and in winter—well, here I am."

"So zat eez psychology," exclaimed the Frenchwoman. "One finds zee most 'orrible objec', ze last sing in ze world one would wish to see and zen charges admission to see it. It eez droll, Amérique," and her merry laugh rang high and silvery among the whispering eucalyptus-trees.

"And now monsieur ze artist of commerce. Pray tell me what is ze artist of commerce."

"Well, madame," he began, "in my case it was a plain dressmaker to the most famous of our stage beauties, though why they call it artist is not evident. I ought to have been styled cooper, for, believe me, getting the average stage beauty into her costume is like forcing the hoops on a barrel. This, however, did not apply to your charming countrywoman Anna Held. There was a varie petite. It was with the greatest pleasure possible to an artist that I fitted her with my own hands into her beautiful ten-thousand-dollar costume of white satin and passementerie, in which she could neither walk nor sit down."

"Wait, wait!" said madame. "Is it that you yourself, who talked in ze big horn so—'zees is zee home of ze famous—' weez your own hands you have made ze costume?" and again she made the trees shake with high, sweet laughter.

"It is a fact," replied the artist-cooper gravely, a little nettled at her merriment.

"Oh, a sousand pardons," said the Frenchwoman. "I laugh not weez scorn but weez surprise. I should indeed be overcome weez delight if you would create for me a costume, but I am too fat."

"Fat!" exclaimed he gallantly. "What envious female skeleton of a New England spinster dares call you fat! But if I might suggest, madame, a little garden with some vegetables to hoe so as to strengthen the shoulders and reduce the hips the merest shade; yes, a garden and vines upon a sunny wall and lettuce——"

At this point Wallie made a sign. The conversation stopped dead. Everybody understood that the moment had arrived, that moment for which all the adventurous students of human nature had been working. "A thousand pardons," he said politely, "if I inquire the name of madame's bank."

"My bank?" she asked in astonishment—"eet ez in New York, The Harriman National, but why you ask?"

"Because it is necessary in preparing the check for you to sign, the first payment on the site for your villa. Pray do not deny that this morning your keen French thriftiness told you that such a piece of land at such a price is a great bargain; and this afternoon you have been interested. I have watched madame. She cannot deny that it is possible to find interest in the people of our new land. If one wishes a garden with golden fruit against the wall, a villa in the forest, even a salon among gentlemen adventurers—voilà. One signs here."

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"And there, in the mysterious regions of the rushing Maranon River, . . . I kill a man."—Page 611.

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"A salon!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman in great merriment; "truly ze American audace ez charming! Yes, why not a salon in ze wilderness. And each day when ze autobus arrives you shall tell to me anozzair story. I will sign."

And she did.

"It desolates me to inform you," said Wallie after a polite interval and a final cup of tea, "that the big autobus is gone, but the sales-manager will be honored to take you home in his car."

And, preceding her to that august individual, he explained: "Lot 310 sold; twenty-five per cent down. French highbrow. If you can remember anything from 'The Arabian Nights,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' O. Henry, or any other good liar, tell it to her in the first person."

Returning to his little hostess, his eye spied a certain familiar galvanized bucket on the rear stoop. This he began joyously kicking.

"Mercy," exclaimed the little wife, fingers in her ears, "what a racket! don't kick that; that's our best bucket, our laundry, our bath! What on earth——"

"Away, vile symbol of the despised primitive," he said, in mock melodrama, sending it sailing through the air with a final kick, "out with you. To-morrow we shall go 'La belle France' one better. With the commission on madame's villa site we'll order an honest-to-goodness American bath and some plumbing!"

The Human Boy and the Microscope

BY OLIVER LA FARGE

THE sages bend above their victims, wipe their glasses, and poke bony fingers into organisms that in their old bodies have long since dried to parchment. And we, their victims, the schoolboys and students, suffer vivisection in the hope, ever vain, that they will learn therefrom somewhat of how we are made and how we should be treated. They never even really look, these men; by their words they must come from that half of the pedagogic world before whose eyes a score or so of years has drawn a veil shutting out all memory of the little tadpoles that they used to be, and that makes this year's crop of little tadpoles seem to them some alien race, dumbly to be studied, impersonally, as one would study bacilli through a microscope, and never, oh never, to be understood.

And then the victims read in the more thoughtful periodicals, analyses of ourselves denying us by their very tone any ability to speak for ourselves rationally or pertinently. Therefore, as one of these, I wish to raise my voice. What I say is elaboration of notes made not two years ago, at preparatory school. They are the observation of schoolboys by one of them, and since a schoolboy's field is limited and his life busy, they must perforce have a personal note.

I am not referring to boys under sixteen. It is a long enough time since I was one of those for me to have forgotten a good deal.

We seem to the critics some alien race. Every now and then an article appears, usually entitled "Boys" (sometimes "Girls," but that is not our affair), analyzing us, expounding us, explaining us. The very tone of these articles proves the statement that begins this paragraph. We—I speak mainly of boys verging on manhood—are described as curious, coltlike animals, dominated by sex. Our processes of thought these sages destroy in a few clever paragraphs, and our curious and quaint reflexes are comprehendingly laid bare. Side by side with this gawky creature the sages should place, sometimes they do, if they would be consistent, the brawny lad who throws himself heart and soul into a game, hero

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of some inconspicuous gridiron, lord of bat or of twelve-foot sweep, to whom the School is the greatest thing in life. Now the obvious explanation of this contrast is neat division of the juvenile race into two classes, the one upheld by Booth Tarkington, the other by Ralph Henry Barbour. The true explanation is that they are the same, that the pin-headed athlete and the moon-calf are equally rare, and that the average boy is neither. He is just exactly like the man to whom he will be father—only he has no experience. The number of boys who never have a calf-love is not small, it is far larger than the number of Willie Baxters. Willie happens to be a very ludicrous type, the other is disappointing, so every one reads about Willie and says, "How true!" Nor, in the majority of cases, is infantile adoration a product of a Freudian sewer, but a part and parcel of the boy's forecast of his son, the man. Again I repeat before I go further, we and the sages are the same. Our heads—at sixteen often large for our bodies—contain their regulation 1,400 cubic centimeters of gray matter; if we are going to be stupid, we are stupid now; if we are going to be clever, we are clever now. Simply, we are inexperience itself. Take this sex business, *exempli gratia*, and finish with it.

The average man who sees a pretty girl enjoys the sight. Experience has taught him a lot of disillusioning things, and so his enjoyment is tempered before ever he meets her, but the old impulse is there. The boy sees a pretty girl. He knows next to nothing about girls; his blood acts even as does the oldest sage's, but he has had no experience. She is a goddess forthwith, because to him everything that glitters is the very finest gold. He has found a brand-new perfection.

Did any statistician ever compute the number of first affairs ruined by hair in disarray or a momentarily lost temper?

The reaction, the despair, is also ludicrous; it is so deep over so trivial a thing. But it's not trivial—one of the world's finest illusions is being swept away. Fortunately, complete ignorance is lightened slowly, and so by degrees he learns, until he can see through glitter or exterior dulness. And even then, does not the average man, when he does fall in love, voluntarily deck reality in his own, self-made illusions? He is, after all, his own son.

So it is with this same youth when he stanches his bleeding nose with a hasty swipe of his sleeve, and prepares again to take the pigskin for a plunge between guard and tackle. As the school is the biggest thing he knows, and this game is the biggest thing in the school year, rightly he gives it his heart and soul. If he loses, he is ashamed to write home, he dreads the thought of facing boys from other schools that Christmas, all the world is black. Later he will learn why the faculty were not so gloomy, just as in time experience will teach him the real issues for which to spend himself.

The man smiles at the boy who breaks himself buying a sweater with a letter, meaningless to most of the world, sprawled across its front. Yet that man spends just as much on the incredible uniform of a secret society, or upon the regalia of a well-earned order.

There is no mystery about us; once we cease to be absolute children we are constituted even as the man. Our good brains cause us to write and say things valueless only because they take no reckoning of the hard, unknown facts. Our reasons lead us on to remorselessly logical conclusions—conclusions that may be idiotic or may be divinely heroic, and that fail only where all logic fails, in the ignoring of extraneous, uncomprehended facts. And if we have brains, then, and are human, why would it not be worth these sage's while to ask us about ourselves?

II

HAVING, then, proved to their own satisfaction that we are an alien and extraordinary race, the wise men go on to theorize about our education. Their theories are chiefly concerned with what and how to teach us. The first question is the old battle between science and the classics, a question that stands by the average school debating society when even the Panama Tolls and the Open Shop have failed. The second is the contest of the old, hard grind versus a system of playing your way to wisdom. More than one scholar and many masters have been driven insane by shifts in the official attitude toward the question.

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I shall begin with the former, because it is a more well-defined topic, and, in a way, less important.

The scientist is like a man looking through a telescope. He sees distant things, the horizon, the stars. Some day nothing will be too distant. But his very instrument limits his view. The classicist, with weaker but more friendly vision, looks about him on near things and human, but he does not know what goes on out of sight.

The scientist's vision is powerful. He is, so far, the realization of rationalism, of the thing that stopped the burning of witches and the exorcism of ghosts. To the puzzles each man must answer for himself, typified to-day in the big question of atheism, he holds the solutions. His science gives him answers to the doubts it itself raises. He can trace man's history back to the "fortuitous concourse of atoms," he can follow the paths of physics from the infinite magnitude and power of the universe to the infinite smallness of the electron, and the more he studies the more inescapable becomes the presence of some power above nature. The classicist, whom the attitude of mind of the age has led to take for granted certain vague evolutionary theories, finds his beliefs shattered, yet knows not how to restore them because the destroyer is beyond his understanding.

Nowadays the churches busy themselves with moving pictures, dramas, and the proof that Christianity is not incompatible with being a good fellow; they organize revivals and campaigns, not realizing how utterly insufficient all that is. It is a spirit of new thought, not restlessness, that the church must meet; its old mysticism does not hold. How can we be satisfied by a clergy ignorant of the matters of our daily speech? God is too great to be shaken by a theory of evolution, or moved by a truth He created, but if those who bring Him to us cannot meet half-way those of our generation who think through the sciences, there awaits us a tragedy beyond words.

Our whole attitude of mind to-day, everything that stands for forward motion, is based on this habit of reasoned scepticism. Then do not the sciences fill the bill?

But wait, the classicist enters into the thoughts of men in far-distant times and far-off lands by the only way in which one can truly enter, by reading not only what they said about their thoughts, but what, unguardedly, they revealed in their unconsidered writings. He knows the evolution of our own thought from ancient times. By their aid the Sibylline Book of the past tells him, between its lines, what signify the omens of the present for us now, and in the years to come. Be he a disconsolate lover thinking his ailment unique and incurable, or a man despairing of the world's slow progress, these words of men long dead are as needful as counterweights to a balance. Without some store of this knowledge, a man cannot comprehend the ways of thinking of those in other countries, he cannot even thoroughly understand the history of his own country, and until he does that he is unfit to cast a vote, or ever to sit in judgment upon his fellow men.

It should not be necessary to defend beauty and the great refreshing power of its appreciation. Nor should one still learning expound to his masters the advantages of being able to express oneself vividly and concisely.

Speculation as to why and what we are, philosophy, is man's furthest advance. And that we can never understand without knowledge of the works of ancient Greece. Only through their inspiration do we escape the blissful, ignorant content of Adam and Eve.

To all these things the classics lead. It was the attitude of mind induced by them which enabled men of old to pile up, one learning from another, the wisdom that made knowledge possible. And to-day intelligent men of high ideals, lacking only this knowledge of things not visible or measurable, are able in all seriousness to make remarks incredibly devoid of sense.

Then the conclusion is obvious. We must have some of both, and neither stands alone. I once knew a teacher of English who sent us away from a lecture on Tennyson and Browning with renewed interest in our physics class. And the master of physics, worthy coadjutor—for they were great men both, to my mind—was first responsible for my reading "Locksley Hall."

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Until instructors as a whole can do as they did, joining the broad vision with the far, there cannot be true knowledge. Again and again science shows us forces in balance, and the classics repeat with the Seven Wise Men, "Nothing too much." The answer to the dispute lies in the golden mean, a balanced education.

And now for the question of manner, the greater of the two; for it matters not how valuable the subject if it be not rightly taught. In this question also there are two schools: the one advocates instruction with an axe, the other that knowledge be stored in sugar-coated pills, and the boy allowed to browse his way to surfeit. If you took a moderately intelligent fifth-form boy and asked him in all seriousness what he thought of this latter method, he would tell you that it was rot. He knows that he is irresponsible, that the distant future when education is needed is far too dim to keep him hard at it, and that no boy over twelve could be fooled into thinking irregular verbs to be a game, or even fun.

Sound education does not consist of a series of smatterings; it consists of a good, firm knowledge of certain selected subjects; not so very few subjects, either. We have about twelve years before the college age in which to lay the foundation of a boy's education. When he gets to college—if he does go—most of what he really learns will be specialization in his chosen field. His breadth of education must be attained at school, and there also the faculty for acquiring depth. Yet more is this true if he does not go to college. In this space of time, during most of which the boy is pretty irresponsible, you cannot get him thoroughly to master alien tongues, to learn the fundamentals of the history of this earth and its people, to know its geography, and to get through the elements of mathematics with something retained, without making him work at work anything but pleasant. I defy any one giving a regular course in geometry to make enjoyable the proposition, with all its proof and multiple corollaries, concerning the disastrous results of drawing from the vertex of a right triangle a line perpendicular to the hypotenuse. One might quote a proverb here concerning the absence of a royal road to learning. A boy may be enthusiastic over one subject, but to try to make an average large school, not a special small class, of average, growing boys rush enthusiastically in the pursuit of subjunctives, protozoa, ions, and surds would be to sink the trust of education in folly. However you may succeed in making little children play the Latin Game and the History Game and the Multiplication Game, to try it on a boy over twelve, an ordinary boy with a few normal, outside interests, in a class with a lot of other boys, is to do him an injury for which no court of law could devise adequate recompense.

In the first place, you are going to let him finish his education without learning, possibly, more than one thing well. You are going to make of him a smatterer, knowing each subject only in so far as it holds his interest. Never of his own volition will he dig deep into all those subjects, with their inevitable barren-seeming spots. And then when, later in life, he wants a few good, solid rocks of fact, beaten into his head at an early age, he will find there nothing but pebbles.

Long ago, to the grief of my parents and teachers, I hated Latin; but a long line of iron-willed gentlemen held me at it, until now I can read it, slowly, for pleasure. At the same early age I rather liked French, but had my instructor not been a man of steely eye, bass voice, and prominent jaw, I should never have had the solid grounding of grammar that is now so firmly beaten into my head.

Not that I advocate classroom frightfulness or pointed dulness. Far from it, for I count at least two subjects in which I have never progressed, one because of the terror in which, newly come to my school, an instructor held me; the other because the master was so damnably dull he destroyed all spark of life within his class.

And all this omits consideration of the awful harm that is done to the moral fibre of a boy who is never forced to plug at a disagreeable task, who never has to make himself stick to it. After such a nursing along the path of youth, to turn him loose in the world would be little short of murder.

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Again, there is no royal road to learning. Yet no one need throw stones in the path. If the road be made interesting enough, and the guide be unrelenting in authority, the traveller will learn well, and grow rapidly in favor with God and man.

And if only, above all, the antique sages would climb down from their seats and join those masters, the majority, thank heaven, who do not stop to talk much about us, but who understand us and realize that we are people, not a zoo; if only they would treat us as human beings and find out, from time to time, if we don't do a bit of thinking ourselves, then perhaps there would be an agreement among the pedagogues, peace on Olympus, and wisdom throughout the land.

Meadow's End

BY PHILIP BARRY

WHEN I came in that afternoon I found Mrs. Hoyt and her guests already in the thick of their discussion concerning Sir Horace Flood. It was brought on, no doubt, by an announcement in the New York morning newspapers that "the eminent British philosophical scientist," gratified by the large American sale of his latest work (*An Analysis of Human Motive*), was contemplating a lecture-tour of the United States.

Mrs. Hoyt was making vague, finny gestures: "This 'Law of Elementary Causation'—it's apparently nothing more than simple cause and effect. Only—constructive, you know. He says it applies to individuals as well as to groups. Master the theory, and you can tell from a study of causes what's coming."

"He gave a first-class demonstration of it as far back as 1911," put in Doctor Ainslee, "—address before the Royal Society. Described the approaching war in intimate detail. He even went to the extent of sketching out the main campaigns. The Fellows were greatly amused."

There was a buzz of polite adjectives and ejaculations, followed by what seemed an interminable chatter about Flood's audacious theory. The first mention of his name had started my nerves to jumping again. These comfortable people here—a lot they knew! As the festival of admiration increased, it was all I could do to refrain from flinging their folly in their faces.

It developed that Mrs. Brooke, the quiet English lady, had the honor of personal acquaintance with the great man. She was finally prevailed upon to give her impressions of him.

"Well," she began reluctantly, "he's a rather striking individual of about forty. Thoroughly upright—character *sans reproche*—altogether a most estimable person."

"Barring a bad habit," she proceeded, "of opening his eyes too wide and staring at you, his manners are very nice indeed. But the most extraordinary penetration! On the few occasions I've talked with him he's given me the rather dreadful sensation of appearing before the House of Commons with nothing on."

Mrs. Tennant frowned. These Englishwomen! "And his conversation?" she inquired.

"Not what you'd call diverting. 'Filling' expresses it better. Heaven is my witness, he'll give you a reason for anything." She laughed reminiscently. "Once, in a fit of desperation, I told him your delicious American verse about 'The Purple Cow,' and asked him if he could explain why it was funny. I give you my word that in just three deft strokes he had served the adorable beast up to me as prime ribs *au jus!*"

A little ripple of amusement, and some one asked the inevitable question.

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"Ah yes—twice! The first Lady Flood died last spring. She was a mere girl, too—Irish, I believe—lovely creature. I recollect that some one said of her: 'She stands out among other women as a silver birch in a grove of maples.' Pretty, isn't it? They say he adored her—a very good husband. But he's the sort of man who needs a woman about—hence the Lady Alicia a scant four months afterward. I dare say she's better suited to him—older—no end of brains."

I leaned forward. Here was news, indeed! The hot words were out before I knew it: "In *my* opinion, Flood is as contemptible a rascal as ever went unhanged!"

For a moment they sat gaping at me, shocked into silence. I thought rapidly, realizing that the involuntary outburst required an explanation which I could not bring myself to give. Accordingly, I so obviously changed the subject that a return to the former one would have been a rudeness as palpable as my own. When I decently could, I left them.

The following afternoon brought a note from Mrs. Brooke. "I have learned," she wrote, "that your initials are 'R. C. L.' This fact, combined with what appeared in the London *Times* of May 18th last, regarding a monogrammed handkerchief, forms a puzzle too interesting to go unsolved. Won't you come and tell me the answer? I am discretion itself."

She, too, had seen and remembered that pitiful little paragraph in *The Times!* Well—there was only one thing to do. That evening I gave her as faithful an account as I could of the extraordinary experience I underwent the night before I left England.

Last May (I told her) the unexpected death of my great-uncle, Richard Carhart Lyon, for whom I was named, necessitated my return to America as sole executor of his very involved estate.

On May 11th a cable arrived from the Department of State, accepting my resignation as secretary of the London Embassy. I promptly booked passage on the *Aquitania*, to sail from Southampton on Wednesday, the 17th.

The previous Saturday found me up the Thames, a few miles north of Bray, on a house-boat owned by an Englishwoman of my acquaintance. I had taken official leave of the embassy, and inasmuch as the party included several of my most intimate friends, I planned to remain with them until Wednesday forenoon, reaching Southampton in time to sail at four.

We dined early Tuesday night. One of the guests was to take the 9.08 from Taplow, back to town, and I had volunteered to motor him to the station. We took a small car from the garage on the river-bank. As luck would have it, a tire blew out on the way, and the car carried no spare. It was too late to go back. As it was, we limped up to the station only just in time.

It was still light when the train pulled out—a gorgeous May evening; perhaps, I told myself, my last in England for many years. The air lay in the palm of my hand fluffy and soft as a bunch of warm feathers. I wanted more of it.

So, leaving the crippled car at a repair-shop near by with instructions to send it down early in the morning, I proceeded to indulge my whim of returning to the boat on foot across the fields. I figured that it would take only an hour or so, and that bridge was certain to keep my friends awake until my arrival.

Darkness was slow in coming and everything went well until I reached the little churchyard of Bray. There, in great good spirits, I had paused long enough to sing for the delectation of the ghosts Gilbert and Sullivan's incomparable refrain "I Am the Vicar of Bray, Sir!"

Perhaps the celebrated vicar himself was there, and his long-harassed spirit itched to avenge the affront. At any rate, no sooner had I left the cluster of graying stones fifty yards behind than night began to close in rapidly and I found myself in the middle of a meadow, my always untrustworthy sense of direction gone from me like a faithless mistress.

I halted, and attempted to orient myself. It was no use. I couldn't even have told in which direction the river lay. A little uncomfortably, I started on once more, in the hope of striking a road or a farmhouse.

Suddenly I stopped again. You know how it is when, without expecting it, you run upon a person in semi-darkness. There, a few feet ahead of me to the

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right, something was crouching. I can tell you it made my heart thump.

I was considerably relieved as the dim figure gradually resolved itself into that of a woman. I approached a few steps nearer. She took no notice of me. I saw that she was clad in an evening dress of misty blue, cut quite low, with a silver girdle brocaded in a deeper blue, and silver slippers. She was very slight, and her shoulders shone white against the screen of darkness at her back. The rising half-moon gave her hair the glow of tawny amber. Her head was bent so that I could not see her face. Her throat was a marvel. She appeared to be writing, very slowly, upon a piece of paper held against her knees. And as she wrote, two yellow roses nodded at her waist.

A sudden movement informed me that she had finished. Opening a diminutive sandalwood cigarette-case, she enclosed the paper, and shut it again, with a snap.

"If you'll pardon the intrusion—" I began, and waited for as commonplace a reply. None came.

"I want to find out the direction of the river from here," I went on stubbornly. That at least had the virtue of explicitness. But it evoked no answer. She merely lifted her head and contemplated me passively. Her eyes, set off by an oblique sweep of shadow beneath them, were the luminous gray of wet slate. They drooped a little at the corners, with the delicate brows above. Her nose was small and fine, carrying just a suggestion of an arch. Whimsicality lurked in the corners of her mouth. It was a face to give one pause.

After a decent interval, I pressed my question again, as I would a door-bell:

"I want to find—" She turned sharply away.

"Some one," she said, "is always wanting to find out something."

"That," I retorted smartly, "is a generalization—and this, a particular case——"

I got no further. Her quick inspiration of breath stopped me like a slap. Then:

"Please go on your way," she said. "Don't stop here. *You'll* find what you want, right enough."

"But it's a house-boat I'm looking for," I protested. "And I haven't the remotest idea how to get to it." Whereupon I stuck my stick firmly in the ground, put my hat upon it at a rakish angle, and sat facing her, leaning back on my arms in the cool grass. The gray eyes had fixed me in a searching scrutiny. I smiled as ingenuously as I knew how.

"Can you tell me?—I shall wait until you do."

"Yes," reluctantly, "I can——"

"I'm listening——?"

"—But I don't think I shall."

No coquetry in it, mind you. A simple statement of fact.

"I've got to find it eventually. Why won't you tell me?"

"I—just don't want to."

"But *why?*" I insisted.

She turned in a flash: "Oh—*will* you stop *why*ing me! I'm simply not interested in telling you. Isn't that enough?"

"Are you interested in anything?" I inquired mildly.

"Naturally." The succinct rejoinder carried a tinge of scorn.

"Mind telling me what?"

"N-o-o-o——"

"Well——?"

"Would you rather know the road—or the things I find diverting?"

"Can't I have both?"

"Both's too many for just one night."

"You're—tired, then?"

Her eyelids half closed at the question. She seemed to sag, if you know what I mean, to sag horribly. Once more, a breath drawn quickly in. That was her fortification.

"A little—" Though she smiled as she said it, the words came wearily, in a thin, spent voice.

"After all," I reflected aloud, "a road's quite a usual thing. And you are a sure-enough whimsie. One runs on roads wherever he goes. Real whimsies are scarce as leprecawns. If ever one has the rare luck to meet one, he's a fool not to find out the things her fancy follows——"

Sadly she shook her fair young head: "You wouldn't understand."

"I understand four languages."

"Not mine. Nobody ever did, nobody ever——"

"Try me," I urged, "I may be a seer—a sibyl——"

She regarded me uncertainly for a moment, her lower lip caught quizzically between her teeth. The examination appeared to satisfy her.

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She counted them off rapidly on her fingers: "Ships—but not shoes. Sealing-wax, of course—heavenly stuff. Kings—but not cabbages. Yorick. Alligator-pears. Italian Primitives. Old tombstones, and little, new, yellow ducks. Mind you, now—not chickens! Chickens are less charming. Anatole France. Altars. Folk-songs—if they're unintelligible. Watteau. The contemplative, red-brown of old cows' eyes. Judas—I think he was an agent of salvation, and knew it all the time. John Keats. Opals—though they frighten me. What Dante's wife thought of him. The footprints dreams leave—" She threw her hands out, helplessly. "Oh," she cried, "I've more than a *thousand* things to interest *me!*"

Startling enough, to be sure. But I thought it delicious.

"And which do you find the most engrossing?"

She fell silent, thoughtfully crumpling one eyebrow. Finally:

"Well — fountain-pens, I suppose — when they don't catch and spatter. But they just about always do. I've given them up, I think."

"Mine doesn't!" I was eager in its defense. "It's an American make. Try it——"

I held it out to her, but she regarded it without fervor.

"It is impossible that it shouldn't," she said with a frown. "And anyway, you're much too glib with your tests. I've a particular aversion to tests." Somewhat disgruntled, I returned the fountain-pen to my pocket.

"Are you—an American make, too?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes—sailing to-morrow. To-night's my last in England."

A little exclamation escaped her. Her eyes began a leisurely survey of the fields about us. Then she turned them full upon me, smiling enigmatically.

"How funny!" she murmured.

"Is it?"

"Yes—very funny indeed. But you don't know why. Do you care much about 'whys'?"

"Not tuppence."

"No? Has no one ever pointed a finger at you and kept asking you '*Why* do you do this?—*why* did you do that?'—when you've really done nothing at all—and probably wouldn't know why if you had——?"

"Not since my fearfully tender youth."

"Ah—you've been lucky!" She hesitated before going on: "But don't you even *care* why—well, ah—why birds fly? I mean what *makes* them fly, beside the flap of their wings?"

"So long as they keep flapping," I laughed, "it's quite enough for me!"

She leaned a little forward. I felt—and it was a strange feeling—that my responses were being very important to her.

"But what about the—ah—'substratum of unconscious motive'?" She put the question severely. "—You can't get away from *that*, can you?"

"I can get away from anything I don't know the meaning of."

"You actually insist that the fact that birds were once dinosaurs, or something, and that their living in trees millions of years ago coerced the poor things into growing wings—means just—nothing at all to you?"

"They could have been lavender giraffes," I asserted, "with long magenta tails. They could have lived in old cabooses under the sea, for all the difference it would make to me."

She laughed delightedly: "And if they *had* been, I shouldn't keep throwing their past in their faces!" She snapped the clasp of the sandalwood case, with conviction. A brief silence. Then:

"I'm told that they always make troops break step when they're crossing a bridge. Do you know what would happen if they didn't?"

"I've heard a silly superstition that the bridge would go to pieces. But I don't believe one ever did."

"Splendid! Who cares if it would—or *why* it would?"

I assured her that I, for one, did not.

"It's miraculous," she whispered, "it's miraculous that you don't."

With a slender little finger she began tracing the fine lines in her palm. Her words were a chant: "Oh, grasshoppers hop, and field-mouses dig, and fools write books on isms, whys, and wherefores. And people live and people die, and the queer old world keeps turning just the samee, same, same, same——"

"—And turning as it does," I put in

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solemnly, "it cannot escape the fact that if all the tea-muffins consumed in the United Kingdom between four and six on a given afternoon were piled together in the shape of a pyramid in Trafalgar Square——"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in pain, "—you *wouldn't!*"

"—They would look ridiculous." I concluded gravely.

Her apprehension was mirth in an instant. She clasped her hands at the nape of her neck and threw back her head. Blue starlight flowed over her face, bathing her temples in artless beauty.

"I'd have sworn it was a statistic," she said. "—If you *knew* what statistics did to me!"

My manners unexpectedly gave way: "Tell me, Whimsie, what *is* your name?"

"Ripe olives are sublime," she informed the constellations above her. "—If they were hung on stars, I'd reach out after them."

Again my request, this time with more determination.

"'My name is Norval,'" she crooned. "'On the Grampian Hills I feed my flocks.'"

"In the English meadows you'll politely answer my question," I insisted doggedly.

"Ah yes—your question. Well—it's 'Mary'—simple but adequate—and you may call me it. I'm a person of no consequence, but very choosey. And my last name I choose to withhold. Yours I choose to know—first name, last name, middle name, all——"

"'Richard Carhart Lyon.'" She repeated it several times softly to herself, as if tasting it. Then:

"'Cœur de Lion,'" she cried excitedly. "Oh—that's very nice indeed! It sounds like the clank of a scabbard, and a voice '*en avant—pour le Roi!*'"

"And yet you're a singular man, Richard," she told a blade of grass she had picked. "One feels like a child with you. It's—an almost forgotten joy for me. It's——"

Her voice dwindled to a thin wisp, and then went out. She was biting her lip, as if to keep it from trembling. I groped vainly through old, shut closets in my heart for a way to tell her that whatever was hurting so awfully now, couldn't keep hurting forever. She must have sensed a tautness somewhere, for when she spoke again it was in a manner that smacked of the polite clink of crystal chandeliers in a drawing-room.

"You're an American, you say. But how delightful! I'm not English, myself, you know——"

"Your feet would have told me that." My audacity crumbled her flimsy defense. Without a trace of embarrassment, she fell to studying her absurd little slippers.

"They're Irish feet," she murmured. "They've danced with the fairies on Ballangrah's Hill——"

"And it's putting the fairies to shame they'd be!" I declared, with a flourish.

Mary rose abruptly and flung one white arm out. "Will you run across the fields with me?" she cried. "They're flat, and smooth—and made to be run over——"

She held out the sandalwood case, bidding me tie it tightly to her wrist. I offered to find it a place in my pocket.

"No!" She shook her smiling head rapidly, a child aquiver with excitement. "Do as I say. It's—" The smile dimmed, and then returned, hesitant, uncertain, and much, much older. "It's—my little joke," she confided. Without understanding her, I bound it securely to her wrist with my handkerchief.

We ran. I had her hand caught fast in mine, and, with our chins up and our throats cool, and the moist smell of the grass sharp in our nostrils, we flew across the fields until I thought my heart would pound out of my body. Ahead, I caught the gleam of a flat gray stone, picked out by the moon like a great gem from its setting. The moment we reached it, I felt Mary's fingers tighten sharply. She stopped as suddenly as she had begun, dipped her hands in the air, palms upward, and levelled her face with the sky.

"Oh—we've *run!*" she cried. "We've run across the fields for just no reason at all. We've run because we *felt* like running—not to leave anything—not to get anywhere!" Her hand fell upon my arm, and her eyes implored me. "Richard—lad—can you even so much as guess what such a thing means to me?"

Even if I had comprehended, I could not have answered. My breath seemed

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gone entirely. My head dropped dumbly upon her slight shoulder. Two of her fingers patted my cheek.

"How funny," she said, "how very funny that no one can—not even Richard himself."

When finally I raised my head, she touched the stone lightly with the tip of her slipper.

"I think," she announced, "that we'll call this 'Meadow's End.' Let's sit."

She throned herself with her knees hugged up, resting her chin upon them, sideways. A patch of moss on the ground offered me a comfortable seat. For a while we were silent. A white jack-rabbit bounded out of nowhere, cut across our vision like a bolt of flung white ribbon, paused a moment looking back at us with one ear cocked, and then diminished into the distance, in a sprightly ricochet. The moon climbed ponderously up its studded staircase. . . .

Then Mary sang for me. In a flute-like voice of little strength, but marvellously sure and sweet, she sang the Psalms of David to the tune of "Rosie O'Grady." However she managed it, I do not know. But I do know that it was very beautiful.

I sang for Mary—in a voice for which no good can be said—some Southern plantation songs that had charmed me as a boy. They were primitive, ecstatic things —"priceless," she pronounced them, and begged for more. As she listened, she busied herself scratching letters in the soft stone with a pocket-knife, detached from my watch-chain at her request.

After the songs, we talked nonsense—glorious, disconnected nonsense. Somewhere near by in a field, a cow lowed dolefully. We fashioned an ode to her—one furnishing two lines, for the other to cap the rhymes:

> "Although my cow's not beautiful,
> I love her just the same."

—That was my beginning. Mary continued it:

> "Her ways are very dutiful—
> And plainness is no shame."

It went on:

> "Each morn I frisk her of her milk
> And stroke her gentle side.
> Her fur is warm, and smooth as silk,
> Full length, and three yards wide.
> She gives me butter, milk, and cream
> —You'd scarce expect it of her.
> With art like this, it will not seem
> Grotesque, that I should love her."

There were other verses I can't remember now, despite the fact that they tripped through my mind for days on end. The final one sticks:

> "She is so meek and diffident,
> That, now my song is sung,
> To cover her embarrassment
> She hides behind her tongue."

We decided that, for ineffable beauty, "Kubla Khan" alone could compare with it.

The time had come, the Walrus said, to speak of many things. We found nothing more boring than train-schedules (she pronounced it with a soft "c"). We were agreed that new babies were rather revolting, but that nothing was quite so delicious as one of, say, seven months. We could not, try as we might, find anything about a vacuum repugnant enough to make Nature abhor it so. We marvelled at the strange Power that gives all postmen kind, sympathetic faces. We adored together the canny rook crouched in the base of Peter Pan's statue in Kensington Gardens. We concluded that the two greatest books ever written were "Alice in Wonderland" and the Book of Revelations; that the two greatest people who ever had lived, were ourselves. We scoffed alike at Darwin and Lamarck, at Newton and Einstein. "Though," said Mary, with a very conscious smile, "*I* prefer Newton and his rosy, red apple—I can get my *teeth* into that!" crying immediately afterward: "Off with her head!"

We had come to the end of our discussion as to whether or not Mahomet's followers are correct in their belief that the prophet's coffin still hangs suspended in mid-air (we decided that they are, though to save our lives we couldn't have told why—and were glad we couldn't), when I saw the inscription she was cutting in the stone. I read as far as she had got with it:

MARY'S DREAM
NATUM — 14. MAY 1921
OBIIT

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Born May 16th—that very night! I waited in silence, to see the date, or the dash, that must follow the "OBIIT." But:

"It is not finished," she said quietly. "I shall finish it later." Her words fell upon my ears with a curiously sad import. Very carefully she laid the knife upon the stone, opposite the ghostly word. Then she rose, and extended one hand to me.

"Come," she commanded, "—dance with me, Richard—while my eyes are still dry."

We danced. Not a sound left our lips, but the tune in our heads was still "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," over and over and over. Now and again she swirled off from me, dancing alone—her lithe young body bending and swaying like a wind-ripple over a spear of iris. Then she would return, holding fast to my hands, the tempo mounting higher and higher. At last—with a sudden little cry—she stopped and pointed out a light a short distance to our left.

"That's at the foot of your road," she said. "That's on a house-boat down there."

Her head sank for an instant upon my breast. "Good-by to you now, Richard Lyon," she said, "—and thanks—oh, thanks to you—thanks——"

Slowly she looked up at me. Her face was a white blur, desolate, stricken.

"Have you—a wife?" she demanded lowly.

I told her that I had not.

"—No one—who would care—at all?" I shook my head dumbly.

"Then kiss me," she said simply. "Kiss me as you would a forlorn little girl who's going a long way away."

Her frail body strained to me. I felt the kept-back sobs rise and fall against her shoulders—felt her chin trembling—felt the wet of her silent tears against my cheek—and kissed her as she bade me.

When she could, she smiled again. "Ah, lad," she said brightly, "it's very certain I can't go back now!"

I didn't comprehend at first. The words huddled together curiously. I took them as meaning that she would not leave me. A flood of entreaties came beating for voice. I saw my life an empty thing, without this whimsical, lonely girl along with me somehow, in any wise she chose to come. But before the thoughts could shape, she was speaking softly and rapidly, as if she had divined them.

"No, Richard, no," she said. "If only things weren't as they are, one might live one's dream—instead of just dreaming it. It's—a little late, now."

A remonstrance sprang to my lips. "No," she repeated. "For if I did, I might sometime have to put a date on 'Meadow's End' instead of the brave word I can cut there now. That would be—too awful."

She tried her best to smile, but there was an infinite sadness in her words of parting: "Magnificent—we two. Magnificent—this night. But for Richard and Mary—it's—hail and farewell."

She brought my hand to her heart, bent and kissed it ever so lightly, rested her cheek upon it for the space of one breath—and was gone.

After a long while I became conscious of my feet moving and the light drawing closer. Then it seemed no time at all before my friends on board were plying me with apprehensive questions and begging to know what on earth had happened to make me look so white. I laughed their fears to rout, and immediately turned in. Singularly enough, I slept like a child.

In the morning, before it was time to leave for my train, I searched out "Meadow's End" once more. The inscription had been completed—the final word was there. It read:

MARY'S DREAM
NATUM — 16. MAY 1921
OBIIT — NUNQUAM

The "NUNQUAM" was cut deathlessly deep, and my knife, with blades nicely folded away, lay on the stone beside it. It was good to know that Mary believed her dream born to immortality. It put to rest a sickening fear that had grown up during the night. I sailed at four that afternoon.

After a week in Baltimore, early June found me again in New York. It was in the library of the University Club there that I ran upon that brief and awful paragraph in the London *Times* of May 18th.

For a time it numbed my credulity. I assured myself that things like that sim-

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ply didn't happen—leastwise, to me. Then the crass, inevitable truth of it suddenly struck out with all its stinging, black and white force. I give you my word, it nearly knocked the heart out of me.

How insanely stupid I had been! But Flood—surely Flood, with his uncanny penetration, must have seen it coming. Logic and reason—reason and logic! Heaven knows he'd had sufficient data in *this* case—he who insisted that he could point a reason for everything—and in advance, at that! Seeing its approach, had he made no attempt to avert the disaster? Was it even possible that he had coldly set out to be rid of her—constructing the causes himself, to assure the effect he wanted? Or was he, after all, a charlatan who couldn't really tell where things were going?

Well, of one fact I was convinced: whether his claims to scientific prophecy were truth or trash, the responsibility for Mary's death was his, and his alone. The message she left is an earnest of that.

When I showed Mrs. Brooke the clipping again, she agreed with me. I think that you will, too. Here it is:

> The body of the Lady Mary, wife of Sir Horace Flood, Bart., F.R.S., was taken from the Thames at a point about one mile south of the Bray Locks yesterday forenoon. The deceased disappeared, at about nine o'clock in the evening on the night of May 16th, from her home, Plandom Hard, where she and her husband have lived since their marriage four years ago. Lady Flood was but 24 years of age, and supposedly in excellent health. Sir Horace states that they were performing some psychological experiments together in his study, when she suddenly left the room, and did not return. He is insistent that the death was the result of an accident. Evidence to the contrary, however, was discovered in a small, silver-bound, sandalwood cigarette-case, fastened to her wrist by a large handkerchief bearing the initials "R. C. L." The case contained a piece of paper upon which was inscribed in indelible pencil, in what is acknowledged to be the authentic handwriting of the deceased, a single sentence: "There is no reason for this." The coroner has accordingly returned a verdict of suicide, with cause unknown.

Lanier in the Valley

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE

[Sidney Lanier died at Lynn in the Valley of the Pacolet, N. C.]

BECAUSE Lanier looked down the purple valley,
Its beauty wears for me a deeper glow;
From the sweet gloom of shadowy recesses
Some essence of his spirit seems to flow.

Sleeping, he dreamed of his beloved marshes,
Fancied he heard the ocean's organ tones,
Then waked to hear the whispering mimosas,
The laughing Pacolet among its stones.

The flute he loved to play lay idle by him,
But for his comforting the hermit thrush
Flung once his liquid song upon the silence
And left to stars and night the perfumed hush.

Night slipped to dawn, and pain merged into beauty,
Bright grew the road his weary feet had trod,
He gave his salutation to the morning,
And found himself before the face of God.

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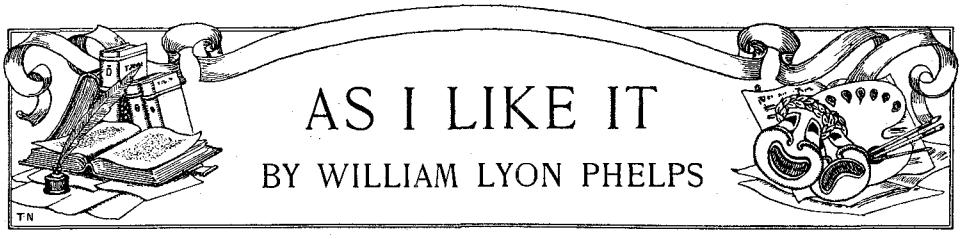

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

I HAVE often been asked this question: What is the most exciting novel you have ever read? The answer is not difficult. I have been thrilled by "The Three Musketeers," "Treasure Island," "The Adventures of Captain Horn"; but the most exciting novel I have ever read is "The Wings of the Morning," by Louis Tracy. It opens with a shipwreck, and from the first word in the first chapter to the last word on the book's last page, it never lags or sags. I will guarantee this story to all convalescents; and as an anæsthetic for railway travel, it is effective.

Typographical errors are becoming alarmingly common in contemporary English and American books; where are the proof-readers? Nearly every new book I pick up, no matter how exalted the name at the foot of the title-page, bristles with blunders. Sometimes these are unconscious but distinct contributions to humor. I suppose the last place one would look for a joke would be in the works of Herbert Spencer; yet in his Autobiography there is an account of one of the happiest errors imaginable. Inasmuch as the Autobiography fell flat, and is little read, I venture to repeat this. Spencer said there was a devout woman who wrote the following sentence: *Pour bien comprendre l'amour, il faut sortir de soi.* To her horror, the sentence appeared in the book, *Pour bien comprendre l'amour, il faut sortir le soir.* She must have dictated; it is difficult for any one not of the Middle West, to give the full and correct value to the French R. Mr. William Henry Bishop, the American novelist, who is an excellent French scholar, told me that once in a restaurant in Belgium, he ordered a lobster. When the waiter brought it, it was so small that Mr. Bishop regarded it contemptuously and said, as he supposed, *C'est pour rire!* To his amazement, the waiter instantly smelt of it, and said, *Vous avez raison, Monsieur; c'est pourri.* He carried it away with imperturbable gravity, and brought him another.

Apart from typographical errors, modern books contain many misspellings. The word most often misspelled by the best authors and publishers, is *ecstasy;* and the name that suffers most often is Shakespeare's *Jaques.* There is no authority for writing *ecstacy;* and to write *Jacques* is not only to give the wrong name, but to attack Shakespeare's rhythm. Yet in a work by that arch-corrector of other men, the late J. Churton Collins, I found *Jacques;* and in his book on Hamlet, published in 1922 by Professor Clutton-Brock of Oxford, I note the same ghastly blunder. There are two quite different men in "As You Like It" named *Jaques,* but there is no *Jacques.*

Professor Clutton-Brock's little book stirred up much dust in England, and while it is full of thought-provoking statements, and therefore valuable, it gets us really no nearer to the Prince of Denmark. You cannot capture the secret of his personality by psycho-analysis any more than you can expose a man's soul by an autopsy. Outside of the Bible, Hamlet is the most interesting character in the world; you can arouse more heated controversy about him than by discussing Woodrow Wilson or Theodore Roosevelt. Why should every one try to make him consistent, or to fit him to a formula? His essential humanity is shown in the fact that he was not consistent, not a personified type or abstraction. He is a college undergraduate of splendid mind, noble character, and irresistible charm; his self-reproaches are natural enough, for it is always good young men, like Milton, Emerson, and Jonathan Edwards, who are dissatisfied with their conduct and achievement; the selfish and lazy, although they waste much time, never waste it in remorse; they rather fancy themselves. As if to forestall adverse criticism, Shakespeare placed alongside

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Hamlet another young man, Laertes, conventional and shallow; when his father is killed, he does exactly what many have insisted Hamlet ought to have done, and with disastrous results. No living character will ever act logically; he will act only chronologically. And when he is as interesting as Hamlet, it is fascinating to see what he will do next. All we know is that it will be something unpredictable.

There is one passage which no commentator and no actor has ever interpreted to my satisfaction. In the midst of his soliloquy on the possibilities of future existence—sleep or dreams—Hamlet sees Ophelia approaching, and he says, first to himself, and then to her:

> "Soft you now!
> The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
> Be all my sins remember'd."

Nearly all seem to think this should be spoken lightly, as a half-mocking formal compliment, with a touch of banter; for many men change the conversation from serious matters to nonsense when a woman enters the room, as though intellectual subjects were as much beyond her range as if she were the house-cat. Pretty creature! But consider a moment: what has Hamlet been thinking about? He has been obsessed by the dreadful thought of suicide, a thought a million times commoner than the act, but nevertheless dangerous. He knows his soul is in peril. Remember what Burton said in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," on this insidious idea. "Who knows how he may be tempted? It is his case, it may be thine: . . . God be merciful unto us all." In the midst of this horror of great darkness, Ophelia appears, and Hamlet says with an intensity of feeling strange to her ignorance of his peril:

> "in thy orisons
> Be all my sins remember'd."

"Oh, Ophelia, pray for me." Every young man needs the prayers of a good girl. There are times when he needs them desperately.

Hamlet is not treating Ophelia either with smiling or with tender condescension; he is in a mental attitude of supplication.

It should be remembered that even Horatio, the man of iron composure and self-control, tried to commit suicide.

It is pleasant to observe that the new Vailima Stevenson, with family prefaces, the most complete that has ever appeared, surpassing in this and in some other respects the much-sought-after Edinburgh edition, was entirely sold by subscription before a single volume was printed, so that the set has already mounted to fancy prices. I say it is pleasant to observe this, not only because the Vailima edition is so beautiful as to be worthy of the beautiful art of the author, but because such an immediate response is sufficient answer to the present detractors of Stevenson, of whom there are enough to draw attention, not to Stevenson, but to themselves, which perhaps is their main purpose. To say that Stevenson was not a great writer is like saying that the sun is not shining, when it is. They who listen do not think of the sun; they regard with curiosity those who deny its light.

The same publishers whose monument to Stevenson is so admired are building another to John Galsworthy, who perhaps, among English novelists in activity, is most deserving of the memorial. Inasmuch as the Stevenson is a genuine limited edition, printed from type and the type distributed, which is the only satisfactory method, so in the case of an author yet alive, there should be some guarantee that his future works will be included. This undertaking has, I believe, been promised to those who buy the Galsworthy set.

I hope that the handsome New York edition of the works of Henry James will be completed. He is prevented by unavoidable absence from writing new prefaces, which added so much to the volumes he supervised; the same reason makes it impossible for him to revise the other books, and for this fact I am grateful. His alterations are not improvements. Simply compare the paragraph containing the death of Daisy Miller as he originally published it with the later version. As there is in England at this moment a complete set of his works in process of publication, there should be one also in the land of his birth, where by his own request, his ashes rest. There could not be a better way to accomplish this

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than by continuing the New York edition.

I wonder how many agree with me that "The American" is Henry James's best novel, and that "The Turn of the Screw" is the best ghost story ever written? Probably not many; which does not shake my faith, though I wish there were more.

Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, one of the real scholars in America, writes to me, "While everything else is going to smash, what tennis prevails!" Is not this the true reason why so many of the intelligentsia, on opening the morning paper, turn first of all to the sporting page? I remember once, during the war, while travelling on a train, a newsboy brought in the papers, which were eagerly bought. Sitting near me was a clergyman in clerical dress, who opened his paper feverishly, and turned instantly to the sporting page, without looking to see what had happened in France. Perhaps this habit, which is more common than some may think, needs no apology. The front page is covered with failures—failures of capitalists and laborers to avert disastrous strikes, failures of statesmen to bring peace to the world, failures in Ireland, failures of stock-brokers, failures of theatre-managers, failures of husbands and wives in the art of living together. All of these groups of people should be experts, and their pathetic failures are daily and depressingly recorded. How different is the sporting page, where we read of the glorious triumphs of Ty Cobb, Sarazen, Sweetser, Tilden, and Johnston! The sporting page is the Daily Hope. It advertises success rather than failure.

My friend Perry also makes a *mot* which should not be lost. Seeing a Harvard undergraduate with a huge H on his sweater, he remarked, "Yes, I see now what is meant by the way universities nourish the love of letters."

Many good Americans seem to be troubled about the vast number of English authors who come hither to lecture, are eagerly and copiously entertained, and then return to their native land with much money, for which in some cases they have given nothing except their digestion. The thing certainly has its amusing side, especially when the "lecturer" knows nothing of the art of speaking, looks at a crowded and expensive audience quizzically, begins his remarks by stating that he has nothing to say, and then proves it to the satisfaction of all. But why take offense? Attendance is voluntary. Some say acidly, that if *we* sent *our* authors over *there*, *they* would not receive either money or hospitality. Perhaps not; yet Mark Twain found it easy to obtain both. Just now, we have no Mark Twain; and while reading Franklin the other day, I hit upon the possible reason why Americans entertain foreigners so lavishly. In a note appended to his "Remarks concerning the Savages of North America," Franklin said, "It is remarkable that in all Ages and Countries Hospitality has been allow'd as the Virtue of those whom the civiliz'd were pleased to call Barbarians. The Greeks celebrated the Scythians for it. The Saracens possess'd it eminently, and it is to this day the reigning Virtue of the wild Arabs. St. Paul, too, in the Relation of his Voyage and Shipwreck on the Island of Melita says the Barbarous People shewed us no little kindness; for they kindled a fire, and received us every one."

Why do old people eat so much? Many families have some aged and worn-out member, who has to be supported, and who seems to the supporters both a particular and a prodigious consumer of food. Old Isaac was swindled by that unscrupulous mother-and-son combination, Rebekah and Jacob—swindled through his lust for meat. The reason why the aged and the idle eat so much is simple enough. It is because meals are the chief events in the day. To an active man or woman good food is agreeable, but the eater is not primarily interested in it; he has been busy up to meal-time, and is thinking of what he has to do the moment the repast is over. Sometimes indeed, no matter how excellent the luncheon, it is an interruption in an absorbing occupation, which is why most Americans could not endure afternoon tea. Do you think I would stop my work or my golf for that? But to venerable and idle persons, who have nothing to do except look forward to the next meal, this is a sacred rite, not to be taken carelessly or hastily. Observe how particular every one (except the seasick) is about food on an ocean liner, or while

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travelling anywhere. Some unsympathetic critics say that these who complain about their meals on shipboard probably have not very good ones at home. Of course; that is precisely why they complain when meals are all-important. It is not so surprising that tourists often remember a certain place in Europe because there they had a marvellous dinner. This is quite natural, otherwise it would not be such a common experience. And there is point to what Oscar Wilde said: "I hate people who are not serious about their meals."

A French gentleman, of whom I had never heard, recently went to London to see the English plays, and was so disgusted with them that he relieved his mind in *Figaro*. He saw Barrie's "Dear Brutus," and declared, "It is a charming play for a child of six to write." I remember reading somewhere how the attention of a group of squabbling men was called to a little child, with the remark that unless they could become as little children, they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Does not the inability of this Parisian to understand Barrie unconsciously help to explain the present condition of French drama?

In the last act of "What Every Woman Knows," when Maggie is trying to force John into imprisonment with Sybil, John says, "You needn't be in such a hurry. There are three days to run yet." Barrie adds in parenthesis, "The French are so different from us that we shall probably never be able to understand why the Comtesse laughed aloud here." I am afraid he understands them better than *vice versa*.

At the age of eighty-two, Thomas Hardy has published a new volume of poems, called "Late Lyrics and Earlier." It is fine to see such resplendent vitality, in one who, as Carlyle said of Goethe at the same age, is "beaming in mildest mellow splendor, beaming, if also trembling, like a great sun on the verge of the horizon, near now to its long farewell." These lyrics show no diminution of beauty, for most of his poems are of the afternoon. And his gospel of despair reveals the same ingenuity of torment, as in "After the War," where the lovers parted in 1914, with a premonition on her part that this would be the last embrace. So it was; only he returned alive, to find her dead. The introductory prose Apology is, however, rather curious. He says, "And what is to-day, in allusions to the present author's pages, alleged to be 'pessimism' is, in truth, only such 'questionings' in the exploration of reality, and is the first step towards the soul's betterment, and the body's also." I find this preface doubly strange; first, that Mr. Hardy should feel persecuted, when his is the most universally honored name by old and young, and by all schools of thought, in the Anglo-Saxon world. He has reached an apotheosis, and so far as his literary art is concerned, he deserves it. What more could a man possibly ask of his contemporaries than Thomas Hardy has received? What more could even an optimist ask of life than eighty-two years of sound bodily and mental vigor, with the free exercise of his creative genius, amid the encouragement of the whole age?

In the second place, I cannot see why he should resent being called a pessimist. That is no term of reproach; it is a description of a respectable intellectual attitude. I think none the worse of a man because he is a sincere, honest, and convinced pessimist, and Mr. Hardy is just that. It never offends me to be called a Christian nor even a Puritan; and it is certainly more fashionable to be a Pessimist than a Puritan.

It is interesting to see Mr. Hardy dismissing the Catholic Church because it remains stanch in its faith; it has lost its chance for the future, he thinks. This statement will make good Catholics smile. Members of all branches of the Christian Church will not commit the folly of following the advice of those who never under any circumstances would join it. Yet to-day, as in past time, Christian people are daily in receipt of advice from enemies of their faith, which they may be pardoned for treating, even when it is well meant, with the consideration it deserves.

The fact is that Thomas Hardy, like so many others, cannot delete the Christian religion from his mind. And one reason is, that in charity, gentleness, good-will, and kindness to both men and animals, he

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is in his heart filled with what the apostle of Christianity called the greatest thing in the world. The last poem in this volume, "Surview," bearing the motto, *Cogitavi vias meas*, represents the old poet looking into the fire, and hearing therefrom his own voice talking to him, and telling him that he had not taught that which he had set about, that the greatest of things is Charity. Well, if he has not taught it, he has done something better; he has expressed it in his daily life.

The year 1922 has not been so good a year for novels as 1920 and 1921. Although the first half of the book is the author's best, as a whole "This Freedom" is inferior to "If Winter Comes": Booth Tarkington must know as well as anybody that "Gentle Julia" is not to be compared with "Alice Adams"; Edith Wharton's "The Glimpses of the Moon," looks almost cheap when placed by "The Age of Innocence"; Mrs. Burnett's "Robin" is a disappointing sequel to "The Head of the House of Coombe"; Wells's "The Secret Places of the Heart" is negligible; Marshall's "Big Peter" will not please the lovers of the Clinton family.

The best American novel of the year is "Adrienne Toner," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

I am glad to see that at last England is waking up to the fact that they have an important novelist in Archibald Marshall, whose works have been widely appreciated in America for the last seven years. In the August *Mercury*, there is an interesting essay on his stories, with an inquiry as to the reason for America's more cordial recognition of them. A full-page portrait in the same number will interest those who met Mr. Marshall in America in 1921.

Why is it that when Italy is flooded with Americans, so few of them go to Fano? Robert and Elizabeth Browning visited the little walled town in 1848, and finding in the church of S. Agostino a portrait of "The Guardian Angel," by Guercino, Browning wrote a poem which made this picture one of the most famous in the world. Yet no one ever goes there. In 1912, when I stood in front of the original, I found a resident Hungarian priest who had never seen an American before. Nor did he know that Guercino's masterpiece had been translated into English song. I wrote a half-page biography of Browning for his instruction in such Italian that if Dante could see it, I should find myself moving in a very exclusive circle. In the year 1912 I had never met any person who had been in Fano; not even Sir Rennell Rodd, the British Ambassador, a critic of Browning and an original poet, had then seen Fano. People who knew everything else in Italy had never entered the gates of Fano. I therefore organized "The Fano Club." There are no initiation fees and no dues; the sole conditions for active and eternal membership are that the candidate shall go to Fano, write on a picture post-card, and send it to me bearing the Fano post-mark. The first to join was the distinguished American botanist, A. W. Evans; in the summer of 1922 my brilliant colleague C. B. Tinker and the Rev. Father McCune qualified; also Emily Whitney, daughter of America's foremost philologist. At present there are perhaps ten members. Who will be the eleventh?

No town in Italy is easier to visit, whether you take the train down the east coast from Venice, or across country from Foligno to Ancona, which latter town is highly interesting. There Browning not only wrote "The Guardian Angel," but also "A Grammarian's Funeral," as I learned by the source known in the Dictionary of National Biography as "private information."

In addition to founding the Fano Club, I have established what I call the Ignoble Prize; for which any one is at liberty to suggest the names of candidates. In order to be eligible for the Ignoble Prize, the thing—whether book or musical composition or building or painting—must have a high reputation, be commonly regarded as a masterpiece, and yet to the individual who submits it be lacking both in interest and appeal. Not for a moment would the works of a popular author with no true fame be accepted; the prime condition is that the object suggested must be both famous and respectable, so that the person suggesting it is in danger of damnation, which gives the game a particular little thrill of its own. Having more audacity than fear, I suggest the

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Plain Tower of Chartres Cathedral, Raphael's "Transfiguration," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and Dickens's "Little Dorrit" and "Tale of Two Cities." I admit that such a list is enough to take one's breath away; but for some reason, not one of these masterpieces has ever impressed me as the critics say it should. Does any one else dare speak his mind? The interior of Chartres is to me the most sublime interior in the world. But I have looked at that plain tower from every angle, trying conscientiously to see why the critics fall down and worship it. To me it is just a church steeple, matched a hundred times in Ohio or Indiana.

Are we going to have a censorship of printed books? Is it necessary to regulate all our mental food as it has been found necessary to supervise physical food? Even the most ardent advocates of license in writing would not, I suppose, disapprove of the Pure Food Law—in other words, no one has a right to manufacture and sell any food he pleases. For it is unfortunately true that there are plenty of men who would sell poison if they could make a legal profit by doing so. Their zeal has to be regulated. And although authors and publishers are as a rule respectable persons, there are plenty of both who would be willing to sell corruption to adolescents if they were not prevented by law. Is the soul less important than the body, or is freedom to injure the mind more precious than freedom to injure the health? The question is not so simple as all that. I do not agree with those who say immoral books hurt no one; I think they hurt every one who reads them, provided the reader is a normal human being with any imagination. The difficulty is to find the right censor, probably an impossible task. And until he can be found, the criminal law which we already have is perhaps the best method to deal with unsuitable publications. Liberty is the very soul of art; and we want no cure that is worse than the disease.

Yet it should be remembered that if the censorship should be established, and we pass under arbitrary and irresponsible tyranny, it will not be the fault of the prudes and the reformers and the bigots. It will be the fault of those who destroy freedom by their selfish excesses. I should like to state in four words what I believe to be a natural law: *Excess leads to Prohibition.* It is not the fault of the Bolsheviks that Russia at present is such a hell; it is the excess of Tsarism lasting two hundred years and becoming intolerable. Had even the late Tsar ruled wisely and moderately, he might have died in his bed. The French Revolution was not the work of madmen; it was caused chiefly by Louis XIV, Louis XV, and their counsellors. In turn, the excesses of the revolutionists led to their abolition, as will probably be the case in Russia. Napoleon was not beaten by Wellington; no one but himself could ever have beaten Napoleon, and he did the job thoroughly. England and France are not the cause of Germany's downfall; she fell through the excess of her own pride and ambition. What is true of big matters is also true of little things. A man who smokes all the time eventually discovers that he cannot smoke at all. "The doctor told me I had to cut it out." Life is a dangerous game to play, and moderation is a rare virtue.

The absolute prohibition of beer and wine in America, which is theoretically an absurdity, came to pass not through the cranks and the teetotallers, but because so many people drank like professionals instead of like amateurs. So if a Dark Age of literary intolerance should come upon us, do not blame the bigots and the narrow-minded; put the blame where it should justly fall, on those who wrote so abominably that in order to silence them the army of wise and high-minded authors had to wear fetters.

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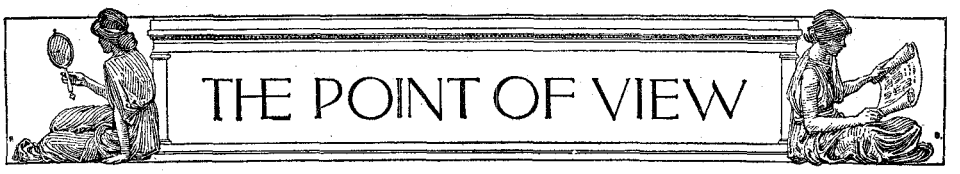

THE past is disappearing so quickly that soon there won't be a patch of it left anywhere big enough to show the pattern. It is generally agreed nowadays that no past ever disappeared so speedily as our own past. Everything goes right on getting newer and newer every day, so that soon the only bits of yesterday that we shall be able to unearth will be found in the junk-holes of our own memories. Though we haven't time to enter them often, most of us have magic garrets where we go sometimes just to get our breath. And there are rooms in these garrets that have been lopped off modern houses, and people moving about in these rooms who would be cramped for space in the houses of to-day. One such room is a kitchen, and one such person is Aunt Cora.

From Kitchen to Kitchenette

I am ten years old again, and I am munching a cooky in Aunt Cora's kitchen. She was nobody's aunt in particular, but she was everybody's aunt in general, and had occupied that official position in the village for forty years. She had never had any children except other people's, and she always had cookies in a great stone jar with a noisy stone lid. It was the biggest, spiciest, cleanest kitchen I ever saw. Of course, it was a New England kitchen, for in those days there was a New England. There was always something simmering pleasantly on the big wood-range, ebony black and ebony bright. There were aromatic bunches of herbs hanging from the rafters, and flitches of bacon, too. There was a gay rag carpet on the floor, and gay geraniums at the windows, which missed nothing that happened on the street. There were high wooden rockers, cushioned in black and red chintz. The chief article of furniture was a large square table, serving varied purposes. The table always stood set for meals, but without cloth or doilies. At a guest's place was spread a napkin, at Aunt Cora's a piece of oilcloth, and directly across a newspaper for Uncle James. But the dishes and food were a mere incident on that table, which was neatly piled with books and magazines, for Aunt Cora read largely and wisely, and kept up with the big world—of course, it wasn't so big as it is now. Aunt Cora wrote, too, not for publication,—that would have seemed, for her, an undignified performance. She wrote letters to a wide acquaintance, who had all, at some time, found peace in visits to her and to her kitchen.

In that kitchen there had never been a servant, there had always been a mistress, a thin slight woman with screwed-back hair, and neat colorless dress. Her face was colorless, too, but keen. She always wore a small gray shawl and in winter—and it was always winter up there—stocking legs fashioned into mitts on her arms. She never changed the fashion of her dress or hair. She had bead-like black eyes as bright as flames that wink among the coals, eyes that saw into everything and into everybody. She had a tongue as quick and wise and kind as her eyes. She lived in that kitchen; the other rooms of her large house were mere offshoots. She was a spacious woman. They don't make such now. Perhaps such cannot be produced anywhere but in a consecrated kitchen, and they do not make kitchens now; they make kitchenettes.

As the two words stand there before me, kitchen and kitchenette, they seem, in themselves, to sum up all the differences between past and present. The word kitchen belongs to an age of leisure and permanence; the word kitchenette to an age of hurry and movement. A kitchen is a place where you have all the time you want to cook as much as you want. A kitchenette is a place where you cook the least possible food in the least possible time. The kitchen originated with the first settler's cabin, which was only one room, and that room a kitchen, comfortably including in its area bedrooms and library and nursery and reception-hall. The kitchenette, on the other hand, derives straight from the Pullman car. The tiny glittering cubby-hole, just large enough to encase a chef, was the origin of the kitchenette, which by the way grows steadily smaller, so that as the modern home tends always to be more modern, the modernest home of all will have a kitchenette stuck into the wall like an electric switch-board. Kitchenettes will soon

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be small enough to be boxed and put into one's pocket, or at least into the pocket of one's automobile. If only our stomachs could be contracted to match the size of our kitchenettes, but our appetites remain as obstinately capacious as when I munched cookies in Aunt Cora's capacious kitchen.

You see, the kitchenette is one of our many modern evasions of plain human facts that the preceding generations accepted. The kitchenette denies the truth that all people enjoy eating, and that many women enjoy cooking, if only convention will permit them to obey that impulse. The whole theory of the kitchenette is that no woman likes to cook, and therefore wishes to spend as little time as possible in a room designed to cook in. And this matter of saving time and spending time bumps one right into an important distinction between yesterday and to-day, between kitchen and kitchenette. Every week some new invention for saving time is put on the market. The reason we have so little time is that we are so miserly about saving it that there is no longer any time in active circulation. Now the past age of kitchens like Aunt Cora's, and of women like Aunt Cora, descendants both from pioneer New England, was concerned not with saving time but with spending it. People felt that time was an exhaustless supply, and so they had every kind of invention for spending it. In those luxurious first-settler days they had leisure to squander on all sorts of self-indulgence like the self-indulgence of raising their own vegetables and their own babies, the self-indulgence of cooking their own food, above all, the self-indulgence of staying at home in their own cheery kitchens.

The inventors of the kitchenette argue that it affords opportunity for other things than housekeeping. I regard that argument carefully while at the same time I slip back into my ten-year-old self and also regard carefully Aunt Cora and her kitchen. Those other things, for which a kitchenette leaves a woman free, did not Aunt Cora have them? Reading? I know no one now who reads as widely as did Aunt Cora. Hospitality? I know no one now who has as many friends as did Aunt Cora. She entertained them always in the kitchen; she had a personality so compelling that friends of every social degree would have thronged to her even if she had entertained them in the ash-pan. Recreation? Well, Aunt Cora was too placidly busy to think much about recreation. She had, of course, the refreshment of a change of work, for her kitchen was not continuously kitchen, it was sometimes a weaving room, sometimes, at hog-killing time, a butcher's shop, sometimes a laundry, sometimes a dressmaking establishment. Aunt Cora put more zest into these pursuits than most of us to-day put into recreation. Travel? No, Aunt Cora was tied too closely to her kitchen to travel. Yet, for her unspoiled imagination, the letters from far-travelled friends set Egypt and Cathay down in her kitchen. She voyaged farther than many a thick-brained globe-trotter.

The kitchenette has come and come to stay. Only in memory does Aunt Cora's kitchen exist, a room of spell and charm and personality. I wonder whether that roomy, spicy kitchen made Aunt Cora what she was, or whether Aunt Cora made the kitchen what it was. But I know that the word kitchenette evokes in my mind no aroma, no picture, no personality.

Music Half-Heard

I LIVE on a street inhabited by opera-singers and musicians. At this moment I can hear one soprano singing "Carmen," another the aria from "Madame Butterfly." The people below me, evidently a variety-theatre troupe, are indulging in a mixed chorus of "Hearts and Flowers," with restful piano interludes of barn-dances dating back some eight or nine years. From down the street a way some passages of a familiar Chopin nocturne come in with peculiar strength and the insistence of sincere emotion. And the ensemble of all these sounds is entrancing. I have but one fault to find: the effect would be improved if I did not know the names and characters of the various ingredients making up this musical deliciousness. Now and then I am lured off into the atmosphere of one song or another, and made temporarily forgetful of the rest, only to be jerked back into reality when some loud and tremulous lady cuts clear across the notes I am trying to hear with another series whose strong intent I can neither doubt nor avoid.

Yet I know that with proper practice I can train myself to hear what I hear and nothing more—to refrain from supplying a

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well-known song with missing notes lost out in reaching my fourth floor front. The only mental additions I intend to allow are those few amalgamating elements of harmony that can turn the combined forces of "Carmen," "Butterfly," and "Turkey in the Straw" into a complex and masterful concerto, no part or theme of which intrudes with familiarity upon any other part.

Perhaps you think I am describing a particular sort of Bedlam, and have grown a little mad in the doing, from the effect of living in it too long. I hasten to assure you that I am not mad at all, and that from earliest childhood I have loved music mingled and half-heard. There is a mysteriousness in it never found in technically complete and perfect music. I have no sympathy with those hopeless people who "cannot stand the sound of practising." They lack imagination and constructive power. They lack, too, the thrilling associative and assortive skill that can link many fragments of sound to fragments of memory—that can recall with all the old keenness bits of emotional and æsthetic experience attached to all musical sounds, which enrich us as long as they remain unforgotten. They are unfortunate who miss the exquisite pleasure of inventing variations around and about repeated passages. They have never indulged in the crude but exciting pastime of whistling or singing a secondary theme, interlaced with the main theme of some one's composition, played over and over by a hopeful musician. They have never taken the golden chance to make use of a performer's repeated mistakes—to weave them into a new whole—to justify them according to the laws of music.

Many of us will recall the halls of music in our schools and colleges, the practice rooms bursting with concerted renditions of many melodies on some warm spring day, when the windows were open on grass beginning to show green, lilacs budding, and the rich smell of earth freed of frost. In later spring days you will remember these unnamed tunes, and always, when you chance to hear them practised by some one, in any weather, they will bring back to you the poignance of those other times. Often you would ask yourself "What piece is that?" and swear to ask the player if ever you should meet him, but you never did find out. To this day you don't know, and it doesn't matter. Sometime, on a concert programme perhaps, you will find out. Music doesn't get lost. It turns up again and again, and with it the gathered-up atmosphere of all the conditions under which you have ever heard it.

But I do not mean to pass too far away from conglomerate music, made up of just such fragments as you may have retained from college days, and renewed again on such streets as mine. A certain school lecturer of my childhood used to sit on the piazza of our practice-building and listen by the hour to the earnest thumps of many piano students and the earnest squeaks of as many beginners at violin.

"When I have time," he was wont to say, "I intend to write a symphony from this; only I shall have to leave out those three opening chords of the Rachmaninoff Prelude. You hear? Dum—*Dum*—DUM!—and so on. That's the only thing I know out of all they're playing, and it's too insistent. I'll have to wait until that student stops. It's sad, though. Some one's always playing that thing, and it spoils the rest."

So it is here in my apartment; some one is always singing the "Toreador Song," or drumming out a minor version of "The Love Nest," or struggling with a Bach fugue, or playing that same Rachmaninoff Prelude, and my uncreated concerto must wait until he stops. The other sounds, truly half-heard, fit together well enough. Very little in the way of connectives need be added to satisfy the laws of music.

Do I know anything about the laws of music? Nothing whatsoever. But that does not keep me from arranging my concerto, any more than it kept the school lecturer from planning his symphony. As I remember, he lectured on Greek history, and knew as much about symphonies as I do about concertos. But he and I and the rest of us who love music unnamed, conglomerate, and half-heard, have one advantage over all really musical people. We escape the exquisite torture they are forced to endure at every hand, and at every moment, if they happen to live on streets like mine. Their erudition renders them helpless, taunts them, and deprives them of the deep pleasure I am experiencing at this minute; for now, for the first time, the combined talent of at least ten people contributes to my rapt attention a concerto unmatched in the history of musical composition, wholly and satisfyingly unfamiliar, magnificent, and complete! If I could only write it down!

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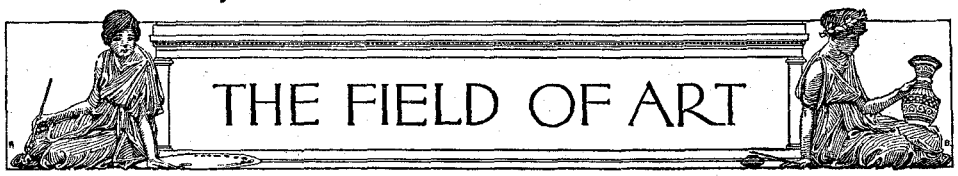

Gilbert Stuart and His Sitters

BY ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON
Author of "Through Colonial Doorways," "The Life of Martha Washington," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY GILBERT STUART

GILBERT STUART from his originality, his wit, his whimsies, and his signal ability, is one of the most interesting characters in the history of early American art, as well as one of its most commanding figures. If it be true that *poeta nascitur non fit*, it may with equal truth be said of the true artist that he is born, not made. No more striking example of the truth of this axiom is to be found than in the life of Stuart, or of the eccentricities of the old fairy who is said to preside over the cradles of the sons and daughters of genius.

The birthplace and early home of Gilbert Stuart.

Even for those who make no special study of the effects of heredity and environment, the vagaries of the output of genius in certain families and amid uncongenial surroundings is a subject that cannot fail to interest the student of life and character. The English artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence, amusing himself by making pencil sketches of those whom he served with chops and potatoes in his father's inn, the White Lion, in Bristol, is even less remarkable than the evolution of the talent of Gilbert Stuart from a Narragansett snuff grinding-mill.

The ruins of the old house and mill near Saunderstown, where Gilbert Stuart passed his early years, are still to be seen or, as his biographer describes them, at the head of Petaquamscott Pond in the Narragansett country in Rhode Island, shut in by trees and far away from the din and stir of the world stands an old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed and low-portalled house by the side of a tiny stream. At the snuff-mill, which was afterward used for grinding corn, the elder Stuart, also Gilbert, presumably led an honest if somewhat wheezy existence, and to the little cottage near by he brought his bride, Elizabeth Anthony, a bright and beautiful woman. Here Gilbert Stuart, the artist, was born, December 3, 1755. From his mother he gained the rudiments of an education, and from her he seems to have imbibed something even better than actual learning, an ardent desire and ambition to acquire knowledge.

The first glimpse that we have of Stuart away from the snuff grinding-mill, is in Newport, where he was studying Latin under the Reverend George Bissit, assistant minister of Trinity Church, and making sketches in charcoal or chalk on every fence, slab, or tail-board that came within reach of his eager, skilful little fingers. As there was not money in the family treasury to give the clever lad the art education that he longed

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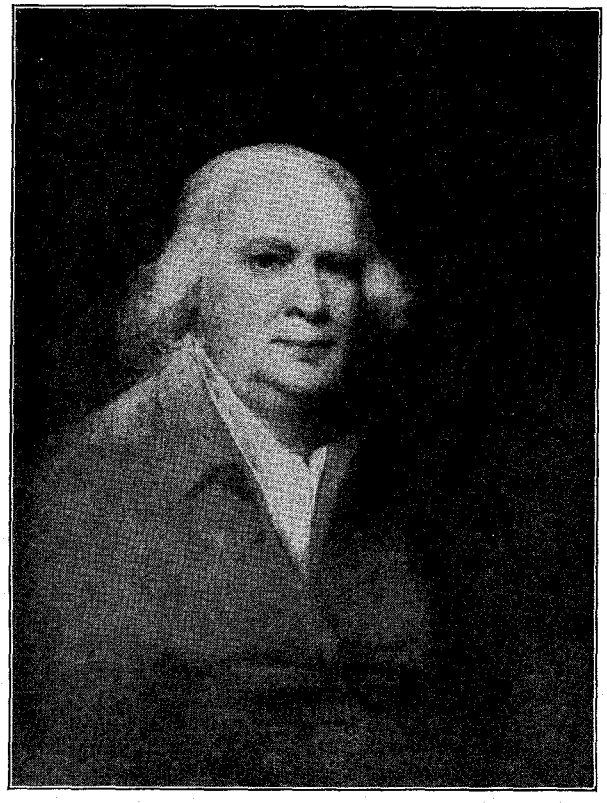
for, he was fortunate in gaining the friendship and valuable counsel of a Scotch artist, Cosmo Alexander, who took Stuart to Scotland with him, where he studied some months in the University of Glasgow. His studies were, however, cut short by the death of his patron, and he returned home to paint some portraits, among others those of his uncle, Mr. Joseph Anthony, a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, and of other members of his family.



Robert Morris.
Owned by the great-grandson of Mr. Morris, Mr. C. F. M. Stark.

Having a great desire to study under his countryman, Benjamin West, Stuart again set sail for foreign shores, arriving in London in 1775. The story of the young artist's introduction to Benjamin West is pleasantly told by Miss Jane Stuart. Mr. West was entertaining some of his friends at dinner when a servant told him that some one wished to see him, whose name he did not know but who was from America. Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, one of the guests, offered to interview the stranger, who was described as a handsome young man in a fashionable green coat. This interview was a fortunate happening, as Mr. Wharton was a friend of young Stuart's uncle, Mr. Anthony. Thus introduced, Mr. West, who was the soul of kindness, warmly welcomed the young artist, and learning of his desire to study with him invited him to make his home in his own family. In this congenial and delightful entourage Stuart met all the prominent English artists of the day and was associated with John Trumbull, of Connecticut, who was also a student of Benjamin West. So rapid was the progress made by Stuart that he was soon able to establish himself in his own studio. West, with his characteristic generosity, said to him, after he had painted a full-length portrait of himself, "You have done well, Stuart, very well; now all you have to do is to go home and do better," which advice the young artist followed to the letter, and soon outstripped his teacher.

Having had men so distinguished among his sitters as Benjamin West and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Stuart soon became the fashion of the hour. Money rolled in upon him as he received a price for his portraits exceeded only by the sums paid to Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. It was said of him that in London the orders which came to him from distinguished men and women were more numerous than he could fill, and that at one time he limited his engagements to six sitters a day. Genial, witty, pleasure-loving, and with no idea of economy, all his industry and good-fortune failed to enable Stuart to keep pace with his extravagant expenditures. His house in London was upon a scale quite beyond his means. A curious story is related in connection with Stuart's dinners. He began by inviting forty-two guests to dine with him, poets, painters, authors, musicians,

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actors, the most interesting men of the London of his day. Finding these large dinners unsatisfactory he explained to his friend: "I can't have you all every day, but I will have seven of you to dine with me each day in the week, and I have contrived it so that the parties shall vary without further trouble. I have put up seven cloak pins in my hall, so as the first seven who come in may hang up their cloaks and hats; the eighth seeing the pins full will go away and will probably attend earlier the next day. . . ." The compact was understood without the trouble of naming or inviting. A different company appeared every day, and there were no jealousies about a preference being given to any one.

Finding it necessary to change his mode of living, and having a great desire to paint a portrait of Washington, Stuart came to America in 1792. He remained in New York for some months and evidently painted some portraits there. Then, in order to carry out his cherished desire, he removed to Philadelphia while Congress was in session in that city. Although we find no entries in regard to the President's sittings in his diaries and letters prior to 1796, Stuart's biographer, Mr. George Mason, fixes the date of his arrival in Philadelphia from that given in a letter written by Mrs. John Jay to her husband, in which she says, November 15, 1794: "In ten days he [Stuart] is to go to Philadelphia to take a likeness of the President."

In a note written by the President to the artist, dated Philadelphia, April 11, 1796, he says: "I am under promise to Mrs. Bingham to sit for you to-morrow." While in the Quaker City, Gilbert Stuart had his studio at the southeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets. It was probably in this studio that Stuart's first portrait of Washington was painted, but whether this was the Vaughan portrait, or the full-length, called the Bingham portrait, now in the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, is a question still discussed by experts.

Stuart, who like all great portrait-painters, was a reader of character, was so impressed by the personality of the President that he quite lost his self-possession and much as he had desired to paint the portrait of the great man, it was not until after several meetings that he felt himself sufficiently at home with his sitter to do justice to his subject. Although Mr. Stuart had met the President at a reception in his own house and been accosted by him with the dignified urbanity natural to him, the artist declared that no human being had ever awakened in him the sentiment of reverence to such a degree. Those who knew Stuart well said that he had the power of dominating his sitters, and so agreeably that they were not aware of the fact. His readiness as a talker, his fund of humor and anecdote, high flow of animal spirits, and wonderful insight into character enabled him generally to get his subjects

Mrs. Thomas Lea.

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into exactly the unconscious expression of face and the pose which were natural to them. In this respect Washington baffled him, as he showed little or no disposition to relax his gravity of demeanor or to become sympathetic with the painter's conversation. When, however, Stuart adroitly turned the conversation to rural life, and especially to horses, the sitter's reserve vanished and he became interested, easy, and natural. During the sittings Stuart became more and more interested in his subject, and his admiration and respect increased day by day. In speaking of Washington afterward he said that his features were unlike those he had observed in any other human being, that the sockets of the eyes were larger, the upper part of the nose broader than he had ever before noticed, that all his features were indicative of the strongest and most ungovernable passions and that if he had been born in the forest, it is probable that he would have been the fiercest man among the savage tribes. An anecdote illustrative of this observation has come to us from Miss Stuart, who said that her father remarked one day to General Harry Lee that Washington had a tremendous temper, but held it under wonderful control. A few days afterward Lee, while breakfasting with the President, said: "I saw your portrait the other day, but Stuart says you have a tremendous temper." "Upon my word," observed Mrs. Washington, coloring, "Mr. Stuart takes a great deal upon himself to make such a remark." "But stay, my dear lady," said General Lee, "he added that the President had it under wonderful control." Then, with something like a smile, Washington remarked: "He is right."

The Marchioness de Casa Yrujo.
Owned by the McKean family of Philadelphia.

Miss Stuart said that while her father was painting in Philadelphia, his studio was frequented by the most distinguished and interesting persons of the day. Louis Philippe d'Orleans, Counsellor Dunn (an Irish barrister), and the Viscount de Noailles were particularly fond of Stuart's society and were daily visitors. Here also came the British minister, Sir Robert Liston, and his wife, of both of whom Stuart painted portraits. The Listons, while in Philadelphia, lived on Arch Street, then a fashionable quarter of the city. Bishop White, in his sympathetic picture of the farewell dinner given to the retiring President, said that Lady Liston shed tears when Washington lifted his glass, saying: "This is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man."

Another of Stuart's sitters, whose tears seemed to add to her charm, was Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson, of whom Tom Moore wrote, when his sympathetic rendering of one of his Irish melodies brought tears to her eyes:

"Like eyes he had loved was her eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song."

Stuart also painted a portrait of Judge

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Hopkinson, the author of "Hail, Columbia," as a pendant to that of his beautiful wife.

The Chestnut Street studio was soon so overrun by callers that the artist decided to establish himself in Germantown in order to secure quiet and freedom from interruption. In a house at 5140 Main Street, Stuart seems to have lived more or less continuously for three years. A two-story building at the rear of the house, originally a barn, the artist fitted up for a studio, having the interior lathed and plastered and the outside painted red. This house was surmounted by a big weather-vane in the form of an Indian with an extended bow and arrow. Until it was destroyed by fire, over fifty years ago, the interior walls bore marks of the painter's brush, which he had made in testing his colors upon their surface, or perhaps in cleaning his brushes. Quite near the old studio was an apple-tree, which was long preserved by the owner of the property, because Washington was wont to walk beneath its shade and eat the apples between sittings, for it was in this rustic studio, according to Miss Jane Stuart and Watson, the annalist, that Stuart painted the celebrated Athenæum portraits. The President and Mrs. Washington drove out to the Germantown studio, a drive of less than six miles from their residence on High Street, and according to Miss Stuart, Nellie Custis, Mrs. Law, and Miss Harriet Chew, afterward Mrs. Carroll, often accompanied Mrs. Washington, while General Knox, General Henry Lee, and other friends came to the studio with the President.

The Mrs. Law spoken of by Miss Stuart was Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, Eliza Parke Custis, who married Mr. Thomas Law. John Adams, seeing her in Philadelphia, wrote of her as a fine, blooming, rosy girl, who doubtless had more liberty and exercise than Nellie, who seems to have been always at her grandmother's side. Eliza Custis's portrait is one of the most beautiful that has come to us from the magic brush of Stuart. The story, related by one of her relatives, is that the young girl came in from a run in the garden, or perhaps an excursion to the famous apple-tree, and stood in the old barn studio watching the artist while he painted, her cheeks flushed with exercise, her beautiful arms crossed upon her breast; looking up suddenly from his work, Stuart smiled and said, "Just so I will paint you," and thus the lovely face and graceful figure of Eliza Custis has come down to us in the most natural unstudied attitude.

Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson.

The Athenæum portraits of the President and Mrs. Washington were never really finished, and perhaps to this circumstance they owe some of their delicacy and charm. That of Washington the artist kept in his Germantown quarters, making and selling numerous copies from it, calling it his one-hundred-dollar bill, and whether with the desire of making money by it, or because he

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was attached to a work which was a true inspiration of genius, persistently excusing himself from giving it up, until Washington, realizing how much Stuart valued it, finally consented to accept a copy in place of the original.

Stuart painted a number of portraits in the Germantown studio, but the crowning glory of the place must ever be the characteristic and beautiful portrait of Washington, which, to use the words of Washington Allston, "is a noble personification of wisdom and goodness reposing in the majesty of a serene conscience."

Mrs. John Tayloe of the Octagon, Washington.

In 1803 Stuart removed to Georgetown, in order to paint portraits of Jefferson and Madison, and it was at this time that he painted those of the charming Dolly, and of her sister Anna Payne. While the latter was sitting for her portrait, she and the artist had animated discussions as to which feature of the face was the most expressive. Stuart gave his opinion in favor of the nose, and to prove his point presented to his sitter a canvas upon which his own profile, the long nose somewhat exaggerated, formed the background of her portrait, inquiring, with a smile, whether he had not proved that the nose was the most expressive feature of the face. Miss Payne was so much pleased to have the profile of her old friend, that she insisted upon keeping it as the background of her portrait, and so it has come down to us to-day.

Miss Payne married Richard D. Cutts, whose portrait was also painted by Stuart, as well as those of Colonel and Mrs. John Tayloe of the Octagon, Washington, Archbishop Carroll, John Randolph of Roanoke, and many more distinguished residents of the capital city, among them, David Montague Erskine, minister from Great Britain, with his charming wife, Frances Cadwalader of Philadelphia, and not the least decorative, the Spanish minister, the magnificent and gorgeously attired Marquis de Casa Yrujo, whose *beaux yeux* won the heart of Sally McKean, who, with her dark hair and eyes, as she looks out upon us from Stuart's portrait, seems more like a child of the South than her blond husband.

Artist and sitter have long since closed their eyes to the light of earth, but glowing canvases in galleries and homes, North and South, speak eloquently to the coming generations of the genius of the master and of the loveliness of many a fair ancestress of men and women of to-day.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 101.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Four Years After the War

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE fourth anniversary of the ending of the war approaches under circumstances—so far as regards return to a normal political and economic position—whose influence on the public mind appears to be alternately that of creating extreme perplexity and of causing profound discouragment. Nearly as long a time has now elapsed since the armistice as was occupied by the period of warfare itself, yet the disorganization caused by the great conflict presents itself to the minds of many observers as having reached a stage of greater confusion than at any time since Germany laid down her arms.

Disappointments of an Anniversary

Possibly the events of the past few months have not produced the same sense of disappointed hopes as was caused by the situation of a year ago. The world had then hardly emerged from the period of mistaken inferences and premature hopefulness which had marked the first year of returning peace, when removal of earlier apprehensions of a general collapse of existing institutions had been followed by a twelvemonth's illusive commercial prosperity, due to over-expanded credit and to necessary purchase of goods to replenish exhausted stocks. To-day the more prevalent attitude may perhaps be described as one of cynicism over the prospect of any return to political or financial equilibrium.

The Economic Horizon

TO this feeling the series of futile conferences by European governments, the increasing financial anarchy of Central Europe and the attitude of entire aloofness of the American foreign office toward the affairs of Europe, have been the main contributing influences. The fourth year of peace ends with all European paper currencies, excepting those of the neutral Switzerland, Scandinavia, and Holland at a discount from normal parity ranging from nearly 10 per cent in England to more than 99 per cent in Germany, Austria, and Poland.

In England it finds unemployed labor, although much reduced from the percentage of nearly one-quarter of the trade-union membership, which it reached in the middle of 1921, nevertheless running as high as 15 per cent, as against an unemployed percentage of barely 1 per cent in the first half of 1920 and an average of less than 2 per cent in 1913. The economic condition of Central Europe, where governments have resorted, with complete disregard of consequences, to meeting the public deficit by printing of new and increasingly depreciated paper money, has reached a stage so utterly unfamiliar to the present generation that the inference has been drawn, even in many financial circles, that there can be no end of the resultant wild confusion, except economic collapse, political disintegration, or both.

While this was happening, the conflicting ideas and policies of the French and British Governments regarding Germany seemed at times to be straining the Anglo-French Entente. The United States, though remote from these immediate complications, had been confronted with a labor dispute so formidable that at one time even government officials talked privately of a possible stoppage of all manufacturing industry and of a "social revolution." The absence of clear ideas of the economic situation and of our own country's relation to it had been shown, first by enactment of the highest tariff schedules in our history, at the moment when we were pressing European governments to pay to our treasury the war debt, which could not be paid except with the help of shipments of merchandise such as the tariff bill was endeavoring to prohibit, and next by a vote in Congress (for-

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tunately blocked by the presidential veto) for distributing some billions of dollars to the soldiers of the European war, at a moment when one of the most difficult debt-refunding operations in our history lay immediately before the treasury.

I HAVE purposely emphasized these discouraging aspects of the economic situation, in order that the offsetting considerations—if there are any—may be fairly balanced against them. In such a discussion it is always necessary first to keep carefully in mind the lapse of time which all past experience has proved indispensable to recovery from a great economic strain. Even after one of those familiar financial and industrial crises, which recur in ordinary times at intervals of twenty years or so, and which result from over-expanded credit and production during times of peace, complete recuperation from the resultant industrial paralysis usually occupies at least half a dozen years. It was not until 1880 that the traces of the panic of 1873 had wholly disappeared. The wreckage of the panic of 1893 was not fully cleared away until 1900. When the great European war began in 1914 neither home nor foreign markets had entirely regained the ground lost in the economic reaction after 1907.

Recovery after Other Great Reactions

Yet these periods of forced readjustment were merely incidents of normal financial and industrial history. The lost ground which the economic world is nowadays laboring to recover was sacrificed under far more destructive influences. What we now have to make good again is the most prodigious waste of capital, between July, 1914, and November, 1918, which the world had ever seen; a wholly unexampled strain on public and private credit; diversion during four years from their normal channels of productive industry and international trade; and, along with this, such recourse to burdensome taxation and to paper money expedients as is quite without parallel in the history of the world.

WHEN, therefore, both political and economic unsettlement is seen today to be continuing—when the fourth year after the armistice and the second after the break-down of the machinery of overinflated credit have elapsed without evidence of return to normal activities in trade, finance, and industry—it may at least be said that we are only repeating history. If recovery from the reaction following what we call the recurrent financial crises in time of peace has been thus delayed, it would hardly be reasonable to look for an earlier recovery when we have not only to retrace the steps taken in a period of overdone speculation and promotion, but to rebuild the structure of capital and credit torn down in the economic recklessness of a great war.

A Situation Which Repeats History

Four years after return of peace is a short space of time for that achievement. It was in 1869, almost exactly four years after the ending of the Civil War, that the utter disorganization of our paper currency received its most powerful demonstration in the long-remembered "Black Friday" panic, when the gold value of the American paper dollar fluctuated wildly in a single day between 75 and 60 cents, and when mercantile business came temporarily to a standstill. The president of the United States, in a formal message to Congress, had officially declared it to be "just and equitable" that interest payments on our war debt should be stopped and the amount previously devoted to that purpose be applied to reduction of the principal. In the same year the House of Representatives, by a large majority, had resolved that, notwithstanding the heavy depreciation of the outstanding paper currency, "the business interests of the country require an increase."

Financial and economic conditions in Europe during 1819, four years after the ending of the long French war, were in many respects more confused and chaotic than at any time since Waterloo. England tried to resume gold payments on her currency during that year, and failed; the achievement did not become possible until three years later. France had borrowed in the London market the funds to pay the war indemnity assessed against her; as a consequence, the value of all other French securities had collapsed. Continental Europe was confronted with grind-

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 642)

ing poverty; in particular, a decline of more than 75 per cent in the price of wheat had brought international commerce to a halt. For commercial England it was a year of bankruptcies; for industrial England a season of angry labor disputes with resultant paralysis of production; for political Europe a period of uprisings against established governments, which were believed at the time to threaten the stability of existing institutions.

Present Conditions and the Past

NOW comparisons of this sort prove little except the fact that, in the world's experience of the longer past, recovery from the economic consequences of a great war has occupied a considerably longer time than the four years which have elapsed since 1918, but that, notwithstanding such disappointment of financial hopes (for there were people then, as now, who would have had the economic *status quo* restored in a year or two), the process of recuperation was none the less going on steadily. In those two periods of recuperation after war, the reader of history will probably allot fifteen or twenty years before financial, commercial, and industrial conditions as they existed at return of peace had been readjusted to a normal footing. But the essential fact is that they were thus readjusted, and that the signs of returning prosperity invariably came into sight at a moment when there appeared to be the least hope for them. Whether that necessary interval of recuperation ought to be shorter now than in those earlier years, because of the greater power and facilities of accumulated capital, or longer because of the vastly more complicated machinery of production and credit which was deranged or shattered in the war, is another matter. It does not affect the question, how far the world at large has already actually proceeded during the four years since 1918 on the road to economic recovery.

When we look for tangible evidence on this question, we are confronted at once by some curious anomalies. If by economic recovery we mean resumption of production and trade on the pre-war scale, great activity in finance and industry, full employment for labor, then Germany is the one European country which has made and is making the most rapid forward strides. England, France, and Italy, not to mention the so-called European neutrals and the United States, are admittedly in the grip of trade reaction. Even Great Britain's foreign trade stands far below the physical volume

(Financial Situation, continued on page 79)

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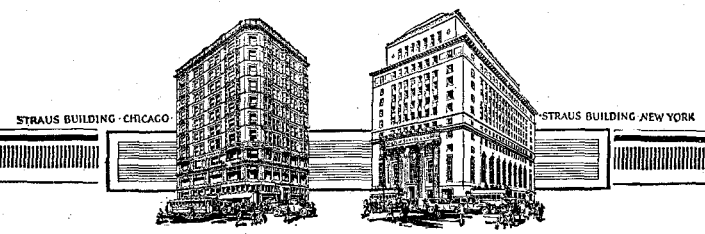

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 77)

not only of 1913 and 1912, but of 1919 and 1920.

In a greater or less degree the Western states of Continental Europe have the same story to tell of hard times, reduced commercial activity and unemployment. But Germany is in a state of feverish industrial activity. Home demand for her manufactured products has been so great this season as to restrict the possibilities of export trade. Every one of its financial and commercial markets has been governed by excited speculation for the rise. Actual unemployment in midsummer was reported as only 35,000 out of the 6,000,000 total trades-union membership, a percentage amounting to less than $\frac{2}{5}$ of 1 per cent and well below the smallest percentage shown on the pre-war records. On its face, these comparisons might be taken to indicate a vastly better condition of economic affairs in Germany than in the rest of Europe. A few of the occasional American critics of the gold standard have seemed to draw such an inference.

Readjustment as the Way to Recovery

THE German markets themselves have not done so; their own view of their country's excessive activity in production, trade, and speculation being summarized in the term "catastrophe boom," habitually used in Germany to describe it. This is one recognition of the fact that economic recovery sometimes means something different from expanding trade and rising markets. It is nowadays clearly recognized that the whole world outside of Central Europe presented both those symptoms in varying degrees during the first year after the war, but that the result of the situation then created was the aggravating on a portentous scale of the dangerous and abnormal economic conditions which the war had brought about.

Return to a stable and normal economic position was recognized as wholly impossible until these demoralizing influences should be absolutely checked and steps taken on the path of credit and currency inflation should be retraced. In Western Europe the inevitable backward movement was begun systematically more than two years ago. At the low point of the present year the British war-time paper currency had been reduced from its high point of 1920 £80,700,000, or 22 per cent; the Italian paper currency 1,400,000,000 lire, or 9 per cent; while the French paper currency—notwithstanding the enormous expenses incurred through outlay on reparations for the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 81)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 79)

devastated district, expenditure which has thus far not been counterbalanced at all by Germany's payments on reparations account—showed reduction of 4,400,000,000 francs, or 12½ per cent.

Great Britain has brought down the surplus of imports in its foreign trade from £259,000,000 in the first half of 1920 and £153,000,000 in the first half of 1921 to £79,800,000 in the same period of 1922; the French surplus of imports for the first half of 1922 was 1,300,000,000 francs, as against 13,900,000,000 in 1920. One result of these various changes, which have occurred along with large shipments of gold from Europe to the United States in 1921 and 1922, has been the advance in the New York valuation of the pound sterling from $3.18 in 1920 to $3.63 in the summer of 1921 to $4.51 in 1922; of the franc from 5¾ cents in 1920 and 7 cents in the autumn of 1921 to 9⅓ in 1922, and of the Italian lira from 3⅛ cents to 5½.

Hardships of the Corrective Process

BUT no such task of economic reconstruction can be achieved without financial and industrial hardship. The primarily corrective process is reduction of the abnormal prices, and, whether the doubling or trebling of prices and cost of living during the war and the two years after war was a consequence of inflated paper currencies or of inflated credit, the reverse process was bound to be equally painful to business enterprise. Reduction of 25 per cent, 50 per cent, or 75 per cent in prices of commodities may on such an occasion be indispensable to restoring of a normal economic position; it may be absolutely required to escape a public deficit such as cannot be met with taxes, to avert such a strain on capital and trade as would invite general insolvency, to put a stop to the social disintegration which would eventually result from the forcing of all fixed-income classes into hopeless poverty and from the placing of the speculator in control of a country's economic destinies.

Such reduction might still leave prices far above the pre-war level. Nevertheless, it would obviously impose great difficulties on the business community, which makes its plans not on the basis of the prices of 1914, but of those of the previous season. The manufacturer who has paid hugely inflated wages for his labor and hugely inflated prices for his materials, and who now must sell his goods on the much lower general market, is naturally confronted with heavy losses. The farmer who had rented his land at war prices, who had bought his seed and fer-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 83)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 81)

tilizer on the same inflated basis, and who had gone to a bank to get the necessary capital, will be hard pressed when his grain and cotton can be marketed only for half the expected cash return. The merchant who had borrowed money to lay in his stock in trade with prices 100 per cent above the pre-war average, and who is able to sell such goods only at prices 50 per cent above that average, may have to ask the indulgence of his creditors.

In England, France, and the United States consensus of judgment at the end of the war was that, in the light of all past history and all common sense, severe economic reaction must be regarded as inevitable. When the contraction of trade and fall in prices which had been expected as an immediate sequel to the war failed to occur in 1919, but renewed inflation of credit and prices came instead of it, the question of deflation was not the less urgently discussed by serious financiers. The readjustment which came in 1920 and 1921 was proportionately more swift and violent because of the extravagant use of credit during 1919.

The Case of Germany

THAT readjustment was resented by the farmers and merchants who were hurt by it and who, in line with all precedent of such episodes, put the blame on the high money market, which was itself a result of the overstrain on credit. But the men of large experience and sober judgment, including in the end the whole financial and mercantile community, accepted the seemingly ruinous reaction as part of the unavoidable transition period between war inflation and return to a normal economic footing. It was not thus accepted in Germany. Whether Germany has only now arrived at the point in the country's post-war overinflation which the other great industrial states had reached in 1920, or whether the German banks and government have merely postponed the reckoning which should have come earlier, through adopting the policy of unlimited paper issues, the fact appears to be that the hour of compulsory readjustment is not now far off for that country also. Yet at the moment, issue of new paper currency to meet the public deficit has reached dimensions hitherto unimagined.

German prices have risen to 140 times what they were in 1914; they doubled in the month of August. But the "boom in trade" continued, with continuing inflation of credit—as it did in spite of the 7 per cent money rate at New York in 1920. It was not checked by the rise in the German Reichsbank's rate in the middle of September to 8 per cent, a higher

(Financial Situation, continued on page 85)

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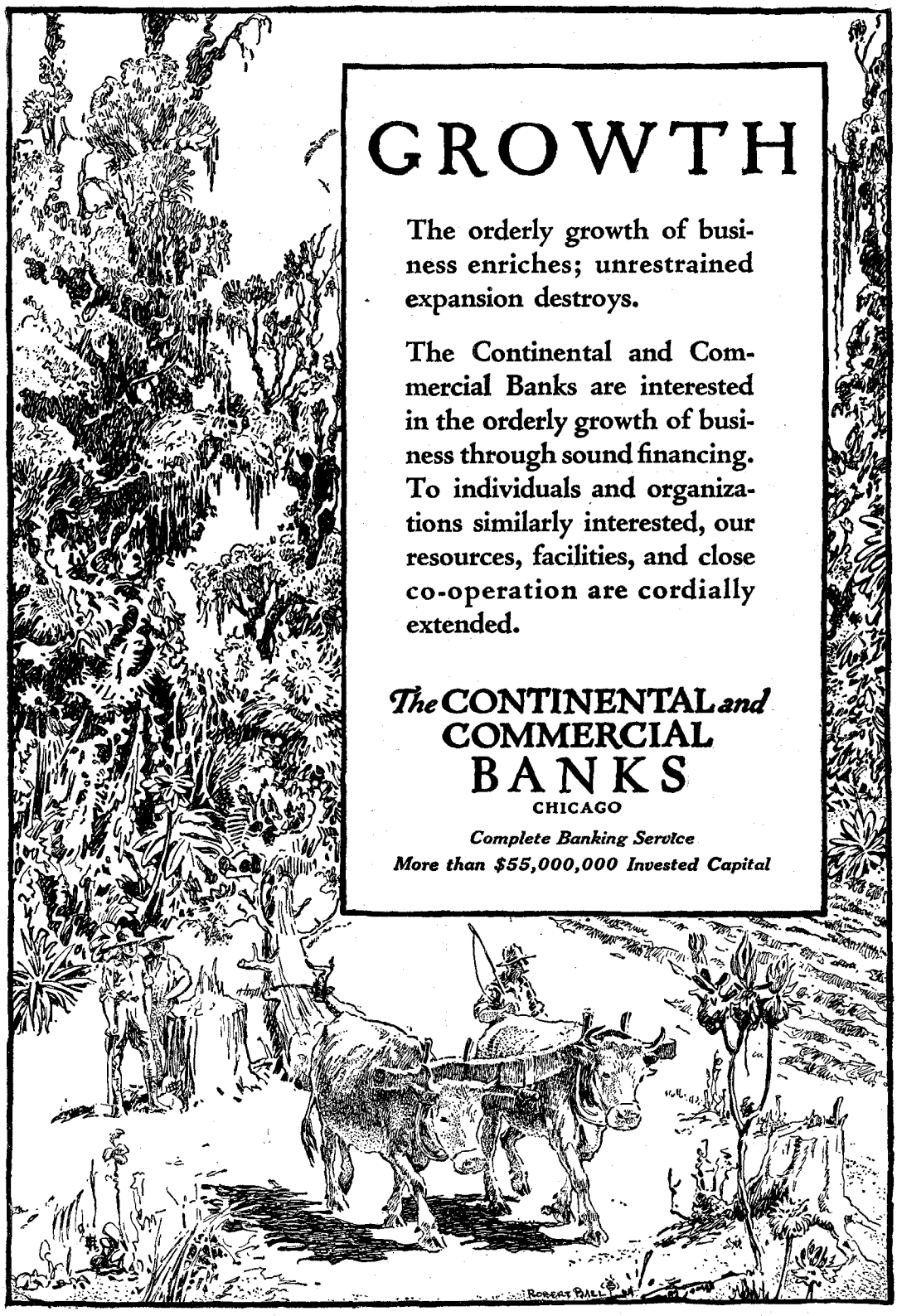
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 83)

figure than had ever before been reached in the institution's history. Indeed, the rise of prices, the tightening of money rates, and the restrictions placed on credit had the result of an overwhelming demand for more and more paper money, which actually forced the Reichsbank at the end of summer to double the physical facilities of its paper money printing bureau.

Taken together with the position of affairs in the United States, which continues to accumulate in its own hands the gold reserve of the entire world but whose own industrial activities are reviving only slowly, these divergent aspects of the European situation draw a perplexing picture. If this is the economic condition four years after the armistice, what do the symptoms indicate as the probable condition one year, two years, half a dozen years later?

In the case of England, France, Belgium, Italy, and measurably in that of the so-called neutral countries, the existing position of things indicates clearly enough the prospect for a long and arduous road to economic recovery. After the fall in prices and contraction of overinflated credit, a period of industrial exhaustion necessarily followed. Compulsory readjustment of this sort—"liquidation," Wall Street calls it—brings a community, even in the sequel to an ordinary financial panic, into the chapter of economic experience which tradition always remembers as the hard times. How long that economic chapter will continue has always depended on the particular circumstances of the day.

When Recovery Came in the Past

SOMETIMES other countries, which had either escaped the financial reaction or had got on their financial feet again earlier than others, became large purchasers of goods and securities in the markets whose industrial life had seemed to be paralyzed. Sometimes an incident unconnected with the immediate problems of the day—introduction of railways after the panic of 1825, discoveries of rich gold fields after the panic of 1847 in Europe and of 1893 in the United States—caused world-wide recovery of prices. But there have been other periods of industrial depression in the wake of a financial crisis when, as in the aftermath of 1837 and 1873, commercial activities seemed for a series of years to get no further than providing for the immediate requirements of a world with greatly reduced consuming power.

All such hard times were marked, as the past year has been marked in Europe and the world at large, and as the next year is likely enough

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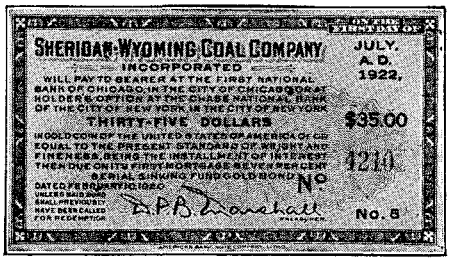

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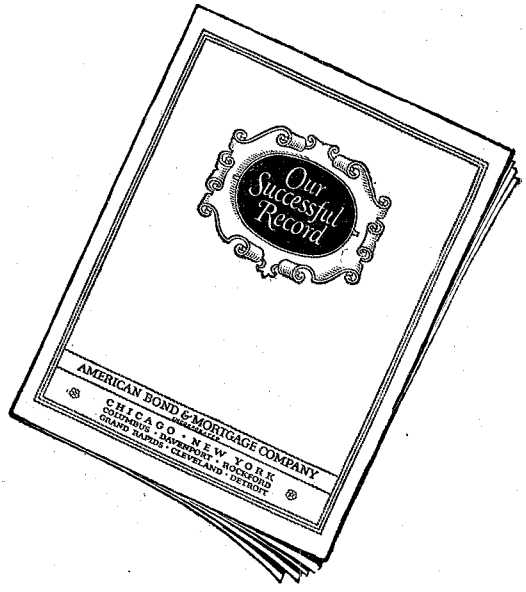
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 85)

to be, by labor troubles, vagaries of economic ideas, and political unrest. For a considerable time all countries appeared to be in the same predicament; but it was invariably found in the end that the qualities which had given industrial leadership to one or another community were greatly emphasized by pressure of necessity. Invention of new industrial processes, discovery and development of new markets, increased efficiency of labor, would then mark the path of recovery. England has always made her way out of a period of hard times through intensive work in promoting her export trade while holding fast to the principles of sound finance.

We shall probably discover before many years, and in spite of the heavy handicap imposed on foreign commerce by the breakdown of Russia and Central Europe and the reaction in Asia and South America, that the hand-work of robust revival in British foreign trade had been laid down while times were seemingly most unpropitious. In the same gradual manner England's resolute shipment of gold to reduce the country's foreign debt, rejection of all currency nostrums urged as substitutes for return to gold payments at par, and acceptance of the task of paying cash on her war-time obligations to our treasury, are gradually bringing back to London the financial prestige which it lost in the shock of war. France has always emerged from an era of depression through the thrift, energy, and accumulation of capital by her small producers.

England, France, and Central Europe

THE problem of German industrial reconstruction is largely bound up with the problem of reparations payments, which has itself been made for the time insoluble by the depreciation of the German currency almost to the point of worthlessness. There would appear to be no recourse left, in the present condition of affairs, except the virtual cancelling of this huge mass of irredeemable paper whose ultimate redemption, even by such contrivances as "revaluation" or "devaluation," is an impossibility. How such cancellation could be effected, when the present-day paper inflation is not effected by direct fiat-money issues of the state itself, but by circulating notes of the state bank, may seem to be a difficult question.

But the modus operandi is in principle evident enough. As with most other European countries, Germany's inflated paper currency is issued by the state bank on the basis of government borrowings from the institutions.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 89)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 87)

ıe 4,000,000,000 francs reduction of the ·ench paper currency has been effected rough floating popular loans, with the proeds of which the debt to the bank is taken) and an equivalent sum in paper currency ncelled. Germany has apparently passed e point at which that kind of gradual and derly reduction of the currency is possible. ıt there remains the kind of expedient adopt- when the old French assignats were canlled. That paper was repudiated, but it was ade receivable at a purely nominal valuation, r subscriptions to a public loan.

T would at least be possible, when some such treatment of the currency shall have become ıavoidable, for the German government to go rough the form of a similar conversion; to quire possession of the bank-notes at a valuation proportioned to their intrinsic worthlessness, and to use them for paying off its debt of the government to the bank—an indebtedness ıich, in the form of Treasury bills, amounted st month to 288,654,000,000 marks, as ainst the outstanding 290,678,000,000 marks Reichsbank paper circulation. At a time ıen German trade is clamoring for more paper ɔney because the present supply is inadeıate for the needs of trade, this might seem to a paradoxical recourse. But the German rrency's loss of nearly all value as a medium exchange is already driving Germany, as it ove France in the assignat experiment, to re- rt to foreign currencies as a means of conıcting domestic trade.

oblem of ɛrmany's ırrency

The point was reached in the progress of the ·ench revolutionary paper toward acknowlged worthlessness, in the rise of prices, meared in such currency, to figures which were nply absurd, at which men who had food or ɛrchandise for sale refused to part with it in change for the paper notes. When that attide had become general, foreign purchasers me into the market offering actual foreign ɔney for French merchandise. By degrees e sellers got in the way of quoting prices in ch foreign coins; the people had repudiated e paper currency before the government had ne so. Something with a curious resemıance to this incident in the French experiɛnt of a century and a quarter ago is already ppening in Germany, where even at the great ·ipzig Fair of the present autumn the one pic of discussion was the insistence of dealers valuing their goods in dollars, Swiss francs, pounds sterling; sometimes demanding acal payment in such currencies, sometimes

(Financial Situation, continued on page 91)

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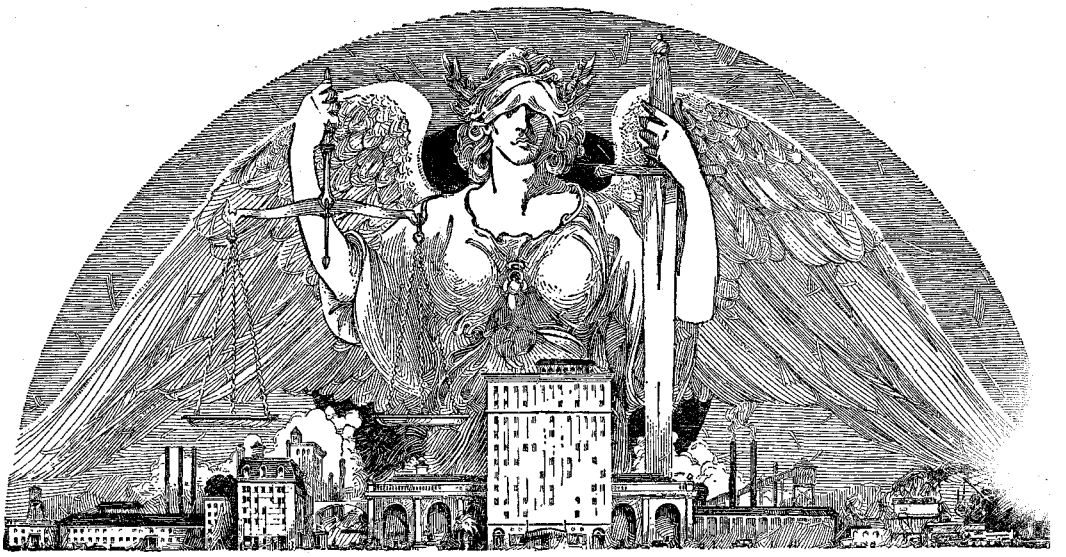

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 89)

accepting German marks, but only at the prevailing rate of exchange for the price as fixed in foreign money.

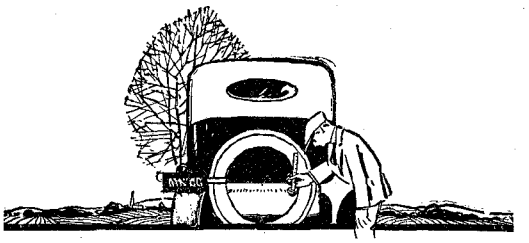
When the French assignats of 1797 were repudiated as currency, two distinct types of money and two distinct sets of values for the same commodities were already in common use. The transition from one to the other appears to have occurred with no great shock, and an actual circulating medium of real intrinsic value was at hand for substitution. The problem would by no means be so simple in the complex machinery of debit and credit, long-term borrowings by governments and corporations and investment of private capital in such long-term obligations. It would involve sweeping readjustment of capital valuations; possibly it would necessitate revaluation of the principal of long-term loans according as the contract for them had been undertaken in 1922, or 1921, or 1918, or before the war. But it is not easy to discover any other ultimate alternative to something of the financial chaos which prevails in Russia, whose government has officially declared the gold ruble's value to be 1,200,000 paper rubles, and whose finance administration no longer prints currency in small denominations because the cost of printing it would now be greater than the value of the notes.

Immediate Problems to be Solved

THE recital of these various facts in Europe's economic situation, four years after the armistice, may seem to embody a counsel of discouragement and despondency. Nevertheless, all experience in the world's past chapters of financial reaction, especially after the inflation and economic exhaustion of a great war, goes to prove that recovery of a permanent sort cannot reasonably be looked for until all of the unfavorable symptoms are in such plain sight as to indicate the necessary remedy. There are four main problems on whose solution, if we may judge from the drift of events in the past few months, the fifth year after the armistice will have to throw some light. These problems are the disposition of Central Europe's depreciated paper money, the fixing of the German reparations payments on a basis which will admit of practicable settlement between Germany and the Entente States, the reaching of at least a tentative common understanding over the inter-governmental debts of the Allies, and the attitude of the United States toward the economic situation as a whole.

For no one of these questions is the solution in sight to-day; the main fact of reassurance is

(Financial Situation continued on page 92)



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(Financial Situation, continued from page 91)

the rapidly growing conviction that they must be solved; that the era in which they can be allowed to drift without the financial community's disturbing its mind over them is, at any rate, definitely past. It is perfectly safe to say that, by virtue of necessity, we shall have much clearer knowledge twelve months from now, as to the probable outcome of all these uncertain elements in the economic situation, than we have to-day.

Attitude of the United States

THE attitude of the United States is in some respects the focus of the whole economic problem. The United States occupies to-day, in relation to the other belligerents of the Great War, the position which England occupied toward her allies after the war of a century ago. If the gold of the outside world did not accumulate in England after 1815 as it has accumulated since 1918 in the United States, at all events London was the reservoir of capital to which the rest of the financial world had to apply. England passed on that occasion through the successive stages of overextension of long-dated credit to the rest of Europe, of overspeculation and forced contraction, of protective tariffs followed in due course by unfettered international trade, and eventually of redistribution of her capital and gold resources to the rest of the world on the basis of conservative investment.

In line with the logic of the world's economic condition, the United States has taken the first of these steps, and in course of time it will have to consider the taking of the rest. The heaping up of superfluous gold in our Federal Reserve, drawn from almost every country in the outside world, is evidence that the United States has not yet begun to perform its perfectly inevitable function in economic reconstruction, a delay which might be reasonably enough explained by the delay of the greater number of foreign nations in putting their own houses in order. It can hardly be more than postponement; but the question, precisely how the redistribution of capital and gold from America to the rest of the world will be effected, is in some respects the most obscure of all present-day economic uncertainties.

ENGLAND, after the war of a century ago, needed raw material of manufacture, which she did not produce, but which the outside world could send to her. A little later England needed food products from the outside world for her rapidly increasing industrial community. Other countries paid their current indebtedness to England by shipments

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of such products. The United States of to-day is itself the greatest of all producers and exporters of food and of raw material of manufacture.

Readjustment 100 Years Ago and Now

Whereas England's paramount economic position of the nineteenth century was built up on the policy of free trade, whereby other countries paid their accruing debt to her in goods, the United States Congress has just enacted a schedule of greatly increased import tariffs whose purpose appears to be to obstruct such payment. Whereas the foreign trade of Great Britain as the creditor nation came to be distinguished, notwithstanding the rapid expansion of its exports, by a steadily increasing surplus of imports over exports, the recent decrease in the American export surplus (which is still fifteen to twenty million dollars per month above the pre-war figures) is commonly discussed as an economic handicap which must be reversed by legislation. We shall have to learn from future experience how these anomalies of the situation will adjust themselves.

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INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE [SENT WITHOUT COST]

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained **without cost** on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

The Bankers Trust Company of New York is issuing periodically an Investment Letter with an informing review of the investment situation, which will be sent to investors on request.

"The Original System of Forecasting from Economic Cycles," a most interesting and attractive booklet describing the particular service given by The Brookmire Economic Service, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. A copy may be obtained by writing direct to this company.

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities" and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are two booklets published by the William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. Both booklets describe the various kinds of municipal bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

The Equitable Trust Company of New York has published a treatise, "Currency Inflation and Public Debts," written by Professor R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, with a preface by Alvin W. Krech, President of the Equitable. The publication is of special interest to bankers, importers, and exporters, legislators and statesmen.

Write H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company for details concerning new $1000 air-cooled, four-cylinder Franklin Car and booklet of interest to investors.

"Bonds—Questions Answered, Terms Defined," and "A Sure Road to Financial Independence," are two excellent booklets issued by Halsey, Stuart & Company, 14 Wall Street, New York City.

"The Giant Energy—Electricity." A booklet which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public-utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

A folder listing the current investment recommendations of The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York, is available for investors about the first of each month.

Partial Payments as applied to investment, and a specific monthly payment plan, are discussed briefly in "Circular A," a booklet sent on request by Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago, and 366 Madison Avenue, New York.

Stacy and Braun, 14 Wall Street, New York City, have just published "A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, Revised for 1922," showing the exemption value of municipal bonds which are free from all Federal income taxes as compared with investment subjects to these same taxes. Copies may be had upon request.

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a non-technical discussion of this important subject which investors may have simply by writing to Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Idaho Farm Mortgages," a booklet prepared by Edgerton Fabrick Company, Pocatella, Idaho, describes features offering investors an opportunity to earn 7 and 8% with safety.

"How to Select Safe Bonds" explains the security back of Real Estate Securities. Write George M. Forman & Company, 105 C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request their Investors' Guide, which explains how to invest savings at highest interest rates consistent with safety.

"The South Today," a booklet describing investment opportunities in first-mortgage bonds on Southern real estate, has recently been issued by G. L. Miller & Company of Atlanta, Georgia.

The Mortgage and Securities Company of New Orleans, Louisiana, specializing in Southern investments, have published a booklet, "Farm Mortgage Bonds of the South," setting forth the attractive features of Southern securities of this type. They have also published two additional booklets, "Southern Real Estate Bonds" and "Southern Industrial Bonds." Write for copies of these booklets.

"A Guaranteed Income" is a booklet for investors in real-estate bonds, describing the added protection of a guarantee against loss. Write the Prudence Company, Incorporated, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

"The Investor's Safeguard"—a monthly magazine which points out the factors that make the National Capital one of the strongest investment centers in the world. For copies write The F. H. Smith Company, 1414 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of first-mortgage bonds offered by this house.

We are pleased to call attention to the advertisement of The Title Guaranty & Trust Company. Its record for thirty-eight years should inspire confidence. Write for particulars.

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Investor's Service Bureau

Excerpts from Questions and Answers

Upon request this Bureau of *Scribner's Magazine*, which is maintained for the service of subscribers, will furnish information *concerning investments.*

Q. I am interested in Erie R. R. Common and California Petroleum Common. At present prices would you say each of these is a security with a speculative possibility, due to increased market prices and hope of dividends, or can they be considered as safe securities for investment?

A. We acknowledge receipt of your letter of recent date, requesting our opinion regarding the speculative possibilities of the following stocks: Erie Railroad, Common, and California Petroleum, Common. It is contrary to the established policy of this organization to furnish information bearing upon speculation. In fact, information of this character, even though obtained through the best sources available, is unreliable, and at the best, purely guesswork. We are very glad to furnish you with pertinent information regarding the companies in question, which will aid you in formulating an opinion. The following paragraphs contain pertinent statistical data bearing upon the financial status of the companies in question. *California Petroleum Corporation:* funded debt, none. Capital stock, preferred and participating, 7% cum. authorized, $17,500,000; outstanding, $10,739,526. Common ($100), authorized, $17,500,000; outstanding, $14,877,005. High and low prices of stock (N. Y. Stock Exchange), year 1921: preferred, high, 88; low, 68¼, common, high, 50⅝; low, 25. Year 1920: preferred, high, 75½; low, 67. Common, high, 46; low, 15⅜. Year 1919: preferred, high, 86⅝; low, 64⅛; common, high, 56⅞; low, 20⅜. Dividends; present rate: preferred, 7% per annum, payable quarterly, Jan. 1, etc. Common, none. Comparative Income Account for quarters ended March 31: gross earnings, 1922, $2,017,385; 1921, $1,872,896. Net earnings, 1922, $1,097,208; 1921, $1,186,134. Net income, 1922, $571,570; 1921, $736,772; surplus for quarter, 1922, $337,735; 1921, $507,801. This stock is directly responsive in price to fluctuations in earnings and is to be regarded as in a speculative position. *Erie Railroad Company:* funded debt, outstanding, total bonds and notes, $208,704,850. Total equipment obligations, $14,526,300. Total bonds of leased lines on which Erie pays int., $25,555,400. Total bonds of controlled roads, $1,225,000. Total bonds other leased lines, $3,767,000. Total, $253,778,550. Capital stock, first preferred 4% N. C., authorized, $48,000,000; outstanding, $47,904,400. Second preferred, 4% N. C., authorized, $16,000,000; outstanding, $16,000,000. Common, $100; authorized, $153,000,000. Outstanding, $112,481,900. *Dividends;* present rate: No dividends are being paid on any class of stock. Estimated annual earnings of capitalization (year ending Dec. 31, 1922). On estimated property value of $390,000,000, 4.04%. On preferred stock, 15.43%. On second preferred stock, 34.21%. On common stock, 4.29%. These shares are clearly in the speculative class.

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Q. Several weeks ago I consulted you relative to investing in a high-grade, long-term bond, and you suggested Baldwin Locomotive 5's and National Tube 5's as gilt edge. I bought a National Tube, at 99½. Now I am going to take the liberty of imposing on your good nature a second time. I wish to purchase another high-grade bond, and have thought of Public Service Corporation of New Jersey 5's, 1959; Newark, N. J., Gas 5's, about 1948, and Niagara Falls Power 5's, about 1950. I really know nothing about any of these, and so wish your opinion. I do not care for any more railway or steel bonds, of which I already have several, and place safety of principal and interest ahead of a slightly higher current yield. I am informed that Niagara Falls 5's, 1932, are gilt edge, but wish something with longer time to run. Can you suggest something better than the above?

A. This acknowledges receipt of your valued favor of recent date, requesting our opinion of the following issues: Public Service Corp. of N. J. Gold 5's, 1959; Newark Consolidated Gas. Co. Gold 5's, 1949; Niagara Falls Power Co., Gold 6's, 1950. We believe you are mistaken regarding the interest rate of the Niagara Falls issue. The only issue of this company due in 1950 is an issue of 1st and consolidation mtge. 6's. The investment ratings of these issues are, respectively: 1. The General Mtge. bonds of the Public Service Corporation, which are secured upon its entire property, leaseholds, etc., and further secured by deposit with Trustee of various bonds and stocks of subsidiary companies, are protected by a wide margin of safety in earnings, and there also appears to be considerable equity back of them. A good rating is justified. 2. This issue of bonds, which is secured by a first mortgage on the Company's property, with the exception of that covered by Newark Gas Co. mtge., is to be given a good rating. The company owns all the gas plants of Newark, Orange, Summit, and various adjoining towns, and is controlled by the Public Service Corp., under lease which provides for the interest on the bonds. 3. Although subject to a considerable amount of prior liens, this issue should be given a strong investment rating, as the history of earnings shows a wide margin of safety. We recommend the following long-term bonds: New England Tel. & Tel. Co., 1st 5's, due 1952; Tri-State Tel. & Tel. Co., 1st & ref. 5½'s; Columbus Ry. Pr. Lt. Co. (Ohio), 1st & ref. 5's, due 1940, and Southern Cal. Edison Co., gen. & ref. 6's, due 1944.

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Q. What industrial or public service bonds do you recommend for the small investor seeking safety? What issues are there of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (or subsidiaries) or bonds of equally high grade?

A. This acknowledges receipt of your letter of recent date, requesting our suggestions regarding desirable industrial and public utility bonds for the small investor seeking safety of principal. We are listing below a number of industrial and public utility issues which we consider desirable. In addition, we are tabulating the various subsidiary issues of the American Tel. & Tel. Co., all of which we regard as desirable investments. *Industrial:* Baldwin Locomotive Works, 1st 5's, 1949. Corn Products Ref. Co., 1st mtge. 5's, 1934. Bethlehem Steel Co., Purchase Money 6's, 1948. *Long Term:* Indiana Steel Co., 1st 5's, 1952. National Tube Co., 1st 5's, 1952. Columbus Ry. Pr. & Lt. Co. 1st. & Ref. 5's, 1940. Union Electric Lt. & Pr. Co. Ref. 5's, 1933. Adirondack Power & Lt. Co., 1st & Ref. 6's, 1950. Penn Public Service Corp., 1st & Ref. 6's, 1947. Toledo Edison Co., 1st 7's, 1941. Duquesne Light Co., 7½'s, 1936. *Subsidiary* issues of American Tel. & Tel. Co.: Seven-year convertible gold 6's, due August 1, 1925. Collateral Trust Gold 4's, due July 1, 1929; Convertible Gold 4's, due March 1, 1936; 20-year Convertible 4½%, due March 1, 1933; 30-year Collateral Trust Gold 5's, due December 1, 1946; 5-year 6% notes, due February 1, 1924; 3-year 6% notes, due October 1, 1922.

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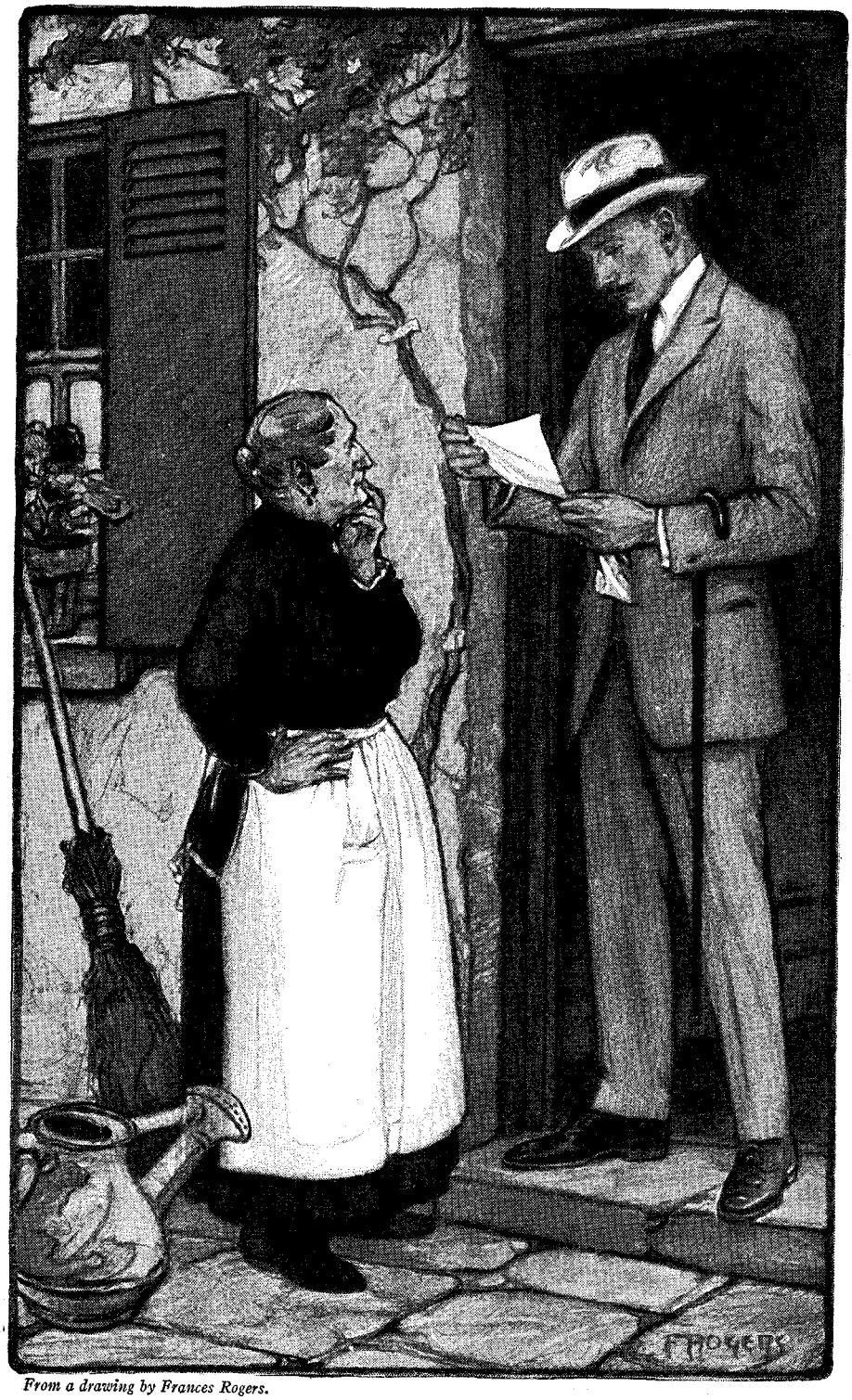

From a drawing by Frances Rogers.

IT WAS DATED DEAUVILLE, AND WAS NOT, AS HE HAD FEARED, FROM HIS SON.

"A Son at the Front," page 646.

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